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RECOLLECTIONS
OF JONAH
BARRINGTON

IRISH 1798 COLLECTION



SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, K.C.

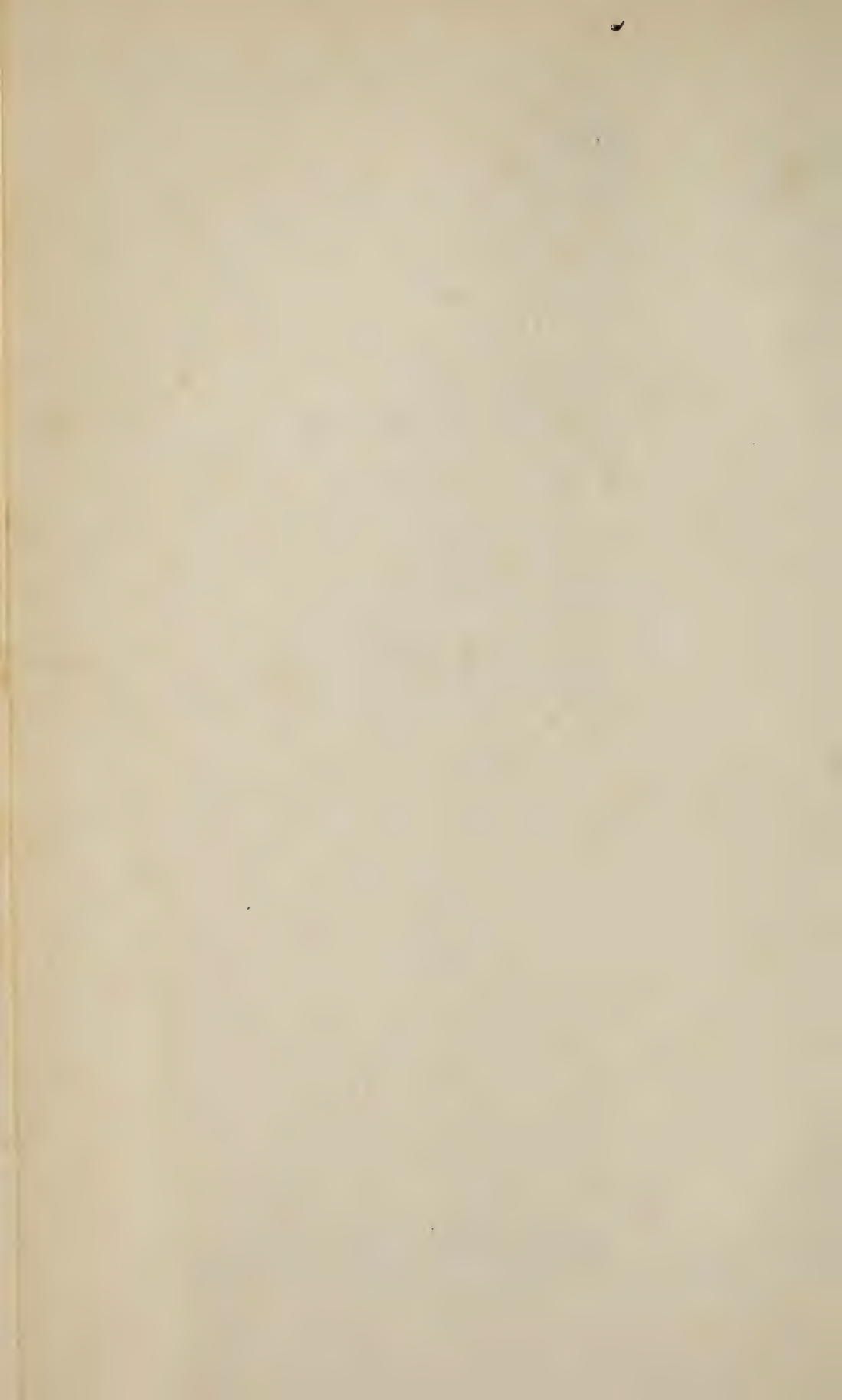
After the portrait from life by John Comerford

RECOLLECTIONS OF JONAH BARRINGTON



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INTRODUCTION.

THE Ireland of Charles Lever ! Until just the other day this was the only Ireland which Englishmen knew. It is still an Ireland which all Englishmen love, pity, and scorn ; which Irish patriots of the sterner sort scorn without pity, but in their inmost hearts must love a little too. It is an Ireland of gay irresponsibility, of heavy drinking and good fellowship, of sport and sympathy with the sporting side of lawlessness, of nimble wit and frivolous love-making, of courage, honour, hard fighting and hard riding, of poverty turned into a jest. Its story is a tragedy in which the actors cut capers and turn somersaults, lest they should be discovered in the high heroic mood or moved to despicable tears.

Englishmen saw the capers and rejoiced in them. Irishmen of the sterner kind saw the same capers and resented them. For the Englishman we Irish were cast for the part of the clown in the circus of the world. Others, Germans, Frenchmen, the English themselves, took all the finer parts, came before the audience (the angels are the audience in this case) as learned pigs of great solemnity, moving wonder and admiration—ladies in fluffy skirts, who leaped delightfully through hoops, or dashing Dick

Turpins riding valorously. It was as Dick Turpin chiefly that the Englishman saw himself. We clowned and they kept us at it. No wonder we resented it occasionally. No wonder there has been a series of protests against the literary tradition of the capering Irishman. Thomas Moore, I suppose, made such a protest when he adapted Irish music to the piano and touched the hearts of our great-grandmothers, girls in white frocks at the time, with sugary patriotism, subduing the glaring lights of rebel nationalism to drawing-room use with nice pink shades. Thomas Davis and the ardent spirits of Young Ireland made their protest in fiercely rhetorical verse, and the savage prose of John Mitchel, the strongest prose written in Ireland since the days of Swift. Yeats, Synge, and the writers of our neo-Celtic school made their protest. They saw us, and half persuaded cultured England to see us, as a long procession of fate-driven peasants with sorrowful eyes, behind whose shadowy figures hover vast, malignant powers, spirits of cloudy poetry and tragical romance. Mr. Bernard Shaw, an Irishman, turned fierce by long residence in England, made his protest. He set up the tattered figure of Tim Haffigan, the caricature of a caricature, a creature as like Lever's Irishmen as the woman of the streets is like a laughing girl. He slew Tim Haffigan with the sharp sword of his wit ; but the literary tradition of the gay Irishman survives.

Not only the world outside, the world of Englishmen. but we ourselves still recognise in Charles O'Malley, in Frank Webber, Mickey Free, and Baby Blake, true children of our race ; remembering them when we are tempted to

prance, high-stepping into the grandiose or to shout aloud :

The West's awake, the West's awake !
Sing Oh ! hurrah ! let England quake !

Father O'Flynn remains for the world the typical Irish priest, though he bears little resemblance to the fighting curates of the Land League days, and hardly more to John Banim's sentimentalised "Soggarth Aroon." Miss Somerville and Miss Ross are true followers of the Lever tradition, but Flurry Knox and old Mrs. Knox, of Aussolas, and Bobbie Bennett, are genuine Irish ; and there is not one of us who does not recognise Slipper as near kin to some friend of our own.

The fact is, that in spite of the protests, in spite of the ignorant caricatures which have well deserved the title of "Stage Irishman," this type which Lever popularised is an authentic presentation of what we are. It corresponds to a reality ; comes, perhaps, nearer to common Irish life than anything yet given us by poets, rhetoricians, or politicians. And those who look deepest see that the writers who present these Irishmen of the Lever tradition are themselves something more than buffoons. They laugh, and we laugh at or with them ; but we know that they laugh with deliberate intention, because the alternative to laughter in their case is tears. They clown, because if they did not there would be nothing for them except to sit down and wring their hands helplessly. Under all the noisy capering and rattling wit of these Lever Irishmen, there sounds a note, almost always audible to anyone with an ear for literature, of sorrowful tenderness. The works of these authors is the literature of men with thoughts

perhaps too deep, certainly too intimately private for mere tears.

It is Sir Jonah Barrington who gives us the first fairly complete and authentic portrait of the rollicking Irishmen of later literary tradition. I should be sorry to quote Barrington as a reliable authority for any historical fact of the cold, stark kind which I wished to establish. Barrington had a lively imagination and a taste for the picturesque, qualities absolutely fatal to the serious historian. He was the victim, moreover, of prejudices of the most vigorous kind. His "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation" is probably as interesting, and certainly as untrustworthy, as any history book ever written. His "Personal Sketches and Recollections" are, we must suppose, the product of a cheery mind sporting with facts. But Barrington has this merit. He gives us a picture, not a photograph, of Irish society in his own day. We get the tone, the colour of the men about whom he writes. We gain, as we read him, queer glimpses of an extraordinary society. I should not like to pin my faith to the accuracy of the details which Barrington gives of the New Year's debauch in the cottage of old Quin, the Huntsman, though names and dates are given with the utmost precision; but I have not the slightest doubt that there were "hard goers," like the author's two brothers, like Jemmy Moffit and the rest of them, to be found in every county in Ireland in 1778. Have we not good contemporary evidence that Irish gentlemen in those days drank, swaggered, and behaved like swine, precisely as Barrington represents them? They left little literature behind them, those

country gentlemen of the 18th century, but certain drinking songs of theirs survive, songs by no means without merit from a literary point of view. Only a society something like that which Barrington describes could have produced "Bumpers, Squire Jones," and promoted the man who wrote it to high legal dignity.

Ye good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted,
 With six bottles more :
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house Money-glass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray what would you more
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

.

Ye poets, who write,
 And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook
 Though all you get by't
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward of your rhymes,
 With Humphrey the Duke :
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones ;
 Our jingling of glasses,
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year :
 Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones :
 Says the text so divine,
 " What is life without wine ? "
 Then away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust !
 Ye know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right
 As you chance to be fee'd ;
 Leave musty reports,
 And forsake the King's courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
 With all your damned Entries,
 Away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

“The Rakes of Mallow,” a jingle far inferior to the song just quoted, is another evidence of the substantial truth of Barrington's picture of the upper classes of Irish society. We need not suppose that Barrington exaggerated the bacchanalian recklessness of the men who described themselves thus :

Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,*
 Ever raking, never thinking—
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus' true begotton sons—
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives ;
 Going where the devil drives ;
 Having sweethearts but no wives—
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

And the same spirit of reckless defiance of God, man, and common decency was prevalent among the lower classes. There is an 18th century Dublin street song—“The Night before Larry was Stretched”—which is inspired with a grim, blasphemous humour, likely to shock very severely the cultured sentimentalist who has fallen in love with the dear, dark head of Kathleen Ni Houlihan. The

* Sinking an opponent lower than hell.

plain fact is that Ireland in Barrington's time was as far as possible from being an island of Saints and Scholars.

But we should be wrong if we denied the claim of these swaggering drunken Irish gentlemen and their dependents to some fine qualities. They were, for instance, good fighters. Duelling was common. The custom was barbarous and wholly irrational. We should now consider it monstrous, and it always was monstrous, that a man should be forced by the code of honour prevalent among gentlemen to place his life at the mercy of any swash-buckler who chanced to possess unusual skill with the pistol. But Sir Lucius O'Trigger, ridiculous as he is, stands out as a finer figure than poor Bob Acres, just because his courage did not ooze out of his finger-tips at the mention of pistols and swords. And Sir Lucius O'Trigger, though a caricature, stands for a type which really existed in Ireland in those days. Fighting Fitzgerald was a man who owed his long immunity from punishment largely to his relationship to the Earl of Bristol, the most picturesque and disreputable of Irish bishops. He must have been something like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, though rather a finer gentleman and rather more reckless. The fighting squires of County Galway, who were sent to challenge Fitzgerald, must have been O'Triggers every one of them. The very fact that the appearance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger on the stage evoked a strong protest and gave rise to a newspaper correspondence was a proof that the caricature was not altogether remote from the actual. The pleasure which the Irish gentry found in fighting each other according to the code of duellists is reflected in the fondness of the

peasant for faction fighting. These extraordinary battles, for which no conceivable reason could be given, were common well on into the 19th century. They were as brutal, as abominable, and as irrational as the duelling; but they witnessed to the existence of high physical courage among the people who indulged in them.

It is surely not necessary to recall the fact that the courage and fighting spirit of all classes in Ireland found expression in finer ways than the single combats of the duellists or the irregular battles of the peasants. No one has denied the greatness of the services rendered by Irish officers and Irish regiments to the armies in which they served in all the great European wars of the 18th and early 19th centuries. British military annals—to make no mention of those of France and Spain—are full of the names of Irish commanders and record many great deeds of Irish soldiers.

Nor were the Irish of Barrington's day incapable of feeling the force of ideas. There seems indeed to have been comparatively little in the way of culture among the Irish of the upper classes. They built fine houses in the Georgian style and filled them with good furniture. They adorned Dublin with some dignified public buildings. But otherwise they did almost nothing, either in the way of creation or patronage, for art. The few Irishmen who obtained high literary reputation won it in England, writing mainly for an English public. The poorer classes in Ireland were almost entirely uneducated. The old Gaelic culture survived among them, the ghost of the past, but no more than a ghost. It had the inspiration of memories of "old, unhappy, far-off things." It lacked the force

of the ferment of new thought by which alone literature is vitalised. Yet the Irish people of all classes remained susceptible of ideas. It is not to be wondered at, considering what the history of Ireland was during the 18th century, that these ideas were mainly political.

Barrington himself is a witness to the fact that the Irish gentry of his day were capable of idealism. The book by which he is best known is called "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." That conception of "The Irish Nation" was one which had laid strong hold on the imagination of the Irish gentry. It was a narrow conception, for it took very little heed of the bulk of the people. The Irish nation, as these men thought of it, was the Irish aristocracy, even a narrower thing still, the Irish Protestant aristocracy. The idea was insular, divorced from the main stream of European thought ; but it was real. The men who were haunted by it from the days of Lucas till Grattan uttered his triumphant "Esto perpetua" oration were something more than rollicking squireens. They were able to devote themselves to things more spiritual than fox-hunting and claret-drinking. Their idea perished and they, as a potent aristocracy, perished with it, mainly because they were not wholly true to it, because they were afraid at the last moment to trust themselves and it. The brief and not inglorious existence of their independent Irish Parliament closed with the Act of Union. It is the fashion to speak of that Act as a political necessity. It is, at least, doubtful, whether it was anything of the sort. Ireland might conceivably have continued, either for good or evil, to occupy the position which Hungary holds

in the Austrian Empire. It is a commonplace to say that the Act of Union was passed by bribery :

How did they pass the Union ?
By perjury and fraud,
By slaves who sold their land for gold
As Judas sold his God.

How did they pass the Union ?
By Pitt and Castlereagh.
Could Satan send for such an end
More fitting tools then they ?

No doubt, there was corruption, plenty of it ; but it is doubtful whether the Irish gentry could have been purchased in sufficient numbers to pass the Act if they had not at the last moment lacked self-confidence. They were afraid of the rising tide of democratic ideas and sought security for themselves under the wing of England, a security which, as the 19th century proved, was no real security at all. It is possible that if they had trusted themselves and fought the battle of their own class in their own country they might have survived, a dominant race in Ireland, as the Magyars are in Hungary. Their " Irish Nation " would have survived with them for a while ; and the history of the country could scarcely have been more unhappy than it has been. They made their choice, and history must judge them a people who, in spite of their recklessness and rollicking, yet had one lofty idea to which they were faithful for a little while.

And the Irish people, the peasants, oppressed, ignorant, to a large extent debauched as they were, also showed themselves capable of being influenced by ideas. It must always remain something of a puzzle that the Irish people should have received, even as much as they did, the doctrines

of revolutionary France. It might have been argued that the Irish people, devoted to the Roman Catholic Church with all the affection of a persecuted remnant, would have been the very last in Europe to feel the attraction of revolutionary ideas which were essentially anti-religious, against which the Papacy had definitely ranged itself. Yet the French Revolution was the inspiration of the movement of the United Irishmen, as the revolt of the American colonists had been of the Volunteers. The rebellion in Wexford to a large extent, the outbreak in Antrim entirely, breathed the spirit of revolutionary France. Wolfe Tone's amazing autobiography is the work of an intellectual revolutionary, fascinated by French ideas. It is true that many of the ablest leaders of the United Irishmen belonged to the educated middle classes and others sprang from the naturally democratic Protestant communities of the north; but their teaching found a ready welcome among the peasantry of the south and west, a proof that the Irish people, like the Irish gentry, were spiritually alive, responsive to the stimulus of ideas.

Barrington's "Personal Reminiscences" is a misleading book in that it fails to take proper account, fails to give more than scarcely discernible hints, of the spiritual vitality of Ireland in his time. "I profess," says Barrington, "to be a sound Protestant without bigotry and an hereditary Royalist without ultraism. Liberty I love, democracy I hate, fanaticism I denounce." That is probably a perfectly honest confession of faith, an account of the author's actual convictions. It is scarcely to be expected of such a man that he would understand or appreciate the feelings of a

people in whose old bottles of traditional religious devotion the new wine of revolutionary democracy was fermenting to the bursting point. But Barrington might—indeed elsewhere he shows us that he did—have understood his own class and its peculiar idealisms. No doubt, Barrington when he wrote this book was a disappointed and disillusioned man. “It is, however, now in proof that twenty-seven years of the Union have been twenty-seven years of beggary and disturbance ; and this result, I may fairly say, I always foresaw.” A man in the mood of the writer of these words is not likely to go back with any gladness to the memory of great emotions and compelling ideas. He has seen his hopes vanish, his plans fail, his ideas submerged by meaner considerations of expediency and profit. It seems paradoxical, but it is in fact more likely that he will dwell most on the superficial jollity of past days, on old scandals and old jokes, on the recollection of the merrier, more careless parts of the old life. Either that, or he will write a jeremiad, and Barrington is true Irishman in this : His self-respect demands of him that he shall laugh to the last and laugh loudest when he sees most cause for tears. There is the laughter of fools which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot ; but there is also, as one of our latest poets has said, a laughter which is the “trick of a broken heart.”

Barrington's Recollections.

CHAPTER I.

MY FAMILY CONNEXIONS.

I WAS born at Knapton, near Abbeyleix, in the Queen's County, at that time the seat of my father, but now of Sir George Pigott. I am the third son and fourth child of John Barrington, who had himself neither brother nor sister ; and at the period of my birth my immediate connexions were thus circumstanced.

My family, by ancient patents, by marriages, and by inheritance from their ancestors, possessed very extensive landed estates in Queen's County, and had almost unlimited influence over its population, returning two members to the Irish Parliament for Ballynakill, then a close borough.

Cullenaghmore, the mansion where my ancestors had resided from the reign of James the First, was then occupied by my grandfather, Colonel Jonah Barrington. He had adopted me as soon as I was born, brought me to Cullenaghmore, and with him I resided until his death.

That old mansion, the Great House, as it was called, exhibited altogether an uncouth mass, warring with every rule of symmetry in architecture. The original castle had been demolished, and its materials converted to a much worse purpose ; the front of the edifice which succeeded it was particularly ungraceful—a Saracen's head, our crest,

in coloured brickwork being its only ornament, whilst some of the rooms inside were wainscotted with brown oak, others with red deal, and some not at all. The walls of the large hall were decked, as is customary, with fishing-rods, fire-arms, stags' horns, foxes' brushes, powder-flasks, shot-pouches, nets, and dog-collars; here and there relieved by the extended skin of a kite or a king-fisher, nailed up in the vanity of their destroyers; that of a monstrous eagle, which impressed itself indelibly on my mind, surmounted the chimney-piece, accompanied by a card announcing the name of its slaughterer—"Alexander Barrington"—who, not being a *rich* relation, was subsequently entertained in the Great House two years, as a compliment for his present. A large parlour on each side of the hall, the only embellishments of which were some old portraits, and a multiplicity of hunting, shooting, and racing prints, with red tape nailed round them by way of frames, completed the reception-rooms; and as I was the only child in the house, and a most inquisitive brat, every different article was explained to me.

I remained here till I was nine years old; I had no play-fellows to take off my attention from whatever I observed or was taught; and so strongly do those early impressions remain engraven on my memory, naturally most retentive, that even at this long distance of time I fancy I can see the entire place as it stood then, with its old inhabitants moving before me—their faces I most clearly recollect.

The library was a gloomy closet, and rather scantily furnished with everything but dust and cobwebs; there were neither chairs nor tables; but I cannot avoid recollecting many of the principal books, because I read such of them as I could comprehend, or as were amusing, and looked over all the prints in them a hundred times. While trying to copy these prints, they made an indelible impression upon me; and hence I feel confident of the utility of

embellishments in any book intended for the instruction of children. I possessed many of the books long after my grandfather's death, and have some of them still. I had an insatiable passion for reading from my earliest days, and it has occupied the greater proportion of my later life. *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Fairy Tales*, and *The History of the Bible*, all with numerous plates, were my favourite authors and constant amusement : I believed every word of them except the fairies, and was not entirely sceptical as to those good people either.

I fancy there was then but little variety in the libraries of most country gentlemen ; and I mention as a curiosity the following volumes, several of which, as already stated, I retained many years after my grandfather and grandmother died :—*The Journals of the House of Commons* ; *Clarendon's History* ; *The Spectator* and *Guardian* ; *Killing no Murder* ; *The Patriot King* ; *Bailey's Dictionary* ; some of *Swift's Works* ; *George Falkner's Newspapers* ; *Quintus Curtius* in English ; *Bishop Burnet* ; *A Treatise on Tar-water*, by some bishop ; *Robinson Crusoe* ; *Hudibras* ; *History of the Bible*, in folio ; *Nelson's Fasts and Feasts* ; *Fairy Tales* ; *The History of Peter Wilkins* ; *Glums and Gouries* ; somebody's *Justice of Peace* ; and a multiplicity of Farriery, Sporting, and Gardening books, etc., which I lost piecemeal when making room for law-books—probably not half so good, but at least much more experimental.

Very few mirrors in those days adorned the houses of the country gentlemen—a couple or three shaving-glasses for the gentlemen, and a couple of pretty large dressing-glasses, in black frames, for the ladies' use, composed, I believe, nearly the entire stock of reflectors at my grandfather's, except tubs of spring water, which answered for the maid-servants.

A very large and productive, but not neatly dressed-up garden, adjoined the house. The white-washed stone

images, the broad flights of steps up and down, the terraces, with the round fish-pond, riveted my attention, and gave an impressive variety to this garden, which I shall ever remember, as well as many curious incidents which I witnessed therein.

At the Great House all disputes amongst the tenants were then settled—quarrels reconciled—old debts arbitrated : a kind Irish landlord reigned despotic in the ardent affections of the tenantry, their pride and pleasure being to obey and to support him.

But there existed a happy reciprocity of interests. The landlord of that period protected the tenant by his influence—any wanton injury to a tenant being considered as an insult to the lord ; and if either of the landlord's sons were grown up, no time was lost by him in demanding satisfaction from any gentleman for maltreating even his father's blacksmith.

No gentleman of this degree ever distrained a tenant for rent : indeed, the parties appeared to be quite united and knit together. The greatest abhorrence, however, prevailed as to tithe-proctors, coupled with no great predilection for the clergy who employed them. These latter certainly were, in principle and practice, the real country tyrants of that day, and first caused the assembling of the White Boys.

I have heard it often said that, at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was *honoured* by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called rum-shrub, which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret.

My grandfather could not refrain, and, therefore, he suffered well ; he piqued himself on procuring, through the

interest of Batty Lodge (a follower of the family who had married a Dublin grocer's widow), the very first importation of oranges and lemons to the Irish capital every season. Horse-loads of these, packed in boxes, were immediately sent to the Great House of Cullenaghmore ; and no sooner did they arrive than the good news of *fresh fruit* was communicated to the colonel's neighbouring friends, accompanied by the usual invitation.

Night after night the revel afforded uninterrupted pleasure to the joyous gentry : the festivity being subsequently renewed at some other mansion, till the gout thought proper to put the whole party *hors de combat*—having the satisfaction of making cripples for a few months such as he did not kill.

Whilst the convivia bellowed with only toe or finger agonies it was a mere bagatelle ; but when Mr. Gout marched up the country and invaded the head or the stomach, it was then called *no joke* ; and Drogheda usquebaugh, the hottest-distilled drinkable liquor ever invented, was applied to for aid, and generally drove the tormentor in a few minutes to his former quarters. It was, indeed, counted a specific ; and I allude to it the more particularly, as my poor grandfather was finished thereby.

It was his custom to sit under a very large branching bay-tree in his arm-chair, placed in a fine sunny aspect at the entrance of the garden. I particularly remember his cloak, for I kept it twelve years after his death : it was called a *cartouche* cloak, from a famous French robber who, it was said, invented it for his gang for the purposes of evasion. It was made of very fine broad-cloth, of a bright blue colour on one side and a bright scarlet on the other, so that on being turned it might deceive even a vigilant pursuer.

There my grandfather used to sit of a hot sunny day, receive any rents he could collect, and settle any accounts

which his indifference on that head permitted him to think of.

At one time he suspected a young rogue of having slipped some money off his table when paying rent ; and, therefore, when afterwards the tenants began to count out their money, he used to throw the focus of his large reading-glass upon their hands—the smart, without any visible cause, astonished the ignorant creatures ! they shook their hands, and thought it must be the devil who was scorching them. The priest was let into the secret : he seriously told them all it *was* the devil, who had mistaken them for the fellow that had stolen the money from the colonel ; but that if he (the priest) was *properly considered*, he would say as many masses as would bother fifty devils, were it necessary. The priest got his fee ; and another farthing never was taken from my grandfather.

He was rather a short man, with a large red nose, strong made, and wore an immense white wig, such as the portraits give to Dr. Johnson. He died at eighty-six years of age, of shrub-gout and usquebaugh, beloved and respected. I cried heartily for him ; and then became the favourite of my grandmother, the best woman in the world, who went to reside in Dublin and prepare me for college.

Colonel John Barrington, my great-grandfather, for some time before his death, and after I was born, resided at Ballyroan. My grandfather having married Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Byrne, Bart., had taken to the estates and mansion, and gave an annuity to my great-grandfather, who died, one hundred and four years old, of a fever, having never shewn any of the usual decrepitudes or defects of age—he was the most respectable man by tradition of my family, and for more than seventy years a Parliament man.

Sir John Byrne, Bart., my maternal great-grandfather, lived at his old castle, Timogee, almost adjoining my grandfather Barrington ; his domains, close to Stradbally, were

nearly the most beautiful in the Queen's County. On his decease his widow, Lady Dorothea Byrne, an Englishwoman, whose name had been Warren, I believe a grand-aunt to the late Lady Bulkley, resided there till her death, having previously seen her son give one of the first and most deeply to be regretted instances of what is called forming English connexions. Sir John Byrne, my grand-uncle, having gone to England, married the heiress of the Leycester family. The very name of Ireland was then odious to the English gentry; and previous terms were made with him, that his children should take the cognomen of Leycester, and drop that of Byrne; that he should quit Ireland, sell all his paternal estates there, and become an Englishman. He assented; and the last Lord Shelbourne purchased, for less than half their value, all his fine estates, of which the Marquis of Lansdowne is now the proprietor.

After the father's death the son became, of course, Sir Peter Leycester, the predecessor of the present Sir John Fleming Leycester: thus the family of Byrne, descended from a long line of Irish princes and chieftains, condescended to become little amongst the rank of English commoners; and so ended the connexion between the Byrnes and Barringtons.

My mother was the daughter of Patrick French, of Peterswell, County of Galway, wherein he had large estates; my grandmother, his wife, was one of the last remaining to the first house of the ancient O'Briens. Her brother, my great-uncle Donatus, also emigrated to England, and died fifteen or sixteen years since at his mansion, Blatherwick, in Cheshire, in a species of voluntary obscurity, inconsistent with his birth and large fortune. He left great hereditary estates in both countries to the enjoyment of his *mistress*, excluding the legitimate branches of his family from all claims upon the manors or demesnes of their ancestors. The law

enabled him to do what a due sense of justice and pride would have interdicted.

The anomaly of political principles among the Irish country gentlemen at that period was very extraordinary. They professed what they called "*unshaken loyalty*"; and yet they were unqualified partisans of Cromwell and William, two decided *usurpers*—one of them having dethroned his father-in-law, and the other decapitated his king.

The fifth of November was celebrated in Dublin for the preservation of a Scottish king from gunpowder in London; then the thirtieth of January was much approved of by a great number of Irish, as the anniversary of making his son, Charles the First, shorter by the head; and then the very same Irish celebrated the restoration of Charles the Second, who was twice as bad as his father; and whilst they rejoiced in putting a crown upon the head of the son of the king who could not quietly keep his own head on, they never failed to drink bumpers to the memory of *Old Noll*, who had cut that king's head off. To conclude, in order to commemorate the whole story, and make their children remember it, they dressed up a fat calf's head on every anniversary of King Charles's throat being cut, and with a smoked ham placed by the side of it, all parties partook thereof most happily, washing down the emblem and its accompaniment with as much claret as they could hold.

Having thus proved their loyalty to James the First, and their attachment to his son's murderer, and then their loyalty to one of his grandsons, to another of whom they were disloyal, they next proceeded to celebrate the birthday of William of Orange, a Dutchman, who turned their king, his father-in-law, out of the country, and who, in all probability, would have given the Irish another calf's head for their celebration, if his said father-in-law had not got out of the way with the utmost expedition, and gone to live

upon charity in France, with the natural enemies of the British nation.

One part of the Irish people then invented a toast, called "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William the Dutchman"; whilst another raised a counter toast, called "The memory of the chestnut horse," that broke the neck of the same King William.* But in my mind, if I am to judge of past times by the corporation of Dublin, it was only to coin an excuse for getting loyally drunk as often as possible, that they were so enthusiastically fond of *making sentiments*, as they called them.†

As to the politics of my family, we had, no doubt, some very substantial reasons for being both Cromwellians and Williamites: the one confirmed our grants, and the other preserved them for us: my family, indeed, had certainly not only those, but other very especial reasons to be pleased with King William; and though he gave them nothing, they kept what they had, which might have been lost but for his usurpation.

During the short reign of James the Second in Ireland, those who were not for him were considered to be against him, and, of course, were subjected to the severities and confiscations usual in all civil wars. Amongst the rest my great-grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, being a Protestant and having no predilection for King James, was ousted from his mansion and estates at Cullenaghmore by one O'Fagan, a Jacobite wigmaker and violent partisan from Ballynakill. He was, notwithstanding, rather respectfully treated, and was allowed forty pounds a year so long as he behaved himself.

* King William's neck was not broken; but it was said that he got a fall from a chestnut horse which hurt him inwardly, and hastened his dissolution.

† Could his majesty, King William, learn in the other world that he had been the cause of more broken heads and drunken men since his departure, than all his predecessors, he must be the proudest ghost and most conceited skeleton that ever entered the gardens of Elysium.

However, he only behaved well for a couple of months; at the end of which time, with a party of his faithful tenants, he surprised the wigmaker, turned him out of possession in his turn, and repossessed himself of his mansion and estates.

The wigmaker having escaped to Dublin, laid his complaint before the authorities; and a party of soldiers were ordered to make short work of it, if the colonel did not submit on the first summons.

The party demanded entrance, but were refused, and a little firing from the windows of the mansion took place. Not being, however, tenable, it was successfully stormed, the old gamekeeper, John Neville, killed, and my great-grandfather taken prisoner, conveyed to the drum-head at Raheenduff, tried as a rebel by a certain Cornet M'Mahon, and in due form ordered to be hanged in an hour.

At the appointed time execution was punctually proceeded on; and so far as tying up the colonel to the cross-bar of his own gate, the sentence was actually put in force. But at the moment the first haul was given to elevate him, Ned Doran, a tenant of the estate, who was a trooper in King James's army, rode up to the gate, himself and horse in a state of complete exhaustion. He saw with horror his landlord strung up, and exclaimed—

“Holloa! holloa! blood and ouns, boys! cut down the colonel! cut down the colonel! or ye'll be all hanged yeerselves, ye villains of the world ye! I am straight from the Boyne Water, through thick and thin: ough, by the hokys! we're all cut up and kilt to the devil and back agin—Jemmy's scampered, bad luck to him, without a 'good-bye to yees!'—or, 'kiss my r—p!'—or the least civility in life!”

My grandfather's hangman lost no time in getting off, leaving the colonel slung fast by the neck to the gate posts. But Doran soon cut him down, and fell on his knees to beg pardon of his landlord, the holy Virgin, and King William from the Boyne Water.

The colonel obtained the trooper pardon, and he was ever after a faithful adherent. He was the grandfather of Lieutenant-Colonel Doran, of the Irish Brigade, afterwards, if I recollect rightly, of the 47th regiment—the officer who cut a German colonel's head clean off in the mess-room at Lisbon, after dinner, with one slice of his sabre. He dined with me repeatedly at Paris about six years since, and was the most disfigured warrior that could possibly be imagined. When he left Cullenagh for the Continent, in 1783, he was as fine a clever-looking young farmer as could be seen ; but he had been blown up once or twice in storming batteries, which, with a few gashes across his features, and the obvious aid of numerous pipes of wine, or something not weaker, had so spoiled his beauty, that he had become of late absolutely frightful.

This occurrence of my great-grandfather fixed the political creed of my family. On the first of July the orange lily was sure to garnish every window in the mansion : the hereditary petereroes scarcely ceased cracking all the evening, to glorify the victory of the Boyne Water, till one of them burst, and killed the gardener's wife, who was tying an orange ribbon round the mouth of it, which she had *stopped* for fear of *accidents*. The tenantry, though to a man Papists, and at that time nearly in a state of slavery, joined heart and hand in these rejoicings, and forgot the victory of their enemy while commemorating the rescue of their landlord. A hundred times have I heard the story repeated by the "Cotchers," as they sat crouching on their hams, like Indians, around the big turf fire. Their only lament was for the death of old John Neville, the gamekeeper. His name I should well remember, for it was his grandson's wife, Debby Clarke, who nursed me.

This class of stories and incidents was well calculated to make indelible impressions on the mind of a child, and has never left mine. The old people of Ireland, like the Asiatics,

took the greatest delight in repeating their legendary tales to the children, by which constant repetition their old stories became, in fact, hereditary, and I daresay neither gained nor lost a single sentence in the recital for a couple of hundred years. The massacres of Queen Elizabeth were quite familiar to them ; and by an ancient custom of everybody throwing a stone on the spot where any celebrated murder had been committed, upon a certain day every year, it is wonderful what mounds were raised in numerous places which no person, but such as were familiar with the customs of the poor creatures, would ever be able to account for.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

A GREAT-AUNT of mine, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose husband, Stephen, possessed the castle of Moret, near Bally-Brittis, and not very far from Cullenagh, did not fare quite so well as my great-grandfather before mentioned.

She and her husband held their castle firmly during the troubles. They had forty good warders; their local enemies had no cannon and but few guns. The warders, protected by the battlements, pelted their adversaries with large stones when they ventured to approach the walls; and in front of each of that description of castle there was a hole, perpendicularly over the entrance, wherefrom any person, himself unseen, could drop down every species of defensive material upon assailants.

About the year 1690, when Ireland was in a state of great disorder, and no laws were really regarded, numerous factious bodies were formed in every part of the country to claim old rights, and take possession of estates under legal pretences.

My uncle and aunt, or rather my aunt and uncle, for she was said to be far the more effective of the two, at one time suffered the enemy (who were of the faction of the O'Cahils, and who claimed my uncle's property, which they said Queen Elizabeth had turned them out of) to approach the gate in the night-time. There were neither outworks nor wet fosse; the assailants, therefore, counting upon victory, brought fire to consume the gate, and so gain admittance. My aunt, aware of their designs, drew all her warders to one spot, large heaps of great stones being ready to their hands at the top of the castle.

When the O'Cahils had got close to the gate, and were directly under the loop-hole, on a sudden streams of boiling water, heated in the castle coppers, came showering down upon the heads of the crowd below : this extinguished their fire, and cruelly scalded many of the besiegers.

The scene may be conceived which was presented by a multitude of scalded wretches, on a dark night, under the power and within the reach of all offensive missiles. They attempted to fly ; but whilst one part of the warders hurled volleys of weighty stones *beyond* them, to deter them from *retreating*, another party dropped stones more ponderous still on the heads of those who, for protection, crouched close under the castle walls : the lady of the castle herself, meantime, and all her maids, assisting the chief body of the warders in pelting the Jacobites with every kind of destructive missile, till all seemed pretty still ; and wherever a groan was heard, a volley quickly ended the troubles of the sufferer.

The old traditionists of the country often told me that at daybreak there were lying above one hundred of the assailants under the castle walls—some scalded, some battered to pieces, and many lamed so as to have no power of moving off ; but my good aunt kindly ordered them all to be put out of their misery as fast as ropes and a long gallows, erected for their sakes, could perform that piece of humanity.

After the victory the warders had a feast on the castle top, whereat each of them recounted his own feats. Squire Fitzgerald, who was a quiet, easy man, and hated fighting, and who had told my aunt at the beginning that they would surely kill him, having seated himself all night peaceably under one of the parapets, was quite delighted when the affray was over. He had walked out into his garden outside the walls to take some tranquil air, when an ambuscade of the hostile survivors surrounded and carried him off. In

vain his warders sallied—the squire was gone past all redemption !

It was supposed he had paid his debts to Nature, if any he owed, when, next day, a large body of the O’Cahil faction appeared near the castle. Their force was too great to be attacked by the warders, who durst not sally ; and the former assault had been too calamitous to the O’Cahils to warrant them in attempting another. Both were, therefore, standing at bay, when, to the great joy of the garrison, Squire Fitzgerald was produced, and one of the assailants, with a white cloth on a pike, advanced to parley.

The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. “ I’m a truce, lady ! Look here (shewing the terrified squire), we have your husband in hault—yees have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now, we’ll change, if you please : we’ll render the squire and you’ll render the keep ; and if yees won’t do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour.”

“ Flag of truce ! ” said the heroine, with due dignity and without hesitation. “ Mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle—they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce ! I *won’t* render my keep, and I’ll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle ; so I’ll keep what I have ; and if you can’t get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet.”

The O’Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald in a short time was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which, however, was not without a mixture of consolation) of my great-aunt Elizabeth.

This magnanimous lady, after Squire Stephen had been duly cut down, waked, and deposited in a neighbouring garden, conceived that she might enjoy her castle with tranquillity ; but, to guard against every chance, she replenished her stony magazine, had a wide trench dug before the gate of the castle, and pit-falls, covered with green sods, having sharp stakes driven within, scattered round it on every side—the passage through these being only known to the faithful warders. She contrived, besides, a species of defence that I have not seen mentioned in the *Pacata Hibernia*, or any of the murderous annals of Ireland : it consisted of a heavy beam of wood, well loaded with iron at the bottom, and suspended by a pulley and cord at the top of the castle, and which, on any future assault, she could let down through the projecting hole over the entrance ; alternately, and with the aid of a few strong warders above, raising and letting it drop smash among the enemy who attempted to gain admittance below, thereby pounding them as if with a pestle and mortar, without the power of resistance on their part.

The castle vaults were well victualled, and at all events could safely defy any attacks of hunger ; and as the enemy had none of those despotic engines called cannon, my aunt's garrison were in all points in tolerable security. Indeed, fortunately for Elizabeth, there was not a single piece of ordnance in the country except those few which were mounted in the Fort of Dunnally, or travelled with the king's army ; and, to speak the truth, fire-arms then would have been of little use, since there was not sufficient gun-powder among the people to hold an hour's hard fighting.

With these and some interior defences, Elizabeth imagined herself well armed against all marauders, and quietly awaited a change of times and a period of general security.

Close to the castle there was, and I believe still remains, a dribbling stream of water, in which there is a large stone with a deep indenture on the top. It was always full of limpid water, and called St. Bridget's Well, that holy woman having been accustomed daily to kneel in prayer on one knee till she wore a hole in the top of the granite by the cap of her pious joint.

To this well old Jug Ogie, the oldest piece of furniture in Moret Castle (she was an hereditary cook), daily went for the purpose of drawing the most sacred crystal she could wherewith to boil her mistress's dinner ; and also, as the well was naturally consecrated, it saved the priest a quantity of trouble in preparing holy water for the use of the warders.

On one of these sallies of old Jug, some fellows, who, as it afterwards appeared, had with a very deep design lain in ambush, seized and were carrying her off, when they were perceived by one of the watchmen from the tower, who instantly gave an alarm, and some warders sallied after them. Jug was rescued, and the enemy fled through the swamps ; but not before one of them had his head divided into two equal parts by the hatchet of Keeran Karry, who was always at the head of the warders, and the life and soul of the whole garrison.

The dead man turned out to be a son of Andrew M'Mahon, a faction man of Reuben ; but nobody could then guess the motive for endeavouring to carry off old Jug.

However, that matter soon became developed.

Elizabeth was accounted to be very rich—the cleverest woman of her day—and she had a large demesne into the bargain ; and finding the sweets of independence, she refused matrimonial offers from many quarters ; but as her castle was, for those days, a durably safe residence, such as the auctioneers of the present time would denominate *a genuine undeniable mansion*, the country squires determined she *should* marry one of them, since marry willingly she

would not, but they nearly fell to loggerheads who should *run away* with her. Almost every one of them had previously put the question to her by *flag of truce*, as they all stood in too much awe of the lady to do it personally ; and at length, teased by their importunities, she gave notice of her intention to hang the next flag of truce who brought any such impudent proposals.

Upon this information they finally agreed to decide by lot who should be the hero to surprise and carry off Elizabeth, which was considered a matter of danger on account of the warders, who would receive no other commandant.

Elizabeth got wind of their design and place of meeting, which was to be in the old castle of Reuben, near Athy. Eleven or twelve of the squires privately attended at the appointed hour, and it was determined that whoever should be the lucky winner was to receive the aid and assistance of the others in bearing away the prize, and gaining her hand. To this effect a league offensive and defensive was entered into between them, one part of which went to destroy Elizabeth's warders root and branch ; and to forward their object it was desirable, if possible, to procure some inmate of the castle, who, by fair or foul means, would inform them of the best mode of entry : this caused the attempt to carry off old Jug Ogie.

However, they were not long in want of a spy : for Elizabeth, hearing of their plan from the gassoon of Reuben, a nephew of Jug's, determined to take advantage of it. " My lady," said Jug Ogie, " pretend to turn me adrift in a dark night, and give out that my gassoon here was found robbing you—they'll soon get wind of it, and I'll be the very person the squires want, and then you'll hear all."

The matter was agreed on, and old Jug Ogie and the gassoon were turned out as thieves, to the great surprise of the warders and the country. But Jug was found and hired,

as she expected, and soon comfortably seated in the kitchen at Castle Reuben, with the gassoon whom she took in as kitchen boy. She gave her tongue its full fling—told a hundred stories about her “devil of a mistress,” and undertook to inform the squires of the best way to get to her apartment.

Elizabeth was now sure to learn everything so soon as determined on. The faction had arranged all matters for the capture. The night of its execution approached. The old cook prepared a good supper for the quality—the squires arrived, and the gassoon had to run only three miles to give the lady the intelligence. Twelve cavaliers attended, each accompanied by one of the ablest of his faction, for they were all afraid of each other whenever the wine should rise upwards.

The lots, being formed of straws of different lengths, were held by the host, who was disinterested, and the person of Elizabeth, her fortune, and Moret Castle fell to the lot of Cromarty O'Moore, one of the Cremorgan squires, and, according to tradition, as able-bodied, stout a man as any in the whole county. The rest all swore to assist him till death; and one in the morning was the time appointed for the surprise of Elizabeth and her castle, while in the meantime they began to enjoy the good supper of old Jug Ogie.

Castle Reuben had been one of the strongest places in the county, situated in the midst of a swamp, which rendered it nearly inaccessible. It had belonged to a natural son of one of the Geraldines, who had his throat cut by a gamekeeper of his own; and nobody choosing to interfere with the sportsman, he remained peaceably in possession of the castle, and now accommodated the squires with it during their plot against Elizabeth.

That heroic dame, on her part, was not inactive; she informed her warders of the scheme to force a new master on her and them; and many a round oath she swore (with

corresponding gesticulations, the description of which would not be over agreeable to modern readers), that she never would grant her favours to man, but preserve her castle and her chastity to the last extremity.

The warders took fire at the attempt of the squires. They always detested the defensive system ; and probably to that hatred may be attributed a few of the robberies, burglaries, and burnings which in those times were little more than occasional pastimes.

"Arrah ! lady," said Keeran Karry, "how many rogues 'ill there be at Reuben, as you larn, to-night ?—arrah !"

"I hear only four-and-twenty," said Elizabeth, "besides the M'Mahons."

"Right a'nuff," said Keeran, "the fish in the Barrow must want food this hard weather ; and I can't see why the rump of a rapparee may not make as nice a tit-bit for them as anything else."

All then began to speak together, and join most heartily in the meditated attack.

"Arrah ! run for the priest," says Ned Regan, "maybe you'd like a touch of his reverence's office first, for fear there might be any sin in it."

"I thought you'd like him with your brandy, warders," said Elizabeth with dignity ; "I have him below : he's praying a little, and will be up directly. The whole plan is ready for you, and Jug Ogie has the signal. Here, Keeran," giving him a green ribbon with a daub of old Squire Fitzgerald, who was hanged, dangling to the ribbon, "if you and the warders do not bring me their captain's ear, you have neither the courage of a weazel nor—nor." striking her breast hard with her able hand, "even the revenge of a woman in you."

"Arrah, be asy, my lady !" said Keeran, "be asy ! By my sowl, we'll bring you four-and-twenty pair, if your ladyship have any longing for the ears of such villains."

“ Now, warders,” said Elizabeth, who was too cautious to leave her castle totally unguarded, “ as we are going to be just, let us be also generous ; there’s only twenty-four of them, besides the M’Mahons, will be there. Now it would be an eternal disgrace to Moret if we went to overpower them by numbers : twenty-four chosen warders, Father Murphy and the corporal, the gassoon and the piper, are all that shall leave the castle to-night ; and if Castle Reuben is let to stand till day-break to-morrow I hope none of you will come back to me again.”

The priest now made his appearance ; he certainly seemed rather as if he had not been idle below during the colloquy on the leads ; and the deep impressions upon the bottle which he held in his hand gave grounds to suppose that he had been very busy and earnest in his devotions.

“ My flock !” said Father Murphy rather lispingly.

“ Arrah !” said Keeran Karry, “ we’re not sheep to-night : never mind your flocks just now, father ! give us a couple of glasses a piece ! time enough for mutton-making.”

“ You are right, my chickens !” bellowed forth Father Murphy, throwing his old black surtout over his shoulder, leaving the empty sleeves dangling at full liberty, and putting a knife and fork in his pocket for ulterior operations. “ I forgive every mother’s babe of you everything you choose to do till sun-rise ; but if you commit any sin after that time, as big even as the blacks of my nele, I can’t take charge of yeer sowls without a chance of disappointing you.”

All was now in a bustle—the brandy circulated merrily, and each warder had in his own mind made mince-meat of three or four of the Reuben faction, whose ears they fancied already in their pockets. The priest marked down the “ *De profundis* ” in the leaves of his double manual, to have it ready for the burials—every man took his skeen

in his belt—had a thick club, with a strong spike at the end of it, slung with a stout leather thong to his wrist, and under his coat a sharp, broad hatchet with a black blade and a crooked handle. And thus, in silence, the twenty-five Moret warders set out with their priest, the piper, and the gassoon, with a copper pot slung over his shoulders and a piece of a poker in his hand, on their expedition to the castle of Reuben.

Before twelve o'clock the warders, the priest, Keeran Karry, and the castle piper had arrived in the utmost silence and secrecy. In that sort of large inhabited castle the principal entrance was through the farmyard, which was, indeed, generally the only assailable quarter. In the present instance the gate was half open, and the house lights appeared to have been collected in the rear, as was judged from their reflection in the water of Barrow, which ran close under the windows. A noise was heard, but not of drunkenness—it was a sound as of preparation for battle. Now and then a clash of steel, as if persons were practising at the sword or skeen for the offensive, was going forward in the back hall, and a loud laugh was occasionally heard. The warders foresaw it would not be so easy a business as they had contemplated, and almost regretted that they had not brought a less chivalrous numerical force.

It was concerted that ten men should creep upon their hands and feet to the front entrance, and await there until, by some accident, it might be sufficiently open for the ferocious rush which was to surprise their opponents.

But Keeran, always discreet, had some forethought that more than usual caution would be requisite. He had counted on dangers which the others had never dreamt of, and his prudence, in all probability, saved the lives of many of the warders. He preceded his men, crawling nearly on his breast; he had suspected that a dog overheard them, and a bark soon confirmed the truth of that suspicion, and

announced the possibility of discovery. Keeran, however, was prepared for this circumstance ; he had filled his pockets with pieces of bacon impregnated with a concentrated preparation of nux vomica, then, and at a much later period, well known to the clergy and spirituals, I cannot tell for what purpose, nor shall I here inquire. Its effect on dogs was instantaneous ; and the savoury bacon having rendered them quite greedy to devour it, it had now an immediate effect on two great mastiffs and a wolf-dog who roamed about the yard at nights. On taking each a portion, they quickly resigned their share of the contest without further noise.

Keeran advanced crawling to the door ; he found it fast, but having listened, he soon had reason to conjecture that the inmates were too well armed and numerous to make the result of the battle at all certain. He crept back to the hedge, and having informed the warders of the situation in which they were placed, they one and all swore that they would enter or die. The priest had lain himself down under a hay-stack in the outer hay-yard, and the piper had retired nobody knew where, nor in fact did anybody care much about him, as he was but a very indifferent chanter.

Keeran now desired the warders to handle their hatchets, and be prepared for an attack so soon as they should see the front door open and hear three strokes on the copper kettle. The gassoon had left that machine on a spot which he had described near the gate, and Keeran requested that, in case of any fire, they should not mind it till the kettle sounded. He then crawled away, and they saw no more of him.

The moments were precious, and seemed to advance too fast. At one o'clock a body armed possibly better than themselves, and probably more numerous, would surely issue from the castle on their road to Moret, well prepared for combat. The result in such a case might be very precarious. The warders by no means felt pleased with their

situation ; and the absence of their leader, priest, and piper gave no additional ideas of conquest or security. In this state of things near half an hour had elapsed, when of a sudden they perceived, on the side of the hay-yard towards their own position, a small blaze of fire issue from a corn-stack—in a moment another, and another ! The conflagration was most impetuous ; it appeared to be devouring everything, but as yet was not perceived by the inmates at the rear of the house. At length, volumes of flame illuminated by reflection the waters of the river under the back windows. The warders now expecting the sally, rubbed their hands well with bees' wax, and grasped tightly their hatchets, yet moved not—breathless with a ferocious anxiety, they awaited the event in almost maddening suspense. A loud noise now issued from the interior of the house ; the fire was perceived by the garrison—still it might be accidental—the front door was thrown open, and nearly thirty of the inmates poured out, some fully, others not fully armed. They rushed into the hay-yard ; some cried out it was “treachery !” whilst others vociferated “accident ! accident !” All was confusion, and many a stout head afterwards paid for its incredulity.

At that moment the copper kettle was beaten rapidly and with force—a responsive sound issued from the house—the garrison hesitated, but hesitation was quickly banished ; for on the first blow of the kettle, the warders, in a compact body, with hideous yells, rushed on the astonished garrison, who had no conception who their enemies could be. Every hatchet found its victim ; limbs, features, hands, were chopped off without mercy—death or dismemberment followed nearly every blow of that brutal weapon, whilst the broad, sharp skeens soon searched the bodies of the wounded, and almost half the garrison were annihilated before they were aware of the foe by whom they had been surprised. The survivors, however, soon learned the

cause, perhaps merited, of their comrades' slaughter. The war-cry of "A Gerald! a Gerald! a Gerald!"—which now accompanied every crash of the murderous hatchet, or every plunge of the broad-bladed skeen, informed them who they were fighting with; fifteen or sixteen still remained unwounded of the garrison—their case was desperate. Keeran Karry now headed his warders. The gassoon rapidly and fiercely struck the copper in unison with the sound of the fatal weapons, whilst the old and decrepit lug Ogie, within the castle, repeated the same sound, thereby leading the garrison to believe that to retreat inside the walls would only be to encounter a fresh enemy.

The affair, however, was far from being finished—the survivors rapidly retired, and got in a body to the position first occupied by Keeran's warders. They were desperate—they knew they must die, and determined not to go alone to the other regions. The flames still raged with irresistible fury in the hay-yard. It was Keeran who had set fire to the corn and hay, which materials produced an almost supernatural height of blaze and impetuosity of conflagration. The survivors of the garrison were at once fortified, and concealed from view by a high holly hedge, and awaited their turn to become assailants—it soon arrived. From the midst of the burning ricks in the hay-yard a shrill and piercing cry was heard to issue, of "Ough, murther, murther!—the devil—the devil! ough, Holy Virgin, save me! if there is any marcy, save me!" The voice was at once recognised by the warriors of Moret as that of their priest, Ned Murphy, who had fallen asleep under a haystack, and never awakened till the flames had seized upon his cloak. Bewildered, he knew not how to escape, being met wherever he ran by crackling masses. He roared and cursed to the full extent of his voice, and gave himself up for lost, though fortunately, as the materials of his habit did not associate with flame, he was not dangerously

burned, although he suffered somewhat in his legs. No sooner did they perceive his situation than the warders, each man forgetting himself, rushed to save their "clergy," on whom they conceived their own salvation entirely to depend. They now imagined that the fight was ended, and prepared to enjoy themselves by the plunder of Castle Reuben.

This was the moment for the defeated garrison—with a loud yell of "A Moore, a Moore! a Moore!" they fell in their turn upon the entangled warders in the hay-yard, five of whom had been wounded and one killed in the first fray, whilst many had subsequently thrown down their hatchets to receive their pastor, and had only their spikes and skeens wherewith to defend themselves. The battle now became more serious, because more doubtful, than at its commencement. Several of the warders were wounded, and four more lay dead at the entrance to the hay-yard; their spirit was dashed, and their adversaries laid on with the fury of desperation. Keeran Karry had received two sword-thrusts through his shoulder, and could fight no more; but he could do better—he could command. He called to the warders to retreat and take possession of the castle, which was now untenanted: this step saved them; they retired thither with all possible rapidity, pursued by the former garrison of the place, who, however, were not able to enter with them, but killed another man before the doors were fast closed. Keeran directed the thick planks and flag stones to be torn up, thereby leaving the hall open to the cellar beneath, as had been done at Moret. The enemy were at bay at the door, and could not advance; but, on the other hand, many of the warders having, as before stated, flung away their hatchets, were ill-armed. The moment was critical: Keeran, however, was never at a loss for some expedient; he counted his men; five had been killed in the hay-yard, and one just outside the

walls ; several others were wounded, amongst whom was the piper, who had been asleep. Keeran told the warders that he feared the sun might rise on their destruction if something were not immediately done. "Are there," said he, "five among ye who are willing to swap your lives for the victory?" Every man cried out for himself, and I ! I ! I ! echoed through the hall. "Well !" said Keeran, who without delay directed five men, and the gassoon with the copper kettle, to steal out at the back of the castle, creep through the hedges, and get round directly into the rear of the foe before they attacked ; having succeeded in which, they were immediately to advance, beating the vessel strongly. "They will suppose," said the warlike Keeran, "that it is a reinforcement, and we shall then return the sound from within. If they believe it to be a reinforcement they will submit to mercy : if not, we'll attack them front and rear ; and as our numbers are pretty equal, very few of us on either side will tell the story to our childer ; but we'll have as good a chance as them villains."

This scheme was carried into immediate execution, and completely succeeded. The enemy, who were now grouped outside the door, hearing the kettle in the rear, supposed that they should be at once attacked by sally and from behind. Thinking that they had now only to choose between death and submission, the mercy which was offered they accepted ; and peep o' day being arrived, the vanquished agreed to throw their arms into the well—to swear before the priest that they never would disturb or aid in disturbing Lady Elizabeth or the castle of Moret ; that no man on either side should be called upon by law for his fighting that night ; and finally, that the person who had succeeded in drawing the lot for Elizabeth should deliver up the lock of his hair that grew next his ear to testify his submission : this latter clause, however, was stipulated needlessly, as Cromarty O'Moore was discovered in the

farmyard with nearly all his face cut off, and several skeen wounds in his arms and body. Early in the morning the dead were buried without noise or disturbance, and both parties breakfasted together in perfect cordiality and good humour : those who fell were mostly tenants of the squires. The priest, having had his burnt legs and arm dressed with chewed herbs by Jug Ogie, said a full mass, and gave all parties double absolution, as the affair was completed by the rising of the sun. The yard was cleared of blood and havoc ; the warders and garrison parted in perfect friendship ; and the former returned to the castle, bringing back Jug Ogie to her impatient mistress. Of the warders thirteen returned safe, six remained behind badly wounded, and six were dead. Keeran's wounds were severe, but they soon healed ; and Elizabeth afterwards resided at Moret to a very late period in the reign of George the First. Reuben soon changed its occupant, M'Mahon, who was hanged for the murder of his master ; and that part of the country has since become one of the most civilised of the whole province.

I have given the foregoing little history in full, inasmuch as it is but little known, is strictly matter of fact, and exhibits a curious picture of the state of Irish society and manners in or about the year 1690.

CHAPTER III.

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS.

THE numerous and remarkable instances which came within my own observation of mutual attachment between the Irish peasantry and their landlords in former times would fill volumes. A few only will suffice, in addition to what has already been stated, to shew the nature of that reciprocal good-will which on many occasions was singularly useful to both : and in selecting these instances from such as occurred in my own family, I neither mean to play the vain egotist nor to determine generals by particulars, since good landlords and attached peasantry were then spread over the entire face of Ireland, and bore a great proportion to the whole country.

I remember that a very extensive field of corn of my father's had once become too ripe, inasmuch as all the reapers in the country were employed in getting in their own scanty crops before they shedded. Some of the servants had heard my father regret that he could not by possibility get in his reapers without taking them from these little crops, and that he would sooner lose his own.

This field was within full view of our windows. My father had given up the idea of being able to cut his corn in due time. One morning, when he rose, he could not believe his sight—he looked, rubbed his eyes, called the servants and asked them if they saw anything odd in the field—they certainly did—for, on our family retiring to rest the night before, the whole body of the peasantry of the country, after their hard labour during the day, had come upon the great field and had reaped and stacked it before dawn ! None of them would even tell him who had a hand

in it. Similar instances of affection repeatedly took place ; and no tenant on any of the estates of my family was ever distrained, or even pressed for rent. Their gratitude for this knew no bounds ; and the only individuals who ever annoyed them were the parsons by their proctors, and the tax-gatherers for hearth-money ; and though hard cash was scant with both landlord and tenant, and no small bank-notes had got into circulation, provisions were plentiful, and but little inconvenience was experienced by the peasantry from want of a circulating medium. There was constant residence and work : no banks and no machinery ; and though the people might not be quite so refined, most undoubtedly they were vastly happier.

But a much more characteristic proof than the foregoing of the extraordinary devotion of the lower to the higher orders in Ireland in former times occurred in my family, and is on record.

My grandfather, Mr. French, of County Galway, was a remarkably small, nice little man, but of an extremely irritable temperament. He was an excellent swordsman ; and, as was often the case in that county, proud to excess.

Some relics of feudal arrogance frequently set the neighbours and their adherents together by the ears. My grandfather had conceived a contempt for and antipathy to a sturdy *half-mounted* gentleman, one Mr. Dennis Bodkin, who, having an independent mind, entertained an equal aversion to the arrogance of my grandfather, and took every possible opportunity of irritating and opposing him.

My grandmother, an O'Brien, was high and proud—steady and sensible ; but disposed to be rather violent at times in her contempts and animosities, and entirely agreed with her husband in his detestation of Mr. Dennis Bodkin.

On some occasion or other Mr. Dennis had outdone his usual outdoings, and chagrined the squire and his lady

most outrageously. A large company dined at my grandfather's, and grandmother launched out in her abuse of Dennis, concluding her exordium by an hyperbole of hatred expressed, but not at all meant, in these words :—" I wish the fellow's ears were cut off ! that might quiet him."

It passed over as usual : the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper ; at which time, when everybody was in full glee, the old butler, Ned Regan, who had drunk enough, came in—joy was in his eye ; and whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents—when lo ! a considerable portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table ! The horror and surprise of the company may be conceived : upon which old Ned exclaimed—" Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off ; so I told old Gahagan, the gamekeeper, and he took a few boys with him and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears, and there they are ; and I hope you are plazed, my lady ! "

The scene may be imagined, but its results had like to have been of a more serious nature. The sportsman and the boys were ordered to get off as fast as they could ; but my grandfather and grandmother were held to heavy bail, and were tried at the ensuing assizes at Galway. The evidence of the entire company, however, united in proving that my grandmother never had an idea of any such order, and that it was a mistake on the part of the servants. They were, of course, acquitted. The sportsman never reappeared in the county till after the death of Dennis Bodkin, which took place three years subsequently.

This anecdote may give the reader an idea of the devotion of servants in those days to their masters. The order of things is now reversed, and the change of times cannot be better proved than by the propensity servants *now* have

to rob, and, if convenient, murder the families from whom they derive their daily bread. Where the remote error lies I know not, but certainly the ancient fidelity of domestics seems to be totally out of fashion with those gentry at present.

A more recent instance of the same feeling as that illustrated by the two former anecdotes—namely, the devotion of the country people to old settlers and families—occurred to myself, which, as I am upon the subject, I will now mention. I stood a contested election in the year 1790 for the borough of Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members to Parliament during nearly 200 years. It was usurped by the Marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates, and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning officer, Mr. French, lost no time : six voters were polled against me ; mine were refused generally in mass ; the books were repacked, and the poll declared—the election ended, and my opponents just retiring from the town, when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colours flying and pipers playing ; their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shoutings, etc., the chief captain came up to me :—“ Counsellor, dear ! ” said he, “ we’re all come from Donane to help your honour against the villains that oppose you. We’re the boys that can *titivate* !—Barrington for ever ! hurra ! ” Then coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added—“ Counsellor, jewel ! which of the villains shall we *settle first* ? ”

To quiet him I shook his black hand, told him nobody should be hurt, and that the gentlemen had all left the town.

“Why, then, counsellor,” said he, “we’ll be after overtaking them. Barrington for ever!—Donane, boys!”

I feared that I had no control over the riotous humour of the colliers, and knew but one mode of keeping them quiet. I desired Billy Howard, the innkeeper, to bring out all the ale he had; and having procured many barrels in addition, together with all the bread and cheese in the place, I set them at it as hard as might be. I told them I was sure of being elected in Dublin, and “*to stay azy*” (their own language), and in a little time I made them *ts* tractable as lambs. They made a bonfire in the evening, and about ten o’clock I left them as happy and merry a set of colliers as ever existed. Such as were able strolled back in the night, and the others next morning, and not the slightest injury was done to anybody or anything.

This was a totally unexpected and voluntary proof of the disinterested and ardent attachment of the Irish country people to all whom they thought would protect or procure them justice.

CHAPTER IV.

MY EDUCATION.

My godfathers were Mr. Pool, of Ballyfin, and Captain Pigott, of Brocologh Park ; and I must have been a very pleasant infant, for Mr. Pool, having no children, desired to take me home with him, in which case I should probably have cut out of feather a very good person and a very kind friend—the present Lord Maryborough, whom Mr. Pool afterwards adopted whilst a midshipman in the navy, and bequeathed a noble demesne and a splendid estate near my father's. My family have always supported Lord Maryborough for Queen's County, and his Lordship's tenants supported me in my hard-contested election for Maryborough in 1800.

No public functionary could act more laudably than Mr. Pool did whilst secretary in Ireland ; and it must be a high gratification to him to reflect that, in the year 1800, he did not abet the degradation of his country.

Captain Pigott expressed the same desire to patronise me as Mr. Pool, received a similar refusal, and left his property, I believe, to a parcel of hospitals ; whilst I was submitted to the guardianship of Colonel Jonah Barrington, and the instructions of Mr. Michael Lodge, a person of very considerable consequence in my early memoirs, and to whose ideas and eccentricities I really believe I am indebted for a great proportion of my own, and certainly not the worst of them.

Mr. George Lodge had married a love-daughter of old Stephen Fitzgerald, Esq., of Bally Thomas, who by affinity was a relative of the house of Cullenaghmore, and from this union sprang Mr. Michael Lodge.

I never shall forget his figure !—he was a tall man with thin legs and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails whilst employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald ; his hair was clubbed with a rose-ribbon ; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choking him ; his chin and jaws were very long ; and he used to hang his under jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the ceiling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect anything.

Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a matross in the artillery service. My grandfather had got him made a gauger, but he was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling. He then became a land surveyor and architect for the farmers ; he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physic, and was accounted the best bleeder and bone-setter in that county—all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant—in fine, was everything at Cullenagh—steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also a clerk to Mr. Barret as the parson ; but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants ; whilst the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despotic ! He had a turning lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench in his room. He used to tin the saucepans, which act he called *chymistry* ; and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat ! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings ; but above all he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning*.

Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge, who was surnamed the “ wise man of Cullenaghmore,” I was placed, at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years ; at the expiration of

which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then, he said, I should go to school "*to teach the master.*"

This idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible incitement to me ; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Everything was explained to me ; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was found to be so strong that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather *half learning* would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. In truth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. Lodge's stock of information, fortification and gunnery excepted ; and I verily believe he only began to learn many things himself, when he commenced teaching them to me.

He took me a regular course by *Horn-book*, *Primer Spelling-book*, *Reading made Easy*, *Æsop's Fables*, etc. ; but I soon aspired to such of the old library books as had pictures in them, and particularly a very large *History of the Bible* with cuts was my constant study. Hence I knew how every saint was murdered ; and Mr. Lodge not only told me that each martyr had a painter to take his likeness before death, but also fully explained to me how they had all sat for their pictures, and assured me that most of them had been murdered by the *Papists*. I recollect at this day the faces of every one of them at their time of martyrdom—so strongly do youthful impressions sink into the mind when derived from objects which at the time were viewed with interest. Formerly the chimneys were all covered with *tiles*, having Scripture-pieces, examples of natural history, etc., daubed on them ; and there being a great variety, the father or mother, sitting of a winter's evening round the hearth with the young ones, explained the meaning of the tiles out of the Bible, etc. ; so that the impression was made without being called a lesson, and the child

acquired knowledge without thinking that it was being taught. So far as it went, this was one of the best modes of instruction.

Be this as it may, however, my wise man, Mr. Michael Lodge, used his heart, head, and hands as zealously as he could to teach me most things that he did know, and many things he did not know ; but with a skill which none of our schoolmasters practise, he made me think he was only amusing instead of giving me a task. The old man tried to make me *inquisitive*, and inclined to ask about the thing which he wanted to explain to me ; and consequently at eight years old I could read prose and poetry, write text, draw a house, a horse, and a game-cock, tin a copper saucepan, and turn my own tops. I could do the manual exercise with my grandfather's crutch ; and had learnt besides how to make bullets, pens, and black-ball ; to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the Jews' harp. Michael also shewed me, out of Scripture, how the world stood stock-still whilst the sun was galloping round it ; so that it was no easy matter at college to satisfy me as to the Copernican system. In fact, the old matross gave me such a various and whimsical assemblage of subjects to think about, that my young brain imbibed as many odd, chivalrous, and puzzling theories as would drive some children out of their senses ; and truly I found it no easy matter to get rid of several of them when it became absolutely necessary, whilst *some* I shall certainly retain till my death's day.

This course of education I most sedulously followed, until it pleased God to suspend my learning by the death of my grandfather, on whom I doted. He had taught me the broadsword exercise with his cane, how to snap a pistol, and shoot with the bow and arrow ; and had bespoken a little quarterstaff to perfect me in that favourite exercise of his youth, by which he had been enabled to knock a gentle-

man's brains out for a wager, on the ridge of Maryborough, in company with the grandfather of the present Judge Arthur Moore, of the Common Pleas of Ireland. It is a whimsical gratification to me to think that I do not at this moment forget much of the said instruction which I received either from Michael Lodge, the matross, or from Colonel Jonah Barrington, though after a lapse of nearly sixty years.

A new scene was now to be opened to me. I was carried to Dublin, and put to the famous schoolmaster of that day, Dr. Ball, of St. Michael-a-Powell's, Ship Street ; and here my puzzling commenced in good earnest. I was required to learn the English Grammar in the Latin tongue, and to translate languages without understanding any of them. I was taught prosody without verse, and rhetoric without composition ; and before I had ever heard any oration except a sermon, I was flogged for not minding my emphasis in recitation. To complete my satisfaction, for fear I should be idle during the course of the week, castigation was regularly administered every Monday morning, to give me, by anticipation, a sample of what the repetition day might produce.

However, notwithstanding all this, I worked my way, got two premiums, and at length was reported fit to be placed under the hands of a private tutor, by whom I was to be *finished* for the university.

That tutor was well known many years in Digges Street, Dublin, and cut a still more extraordinary figure than the matross. He was the Rev. Patrick Crawly, Rector of Kilgobbin, whose son, my schoolfellow, was hanged a few years ago for murdering two old women with a shoemaker's hammer. My tutor's person was, in my imagination, of the same genus as that of Caliban. His feet covered a considerable space of any room wherein he stood, and his thumbs were so large that he could scarcely hold a book without hiding more than half the page of it ; though bulky

himself, his clothes doubled the dimensions proper to suit his body ; and an immense frowsy wig, powdered once a week, covered a head which, for size and form, might vie with a quarter-cask.

Vaccination not having as yet plundered horned cattle of their disorders, its predecessor had left evident proofs of attachment to the rector's countenance. That old Christian malady, the small-pox, which had resided so many centuries amongst our ancestors, and which modern innovations have endeavoured to undermine, had placed his features in a perfect state of compactness and security—each being screwed quite tight to its neighbour, and every seam appearing deep and gristly, so that the whole visage appeared to defy alike the edge of the sharpest scalpel and the skill of the most expert anatomist.

Yet this was as good-hearted a parson as ever lived—affectionate, friendly, and, so far as Greek, Latin, Prosody, and Euclid went, excelled by few ; and under him I acquired in one year more classical knowledge than I had done during the former six, whence I was enabled, out of thirty-six pupils, early to obtain a place in the University of Dublin.

The college course at that time, though a very learned one, was ill-arranged, pedantic, and totally out of sequence. Students were examined in *Locke on the Human Understanding* before their own had arrived at the first stage of maturity ; and Euclid was pressed upon their reason before any one of them could comprehend a single problem. We were set to work at the most abstruse sciences before we had well digested the simpler ones, and posed ourselves at optics, natural philosophy, ethics, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, etc., etc., without the least relief from belles-lettres, modern history, geography, or poetry ; in short, without regard to any of these acquirements—the classics excepted, which form essential parts of a gentleman's education.

Mr. Hutchinson, a later provost, father of Lord Donoughmore, went into the opposite extreme ; a most excellent classic scholar himself, he wished to introduce every elegant branch of erudition—to cultivate the modern languages—in short, to adapt the course to the education of men of rank as well as men of science. The plan was most laudable, but was voted not monastic enough—indeed, a polished gentleman would have operated like a ghost amongst those pedantic fellows.

Mr. Hutchinson went too far in proposing a riding-house. The scheme drew forth from Dr. Duigenan a pamphlet, called *Pranceriana*, which turned the project and projector into the most consummate, but very coarse and ill-natured ridicule.

Doctor Barrett, late vice-provost, dining at the table of the new provost, who lived in a style of elegance attempted by none of his predecessors, helped himself to what he thought a peach, but which happened to be a shape made of ice. On taking it into his mouth, never having tasted ice before, he supposed, from the pang given to his teeth, and the shock which his tongue and mouth instantly received, that the sensation was produced by heat. Starting up, therefore, he cried out, and it was the first oath he had ever uttered, “ I’m *scalded*, by G—d ! ”—ran home and sent for the next apothecary !

Nevertheless, I jogged on with *bene* for the classics, *satis* for the sciences, and *mediocriter* for mathematics. I had, however, the mortification of seeing the stupidest fellows I ever met at school or college beat me out of the field in some of the examinations, and very justly obtain premiums for sciences which I could not bring within the scope of my comprehension.

My consolation is, that many men of superior talent to myself came off no better ; and I had the *satisfaction* of knowing that some of the most erudite, studious, and

distinguished of my contemporary collegians went raving, and others melancholy mad ; and I do believe that there are at this moment five or six of the most eminent of my academic rivals roaring in asylums for lunatics.

When I seek amusement by tracing the fate of such of my school and college friends as I can get information about, I find that many of the most promising and conspicuous have met untimely ends, and that most of those men whose great talents distinguished them first in the university and afterwards at the bar had entered as sizars for provision as well as for learning : indigence and genius were thus jointly concerned in their merited elevation ; and I am convinced that the finest abilities are frequently buried alive in affluence and in luxury.

The death of my grandmother, which now took place, made a very considerable change in my situation, and I had sense enough, though still very young, to see the necessity of turning my mind towards a preparation for some lucrative profession—either law, physic, divinity, or war.

I debated on all these, as I thought, with great impartiality : the pedantry of college disgusted me with clericals, wooden legs put me out of conceit with warfare, the horror of death made me shudder at medicine, and whilst the law was but a lottery-trade, too precarious for my taste, manufacture was too humiliating for my pride. Nothing, on the other hand, could induce me to remain a walking gentleman, and so every occupation that I could think of having its peculiar disqualification, I remained a considerable time in a state of great uncertainty and disquietude.

Meanwhile, although my choice had nothing to do with the matter, I got almost imperceptibly engaged in that species of *profession* exercised by a young sportsman, whereby I was initiated into a number of *accomplishments* ten times worse than the negative ones of the walking gentleman : namely, riding, drinking, dancing, carousing,

hunting, shooting, fishing, fighting, racing, cock-fighting, etc.

After my grandmother's death, as my father's country-house was my home, so my two elder brothers became my tutors, the rustics my precedents, and a newspaper my literature. However, the foundation for my propensities had been too well laid to be easily rooted up; and whilst I certainly for a while indulged in the habits of those around me, I was not at all idle as to the pursuits I had been previously accustomed to. I had a pretty good assortment of books of my own, and seldom passed a day without devoting some part of it to reading or letter-writing; and though I certainly somewhat mis-spent, I cannot accuse myself of having lost, the period I passed at Bladsford—since I obtained therein a full insight into the manners, habits, and dispositions of the different classes of the Irish, in situations and under circumstances which permitted nature to exhibit her traits without restraint or caution: building on which foundation, my greatest pleasure has ever been that of adding to and embellishing the superstructure which my experience and observation have since conspired to raise.

It is quite impossible I can give a better idea of the dissipation of that period, into which I was thus plunged, than by describing an incident I shall never forget, and which occurred very soon after my first *entree* into the sporting sphere.

CHAPTER V.

IRISH DISSIPATION IN 1778.

CLOSE to the kennel of his hounds my father had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, and the bottle, and the piper were the enjoyments of winter, and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments.

My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period by an uninterrupted match of what was called "hard-going" till the weather should break up.

A hogshead of superior claret was, therefore, sent to the cottage of old Quin, the huntsman ; and a fat cow, killed and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common, and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company, and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

My two elder brothers ; two gentlemen of the name of Taylor, one of them afterwards a writer in India ; a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster ; Frank Skelton, a jester

and a butt ; Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood ; and two other sporting gentlemen of the county, composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's Day, when the "*hard-goers*" partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their "*shut-up pilgrimage*."

The old huntsman was the only male attendant, and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in *Gil Blas*, was the cook, whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow ; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron ; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water ; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms ; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants, the fiddler tuned his Cremona, and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered : the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures ; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranked by the half dozen

on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite ; fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge ; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment ; the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry : one songster chanted the joys of wine and women ; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox chase ; the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs ; the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his forefinger into his ear, to aid the quaver, gave the *view halloo !* of nearly ten minutes' duration, to which melody *tally ho !* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity ! Claret flowed, bumpers were multiplied, and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer !

My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and master ; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonised by two rattling pipers, a jigging fiddler, and twelve voices, in twelve

different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime, was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise, for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained ; the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number, and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint *tally ho !* was attempted by my reluctant lips ; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy.

Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of "*stole away !*" which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage.

At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead ! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever.

The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman ; spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked itself fresh and exciting ; jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed.

A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts, but, I suppose, alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons ; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner.

In this battle-royal every man backed his own bird, twelve of which courageous animals were set down together

to fight it out, the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was reacted, and in about an hour one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent, being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead, and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days ; and I remember him for many years the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio. Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes ; the claret was upon its stoop, and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting ! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene.

An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks of both sexes in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment, and what was then termed a "raking pot of tea" put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good humour, to such a revel as I never saw before, and, I am sure, shall never see again.

When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favourite box in Bond Street ; amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer, employing six sauces to coax one appetite, burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite, sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive or neutralised by a chestnut, lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard—it amuses me extremely, and makes me

speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicenes if they had had them at the "Pilgrimage" in the huntsman's cot.

To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice. It may, however, afford our reader some diversion to trace the degrees which led from the grossness of the former down to the effeminacy of the latter; and these may, in a great measure, be collected from the various incidents which will be found scattered throughout these sketches of sixty solar revolutions.

Nothing, indeed, can better illustrate the sensation which the grandfathers, or even aged fathers, of these slim lads of the Bond Street establishments must have felt upon finding their offspring in the occupation I have just mentioned than a story relating to Captain Parsons Hoyer, of County Wicklow, who several years since met with an instance of the kind at Hudson's in Covent Garden.

A nephew of his, an effeminate young fellow, who had returned from travelling, and who expected to be his heir, accidentally came into the coffee-room. Neither uncle nor nephew knew each other; but old Parsons' disgust at the dandified manners, language, and dress of the youth gave rise to an occurrence which drew from the bluff seaman epithets rather too coarse to record; the end of it was that when Parsons discovered the relationship of the stranger he struck him out of a will which he had made, and died very soon after, as if on purpose to mortify the macaroni.

We will take this opportunity of subjoining an accurate description of the person of Captain Parsons Hoyer, thereby enabling our reader to estimate the singularity of his collision with the dandy.

Commodore Trunnion was a civilised man, and a beauty, but a fool, compared to Parsons Hoyer. He had a moderate hereditary property near Wicklow; had been a captain in

the royal navy ; was a bad farmer, a worse sportsman, and a blustering justice of peace ; but great at potation ! and what was called, “ in the main, a capital fellow.” He was nearly as boisterous as his adopted element : his voice was always as if on the quarter-deck ; and the whistle of an old boatswain, who had been decapitated by his side, hung as a memento, by a thong of leather, to his waistcoat button-hole. It was frequently had recourse to, and, whenever he wanted a word, supplied the deficiency.

In form the captain was squat, broad, and coarse ; a large purple nose, with a broad crimson chin to match, were the only features of any consequence in his countenance, except a couple of good enough bloodshot eyes, screened by most exuberant grizzle eye-lashes. His powdered wig had behind it a queue in the form of a handspike, and a couple of rolled-up paste curls, like a pair of carronades, adorned its broadsides ; a blue coat, with slash cuffs and plenty of navy buttons, surmounted a scarlet waistcoat—the skirts of which, he said, he would have of their enormous length because it assured him that the tailor had put *all the cloth in it* ; a black Barcelona adorned his neck ; an old round hat bordered with gold lace, pitched on one side of his head, and turned up also on one side, with a huge cockade stuck into a buttonless loop, gave him a swaggering air. He bore a shillelagh, the growth of his own estate, in a fist which would cover more ground than the best shoulder of wether mutton in a London market. I once saw the inconvenience of that species of fist strongly exemplified. The late Admiral Cosby, of Stradbally Hall, had as large and as brown a fist as any admiral in his majesty’s service. Happening one day, unfortunately, to lay it on the table during dinner at Colonel Fitzgerald’s, Merrion Square, a Mr. Jenkins, a half-blind doctor, who chanced to sit next to the admiral, cast his eye upon the fist ; the imperfection of his vision led him to believe it was a French roll of bread, and, without

further ceremony, the doctor thrust his fork plump into the admiral's fist. The confusion which resulted may be easily imagined.

Yet the captain had a look of generosity, good nature, benevolence, and hospitality, which his features did their very best to conceal, and which none but a good physiognomist could possibly discover.

CHAPTER VI.

MY BROTHER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

I MET with a ludicrous instance of the dissipation of even later days, a few months after my marriage. Lady B—and myself took a tour through some of the southern parts of Ireland, and among other places visited Castle Durrow, near which place my brother, Henry French Barrington, had built a hunting cottage, wherein he happened to have given a house-warming the previous day.

The company, as might be expected at such a place and on such an occasion, was not the most select—in fact, they were “*hard-going*” sportsmen.

Amongst the rest, Mr. Joseph Kelly, of unfortunate fate, brother to Mr. Michael Kelly, who by the bye does not say a word about him in his *Reminiscences*, had been invited, to add to the merriment by his pleasantry and voice, and had come down from Dublin for the purpose.

It may not be amiss to say something here of that remarkable person. I knew him from his early youth. His father was a dancing master in Mary Street, Dublin; and I found in the newspapers of that period a number of puffs in French and English of Mr. O’Kelly’s abilities in that way—one of which, a certificate from a French *artiste*, of Paris, is curious enough :—

Mr. O’Kelly is just returned from Paris. Ladies and gentlemen who are pleased to send their commands to No. 30 Mary Street will be most respectfully attended to.

Je certifie que M Guillaume O’Kelly est venu à Paris pour prendre de moi leçons, et qu’il est sorti de mes mains en état de pouvoir enseigner la dance avec succès.

GARDEL, Maître à Danser de la Reine,
et Maître des Ballets du Roy.

À Paris, le 20ème Août, 1781.

What could put it into his son's head that he had been *Master of the Ceremonies at Dublin Castle* is rather perplexing! He became a wine merchant latterly, dropped the O' which had been placed at the beginning of his name, and was a well-conducted and respectable man. But as he was a *Roman Catholic*, and as no Roman Catholic could *then* hold any office in the vice-regal establishment of Dublin Castle, Mr. M. Kelly must have been misinformed on that point as to his father, whom I have often seen. Mr. Gofton, a dancing master of Anne Street, Linen Hall, and uncle to Doctor Barrett, the late extraordinary vice-provost of Trinity College, was a friend of Mr. O'Kelly's, and taught me to the day of his death, which was sudden.

Joe was a slender young man, remarkably handsome; but with regard to character, always what in that part of the country they emphatically styled "the *devil*!" I recollect his dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's costume most admirably upon the stage. He also sang the songs of *Young Meadows*, in "Love in a Village," extremely well, as likewise those of *Macheath* and other parts; but he could never give the *acting* any effect. He was, strictly speaking, a bravura singer—there was no *pathos*—nothing *touchant* in his cadences; but in drinking-songs, etc., he was unrivalled. As his brother has not thought proper to speak about him, it might be considered out of place for me to go into his history, all of which I know, and many passages of which might probably be both entertaining and instructive. Some parts of it, however, are already on record, and others I hope will never be recorded. The Duke of Wellington knew Joe Kelly extremely well; and if he had *merited* advancement, I dare say he would have received it. The last conversation I had with him was on the Boulevard Italien in Paris. I was walking with my son, then belonging to the 5th Dragoon Guards. Kelly came up and spoke to us. I shook him by the hand, and he talked away—spoke to my son—no answer;

he tried him again—no reply. Kelly seemed surprised, and said, “Don’t you know me, Barrington? why don’t you speak to me?” “’Tis because I *do* know you that I do *not* speak to you,” replied my son. Kelly blushed, but turned it off with a laugh. I could not then guess the reason for this cut direct, and my son refused to tell me. I have *since*, however, become acquainted with it, and think the sarcasm *well* merited. It was, indeed, the bitterer, from its being the only one I ever heard my son utter. Joe Kelly killed his man in a duel, for which he was tried and *narrowly* escaped. According to his *own* account indeed, he killed plenty more men at the Battle of Waterloo and in other actions. He was himself shot at Paris by a commissary with whom he had quarrelled, and the humorists remarked thereupon that Joe had died a natural death.

Of this convivial assemblage at my brother’s, he was, I suppose, the very life and soul. The dining-room had not been finished when the day of the dinner-party arrived, and the lower parts of the walls, having only that morning received their last coat of plaster, were, of course, totally wet.

We had intended to surprise my brother, but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. On driving to the cottage door I found it open, whilst a dozen dogs of different descriptions shewed ready to receive us not in the most polite manner. My servant’s whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlour to see what cheer. It was about ten in the morning; the room was strewed with empty bottles, some broken, some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, etc., all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day’s entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked. Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs, one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him,

and surrounded by four or five candles burnt to the sockets ; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was wide open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

Had I never viewed such a scene before it would have almost terrified me ; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

I went out and sent away my carriage and its inmate to Castle Durrow, whence we had come, and afterwards proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep on the only bed which it then afforded ; he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as maître d'hotel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work ; an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost ; and after a very brief interval we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar, and nutmeg in plenty, a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of pota-

toes roasted on the turf ashes, in addition to which, ale, whisky, and port made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly and Peter Alley, his neighbour ; they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall, and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa* !*

The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously ! it was, however, in a very different tone from the *view holloa*, and perpetuated much longer.

“ Come, boys,” says French, giving Joe a pull—“ come ! ”

“ Oh, murder ! ” says Joe, “ I can’t ! ”—“ Murder ! murder ! ” echoed Peter. French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places. I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic, but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and, of course, was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow ; it was, nevertheless, setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours’ carousal, and in the morning when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe’s stock, together with his queue and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement ; so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not. One side of Peter’s head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a

* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk, but in vain. I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons ; this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous ; he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason ; but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him ; he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, ~~sawed~~ away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy ! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat to stop the bleeding ; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *praskeen*,* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wigmaker, just dropped in to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of anything else ; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely, clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded in less than an hour in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the

* A coarse *dirty* apron, worn by working women in a kitchen in the country parts of Ireland.

exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good ! Bob Casey got the making of a skull-piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it, as gentlemen in those days honoured any order given by a guest to the family shopkeeper or artizan.

I ate a hearty breakfast, returned to Durrow, and having joined my companion, we pursued our journey to Waterford, amusing ourselves the greater part of the way with the circumstances just related, which, however, I do not record merely as an abstract anecdote, but, as I observed in starting, to shew the manners and habits of Irish country society and sportsmen even so recently as thirty years ago ; and to illustrate the changes of those habits and manners, and the advances towards civilisation, which, coupled with the extraordinary *want of corresponding prosperity*, present phenomena I am desirous of impressing upon my reader's mind throughout the whole of this miscellaneous collection of original anecdotes and observations.

CHAPTER VII.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

MY veering opinion as to a choice of profession was nearly decided by that military ardour which seized all Ireland, when the whole country had entered into resolutions to free itself for ever from English domination. The entire kingdom took up arms, regiments were formed in every quarter, the highest, the lowest, and the middle orders, all entered the ranks of freedom, and every corporation, whether civil or military, pledged life and fortune to attain and establish Irish independence.

My father had raised and commanded two corps—a dragoon regiment called the Cullenagh Rangers, and the Ballyroan Light Infantry. My elder brother commanded the Kilkenny Horse and the Durrow Light Dragoons. The general enthusiasm caught me, and before I well knew what I was about, I found myself a military martinet and a red-hot patriot. Having been a university man, I was also considered to be, of course, a *writer*, and was accordingly called on to draw up resolutions for volunteer regiments all over the county. This was the first tirade I ever attempted on a political subject; and it being quite short enough and warm enough to be comprehended by all the parties, it was unanimously adopted, every man swearing, as he kissed the blade of his sword, that he would adhere to these resolutions to the last drop of his blood, which he would by no means spare, till we had finally achieved the independence of our country. We were very sincere, and really, I think, determined to perish if necessary in the cause—at least, I am sure, I was so.

The national point was gained, but not without much difficulty and danger. The Irish parliament had refused to grant supplies to the Crown for more than six months. The people had entered into resolutions to prevent the importation of any British merchandise or manufactures. The entire kingdom had disavowed all English authority or jurisdiction, external or internal ; the judges and magistrates had declined to act under British statutes ; the flame had spread rapidly and had become irresistible.

The British Government saw that either temporising or an appeal to force would occasion the final loss of Ireland ; 150,000 independent soldiers, well armed, well clothed, and well disciplined, were not to be coped with, and England yielded. Thus the volunteers kept their oaths ; they redeemed their pledge, and did not lay down their arms until the independence of Ireland had been pronounced from the throne, and the distinctness of the Irish nation promulgated in the Government Gazette of London.

Having carried our point with the English, and having proposed to prove our independence by going to war with Portugal about our linens, we completely set up for ourselves, except that Ireland was bound, constitutionally and irrevocably, never to have any king but the King of Great Britain.

We were now, in fact, regularly in a fighting mood ; and being quite in good humour with England, we determined to fight the French, who had threatened to invade us, and I recollect a volunteer belonging to one of my father's corps, a schoolmaster of the name of Beal, proposing a resolution to the Ballyroan Infantry, which purported " that they would never stop fighting the French till they had flogged every man of them into mincemeat ! " This magnanimous resolution was adopted with cheers, and was, as usual, *sworn to*, each hero kissing the muzzle of his musket.

I am not going any further into a history of those times, to which I have alluded in order to mention what, for the

moment, excited my *warlike ardour*, and fixed my determination, although but temporarily, to adopt the military profession.

On communicating this decision to my father, he procured me, from a friend and neighbour, General Hunt Walsh, a commission in that officer's own regiment, the 30th. The style of the thing pleased me very well ; but, upon being informed that I should immediately join the regiment, in America, my heroic tendencies received a serious check. I had not contemplated transatlantic emigration, and feeling that I could get my head broken just as well in my own country, I, after a few days' mature consideration, perceived my military ardour grow cooler and cooler every hour, until at length it was obviously defunct. I therefore wrote to the general a most thankful letter, but at the same time " begging the favour of him to present my commission in his regiment to some hardier soldier, who could serve his majesty with more vigour, as I, having been brought up by my grandmother, felt as yet too *tender* to be any way effective on foreign service, though I had no objection to fight as much as possible in Ireland, if necessary." The general accepted my resignation, and presented my commission to a young friend of his, whose brains were blown out in the very first engagement.

Having thus rejected the military, I next turned my thoughts to that very opposite profession, the clerical. But though preaching was certainly a much safer and more agreeable employment than bush-fighting, yet a curacy and a wooden leg being pretty much on a parallel in point of remuneration, and as I had the strongest objection to be half starved in the service of either the king or the altar, I also declined the cassock, assuring my father that " I felt I was not steady enough to make an ' exemplary parson,' and as any other kind of parson generally did more harm than good in a country, I could not, in my conscience, take charge

of the morals of a flock of men, women and children, when I should have quite enough to do to manage my own, and I should, therefore, leave the church to some more orthodox graduate."

Medicine, therefore, was the next in the list of professions to which I had abstractedly some liking. I had attended several courses of anatomical lectures in Dublin, and, although with some repugnant feelings, I had studied that most sublime of all sciences, human organisation, by a persevering attention to the celebrated wax-works of that university. But my horror and disgust of *animal putridity* in all its branches was so great, inclusive even of stinking venison, which most people admire, that all surgical practice by me was necessarily out of the question, and medicine without surgery presenting no better chance than a curacy, it shared an equally bad fate with the sword and the pulpit.

Of the liberal and learned professions there now remained but one, namely, the law. Now, as to this I was told by several old practitioners, who had retired into the country, from having no business to do in town, that if I was even as wise as Alfred, or as learned as Lycurgus, nobody would give me sixpence for all my law, if I had a hundred-weight of it, until I had spent at least ten years in watching the manufacture. However, they consoled me by saying that if I could put up with light eating and water-drinking during that period, I might then have a very reasonable chance of getting some briefs, particularly after having a gang of attorneys to dine with me. Here I was damped again! and though I should have broken my heart if condemned to remain much longer a walking gentleman, I determined to wait a while, and see if nature would open my propensities a little wider, and give me some more decisive indication of what she thought me fittest for.

Whilst in this comfortless state of indecision, my father, like other country gentlemen, to gratify his lady under the

shape of educating his children, gave his consent to be launched into the new scenes and pleasures of a city residence. He accordingly purchased an excellent house in Clare Street, Merrion Square, left a steward in the country to *mismanage* his concerns there, made up new wardrobes for the servants, got a fierce three-cocked hat for himself, and removed his establishment, the hounds excepted, to the metropolis of Ireland.

Here my good and well-bred mother, for such she was, had her Galway pride revived and gratified ; the green coach *de cérémonie* was regilt and regarnished, and four black horses, with two postilions and a sixteen-stone footman, completed her equipage.

I had my bit of blood in the stable ; my elder brother, who had been in the 1st Horse, had plenty of them—my father had his old hunter, “ brown Jack ; ” and we set out at what is commonly called a *great rate*—but which great rates are generally like a fox-chase, more hot than durable. However, the thing went on well enough ; and during our city residence many pleasurable and many whimsical incidents occurred to me and other individuals of my family ; one of which was most interesting to myself, and will form a leading feature in my subsequent Memoirs.

Before adverting to this, however, I will mention a lamentable event which occurred during our stay in Clare Street to a neighbour of ours, Captain O’Flaherty, brother to Sir John, whom I shall hereafter notice. The captain resided nearly facing us, and though the event I speak of, and the very extraordinary incident which succeeded it, are clearly digressions, yet the whole story is so interesting that I will, without further apology, introduce it.

CHAPTER VIII.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY.

CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY, a most respectable gentleman, resided in Clare Street, Dublin, exactly opposite my father's house. He had employed a person of the name of Lanegan as tutor to the late John Burke O'Flaherty and his other sons. But after some little time Lanegan became more attentive to Mrs. O'Flaherty, the mother, than to her boys.

This woman had certainly no charms either of appearance or address which might be thought calculated to captivate anyone ; and there was a something indescribably repulsive in her general manners, in consequence whereof all acquaintance between her and our family soon terminated. She was not satisfied with the occasional society of Mr. Lanegan, whilst he continued in the house as tutor, but actually proceeded to form a criminal intercourse with him ; and in order to free herself from all restraint, meditated the very blackest of human crimes, which she determined to perpetrate by giving the unfortunate captain a rice-pudding for his dinner, by virtue whereof she might at any rate be saved the trouble of ever making another for him.

Mr. Lanegan was with this view sent by her to several apothecaries' shops, at each of which, to avoid suspicion, he asked for a *very little stuff to kill the rats !* and thus, by small portions, they ultimately procured a sufficient quantity to kill not only the rats, but the husband into the bargain.

The murderous scheme was carried into execution by Mrs. O'Flaherty herself, and the captain was found dead in his bed ! Some misgivings, however, were generated from the appearance of the body, which swelled and exhibited black spots ; and these, with other unequivocal signs, con-

spired to prove that the rats, for they were actually dealt with, had not been the only sufferers. The Coroner's inquest, indeed, soon decided the matter, by a verdict of "*Poisoned by Arsenic.*"

Mrs. O'Flaherty and Mr. Lanegan began now to suspect that they were in rather a ticklish situation, and determined to take a private journey into the country until they should discover how things were likely to go. The adulterous wife, full of crime and terror, conceived a suspicion that Lanegan, who had only purchased the poison by her directions, and had not administered it, except to the rats, might turn king's evidence, get the reward, and save himself by convicting her. Such a catastrophe she therefore determined if possible to prevent.

On their journey she told him that, upon full consideration, she conceived there could be no possibility of bringing conclusive evidence against them, inasmuch as it would appear most probable that the captain had, by accident, taken the poison himself, and that she was determined to surrender and take her trial as soon as possible, recommending Mr. Lanegan to do the same. In pursuance of this decision, as they passed near the town of Gowran, County Kilkenny, she said, "There is the gate of a magistrate; do you go up first, put on a bold face, assure him of your entire innocence, and say that as infamous and false reports have been spread, both of yourself and me, you came expressly to surrender and take your trial, and that you could not live in society under such vile imputations! Say, also, that you hear Mrs. O'Flaherty intends likewise to surrender herself in the evening, and request that he will be at home to receive her."

Lanegan, suspecting no fraud, followed these instructions literally. He was secured, though without roughness, and preparations were made for his being taken to Dublin next day in custody. The magistrate waited for Mrs.

O'Flaherty, but she did not appear ; he sent down to his gatehouse to know if any lady had passed by ; the porter informed him that a lady and gentleman had been near the gate in a carriage in the morning, and that the gentleman got out and went up the avenue to the house, after which the lady had driven away.

It now appearing that they had been actually together, and that Lanegan had been telling falsehoods respecting his companion, strong suspicions arose in the mind of the magistrate. His prisoner was confined more closely, sent under a strong guard to Dublin, indicted for murder, and tried at the ensuing assizes.

Positive evidence was given of Lanegan's criminal connection with Mrs. O'Flaherty, coupled with the strongest circumstantial proof against him. He had not the courage boldly to deny the fact, and being found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged and quartered ; the former part of which sentence having been carried into execution, and his body cut on each limb, it was delivered up to his mother for burial. Mrs. O'Flaherty escaped beyond sea, and has, I believe, never since been heard of in the country.

Such is the history which forms the prelude to an occurrence in which I was a party, several years after, and which may be regarded as a curious illustration of stories of supposed ghosts.

A Templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux Court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head, his lips quivered convulsively, his teeth chattered,

large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite these emotions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man retreated backwards, his eyes still fixed, to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering and attempting to pray ; but not at that moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the next best thing he could do : as—" What is your name ? David Lander ! Who gave you that name ? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism ! " etc.

I instantly concluded the man was mad, and, turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

" Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander," said the figure ; " sure 'tis me that's here."

When Davy Lander heard the voice he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) stalked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby ; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

I was now totally bewildered, and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried :

" For the love of God, give me some of that, for I am perishing ! "

I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult ; he stammered and gazed at the figure for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion ! though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing Kerry dialect—" Why then, blood and thunder, is that you, Lanegan ? "

" Ah, sir, speak easy," said the wretched being.

" How the devil," resumed Davy, " did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green ! "

" Ah, gentlemen ! " exclaimed the poor culprit, " speak low ; have mercy on me, Master Davy ; you know it was I taught you your Latin—I'm starving to death ! "

" You shall not die in *that* way, you villainous school-master ! " said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

The miserable creature having ate the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him ; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb to save the law ; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life.

His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery ; at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the Borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead ; and though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food for fear of detection ! but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

My friend, Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the Monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since.

This incident is not related as a mere isolated anecdote, unconnected with any serious general considerations ; but rather with a view to shew how many deceptions a man's imagination may hastily subject him to, and to impress the consideration that nothing should be regarded as super-

natural which can by *possibility* be the result of human interference.

In the present case, if Lanegan had withdrawn before Lander had arisen and spoken to him, no reasoning upon earth could ever have convinced the Templar of the materiality of the vision. As Lanegan's restoration to life after execution had not at that time been spoken of, nor even suspected, Lander would have willingly deposed upon the Holy Evangelists that he had seen the *actual ghost* of the schoolmaster who had been hanged and quartered in Dublin a considerable time before—his identification of the man's person being rendered unequivocal from the circumstance of his having been formerly Lanegan's pupil. And I must confess that I should myself have seen no reason to doubt Lander's assertions, had the man withdrawn from the chamber before he spoke to me—to do which, under the circumstances, it was by no means improbable fear might have induced him.

Thus one of the best "authenticated ghost stories ever related" has been lost to the history of supernatural occurrences. The circumstance, however, did not cure Davy Lander in the least of his dread of apparitions, which was excessive.

Nor have I much right to reproach my friend's weakness in this particular. I have, on the other hand, throughout my writings admitted—nay, I fear, occasionally boasted—that I was myself *superstitious*. The species of reading I adopted and ardently pursued from my infancy upwards may, I admit, have impressed my mind indelibly; and the consciousness of this fact should have served to render me rather *sceptical* than *credulous* upon any subject that bore a mysterious character.

My relations, whilst I was a boy, took it into their heads that I was a decided coward in this way, and, though I in round terms denied the imputation, I freely admitted at

the same time my coyness with regard to trying any unnecessary experiments or making any superstitious invocations, particularly on All-hallow Eve, or other mysterious days, whereupon a sort of bastard witchcraft is always practised in Ireland.

Hence I was universally ridiculed on those anniversaries for my timidity ; and one All-hallow Eve my father proposed to have a prayer-book, with a £5 bank-note in it, left on a certain tomb-stone in an old Catholic burial-ground quite apart from any road, and covered with trees. It was two or three fields' distance from the dwelling-house ; and the proposal was, that if I would go there at twelve o'clock at night, and bring back the book and a dead man's bone, many of which latter were scattered about the cemetery, the note should be mine ; and, as an additional encouragement, I was never after to be charged with cowardice. My pride took fire, and I determined, even though I might burst a blood-vessel through agitation, or break my neck in running home again, I would perform the feat, and put an end to the imputation.

The matter, therefore, was fully arranged. The night proved very dark ; the path was intricate, but I was accustomed to it. There were two or three stiles to be crossed ; and the Irish always conceive that if a ghost is anywhere in the neighbourhood, he invariably chooses a stile at which to waylay the passengers.

However, at the appointed hour I set out. I daresay most ladies and gentlemen who may read this know what *palpitation of the heart* means ; if so, let them be so good as to fancy an excess of that feeling, and they may then form some idea of the sensations with which I first touched the cold gravestones of the dead, who, if they had had any sensibility, would have prevented their bones from being made the subject of ridiculous experiment.

Having groped for some time in the dark, I found the

book, but my hand refused to lift it, and I sat down panting and starting at every rustle of the foliage ; through the gloom wherewith the trunks and branches of the trees were invested my excited imagination conjured up figures and shapes which I expected at every glance would open into skeletons or shrouded spectres ! I would at that moment have given the world to be at home again, but I really could not stir—my breath had got too short, and my eyesight too confused for motion.

By degrees these sensations subsided. I obtained a little confidence, the moving of a branch no longer startled me, and I should have got on well enough had not an unlucky goat, which came roaming near the place, though with a different object, thrown me into a complete relapse. At the conclusion of about half an hour, however, which appeared to me at least five and twenty years, I secured the book snugly in my pocket, together with a dead man's thigh-bone, which I tied up in a cloth brought with me for the purpose, and fastening it round my waist, lest it should drop during my flight, I made a very rapid exit from this scene of perilous achievement.

Having reached the house in triumph, and taken a large tumbler of wine, I proceeded to exhibit my book, put the bank-note in my pocket, and with an affectation of unconcern untied my cloth and flung my huge bone upon the supper table. I had my full revenge ! The women, who had been amusing themselves by telling each other's fortune, were cruelly shocked, they all *una voce* set up a loud shriek, and whilst some were half swooning, others ran headlong out of the room. My courage now grew rampant ; I said, if they pleased, they might leave the bone on the top of my bed till morning, and that would sufficiently shew who was most in dread of dead people !

Confidence was at length restored on all sides. I was half cured of my superstitious fears, and the family universally

admitted that I certainly should make a brave general if I went into the army. We made merry till a late hour, when I retired joyously to bed, and sleep very soon began to make still further amends for my terrors.

While dreaming away most agreeably, I was suddenly aroused by a rustling noise for which I could not account. I sat up, and, upon listening, found it to proceed from the top of my bed, whereon something was in rapid motion. The dead man's thigh-bone immediately started into my recollection, and horrible ideas flashed across my mind. A profuse perspiration burst out at once on my forehead, my hair rose, the cramp seized both my legs, and just gathering power to call out, "Murder, murder!—help! help!" I buried my head under the clothes. In this situation I could neither hear nor see, and was besides almost suffocated; after a while I began to think I might have been dreaming, and with that idea thrusting my head fearfully out, the bone, for that it certainly was, sprang with a tremendous crash from the bed down beside me upon the floor, where it exhibited as many signs of life as when its owner was in existence. Upon viewing this, my spirit sank again, I shook like a man in an ague, gave some inarticulate screams, and, at length, dropped back nearly senseless upon the pillow.

How long I lay thus I know not; I only remember that the bone still continued its movements, and now and then striking a chair or table, warned me of my probable fate from its justly enraged proprietor, who I was apprehensive would soon appear to demand his undoubted property. Had the scene continued long, I actually believe I should scarce have survived it; but at last paradise seemed all on the sudden to be regained, though in no overy orthodox way. A loud laugh at the door clearly announced that I had been well played off upon by the ladies for my abrupt display of a dead man's bone on the supper table. The whole of the young folks entered my room in a body with candles, and

after having been re-assured, and nourished by a tumbler of buttered white wine, I obtained by degrees knowledge of the trick which had occasioned a laugh so loud, so long, and so mortifying to my self-conceit.

The device was simple enough—a couple of cords had been tied to the bone, and drawn under the door, which was at the bed's foot, and by pulling these alternately the conspirators kept the bone in motion until their good-humoured joke had well nigh resulted in the loss of their kinsman's reason.

CHAPTER IX.

ADOPTION OF THE LAW.

My father still conceived that the military profession was best suited to my ardent and volatile spirit. I was myself, however, of a different opinion ; and fortune shortly fixed my determination. An incident occurred which, uniting passion, judgment, and ambition, led me to decide that the Bar was the only road to my happiness or celebrity ; and accordingly I finally and irrevocably resolved that the law should be the future occupation of my life and studies.

The recollection of the incident to which I have alluded excites, even at this moment, all the sensibility and regret which can survive a grand climacteric and four-and-forty years of vicissitude. I shall not dilate upon it extensively ; and, in truth, were it not that these personal fragments would be otherwise still more incomplete, I should remain altogether silent on a subject which revives in my mind so many painful reflections.

My elder brother married the only daughter of Mr. Edwards, of Old Court, County Wicklow. The individuals of both families attended that marriage, which was, indeed, a public one. The bridemaid of Miss Edwards was the then admired Miss D. W——. This lady was about my own age ; her father had been a senior Fellow of Dublin University, and had retired on large church preferments. Her uncle, with whom she was at that time residing, was a very eminent barrister in the Irish capital. She had but one sister, and I was soon brought to think she had no equal whatever.

Those who read this will perhaps anticipate a story of a volatile lad struck, in the midst of an inspiring ceremony, by the beauty of a lively and engaging female, and surrendering without resistance his boyish heart to the wild impulse of the moment. This supposition is, I admit, a natural one, but it is unfounded. Neither beauty, nor giddy passion, nor the glare of studied attractions ever enveloped me in their labyrinths. Nobody admired female loveliness more than myself; but beauty in *the abstract* never excited within me that delirium which has so impartially made fools of kings and beggars—of heroes and cowards; and to which the wisest professors of law, physic, and divinity have from time immemorial surrendered their liberty and their reason.

Regularity of feature is very distinct from expression of countenance, which I never yet saw mere symmetry successfully rival. I thank heaven that I never was either the captive or the victim of “perfect beauty”; in fact, I never loved any handsome woman save one, who still lives, and I hope will do so long; those whom I admired most, when I was of an age to admire any, had no great reason to be grateful for the munificence of creating Nature.

Were I to describe the person of D. W——, I should say that she had no beauty; but, on the contrary, seemed rather to have been selected as a foil to set off the almost transparent delicacy of the bride whom she attended. Her figure was graceful, it is true; but, generally speaking, I incline to think that few ladies would have envied her perfections. Her dark and rather deep-sunk, yet penetrating and animated eye, could never have reconciled their looking-glasses to the sombre and swarthy complexion which surrounded it; nor the carmine of her pouting lip to the disproportioned extent of feature which it tinted. In fine, as I began, so will I conclude my personal description—she had *no beauty*. But she seems this moment before

me as in a vision. I see her countenance busied in unceasing converse with her heart ; now illuminated by brilliant wit, now softened down by sense and sensibility—the wild spirit of the former changing like magic into the steadier movements of the latter ; the serious glance silently commanding restraint and caution, whilst the counteracting smile even at the same moment set caution at defiance. But upon this subject I shall desist, and only remark further, that before I was aware of the commencement of its passion, my whole heart was hers !

D. W—— was at that time the fashion in society ; many admired, but I know of none who loved her save myself, and it must have been through some attractive congeniality of mind that our attachment became mutual.

It will doubtless appear unaccountable to many whence the spell arose by virtue of which I was thus bound to a female, from whom every personal attribute seems to have been withheld by Nature. But I am unable to solve the enigma. I once ventured myself to ask D. W—— if she could tell me *why* I loved her ? She *answered by returning the question !* and hence, neither of us being able to give an explicit reason, we mutually agreed that the query was unanswerable.

There are four short words in the French language which have a power of expressing what in English is inexplicable—“ *Je ne sais quoi*,”—and to these in my dilemma I resorted. I do not now wish the phrase to be understood in a *sentimental* vein, or, in the set terms of young ladies, as “ a *nice* expression ! ” In my mind it is an *amatory idiom*, and in those few words conveys more meaning than could a hundred pages.

I have said that the phrase is inexplicable ; but, in like manner, as we are taught to aim at perfection whilst we know it to be unattainable, so will I endeavour to characterise the “ *Je ne sais quoi* ” as meaning a species of indefinable

grace which gives despotic power to a female. When we praise in detail the abstract beauties or merits of a woman, each of them may form matter for argument or subject for the exercise of various tastes ; but of the “ *Je ne sais quoi* ” there is no specification, and upon it there can be no reasoning. It is that fascinating enigma which expresses *all* without expressing *anything* ; that mysterious source of attraction which we can neither discover nor account for, and which nor beauty, nor wit, nor education, nor anything, in short, but *nature*, ever can create.

D. W—— was the fashion ; but she depended solely as to fortune on her father and her uncle. I was the third son of a largely estated but not prudent family, and was entitled to a younger child's portion in addition to some exclusive property ; but I had passed twenty-one, and had not even fixed on a profession ; therefore, the only probable result of our attachment seemed to be misery and disappointment. Notwithstanding, when in the same neighbourhood we met, when separate we corresponded ; but her good sense at length perceived that some end must be put to this state of clandestine intercourse, from which, although equally condemning it, we had not been able to abstain. Her father died, and she became entitled to a third of his estate and effects ; but this accession was insufficient to justify the accomplishment of our union. I saw, and with a half-broken heart acquiesced in her view of its impossibility until I should have acquired some productive profession. She suggested that there was no other course but the Bar, which might conciliate her uncle. The hint was sufficient, and we then agreed to have a ceremony of betrothal performed, and to separate the next moment never to meet again until fortune, if ever so disposed, should smile on us.

The ceremony was accordingly performed by a Mr. Tay, and immediately afterwards I went on board a packet for England, determined, if it were possible, to succeed in a

profession which held out a reward so essential to my happiness.

I did succeed at the Bar ; but, alas ! she for whose sake my toil was pleasure had ceased to exist. I never saw her more ! Her only sister still lives in Merrion Square, Dublin, and in her has centred all the property of both the father and uncle. She is the wife of one of my warmest friends, a King's Counsel.

I hasten to quit a subject to me so distressing. Some very peculiar circumstances attended, as I learned, the death of that most excellent of women, but a recital of these would only increase the impression which I fear I have already given grounds for, that I am deeply superstitious. However, I have not concealed so important an incident of my life hitherto not published, and I have done.

CHAPTER X.

IRISH BEAUTIES.

It is singular enough, but at the same time true, that female beauty has of late years kept pace in improvement with modern accomplishments. She who in the early part of my life would have been accounted a perfect beauty, whose touch upon a harpsichord or spinnet, accompanied by a simple air sung with what they then called "judgment" (in tune), would have constituted her at once a Venus and a Syren, would now be passed by merely as "a pretty girl, but such a confounded *bore* with her music?" In fact, women fifty years since, and much later, not being, generally speaking, thrust into society till they had arrived at the age of maturity, were more respected, more beloved, and more sedulously attended than in these days, when the men seem to have usurped the ladies' corsets, to affect their voices, practise their gait, imitate their small talk, and in surtouts and trousers hustle ladies off the footpaths, to save their own dog-skins from humidity.

This degradation of both sexes has arisen from various causes. Beauty is apparently become less rare, accomplishments more common, dress less distinguished, dignity worse preserved, and decorum less attended to than in former times. It is a great mistake in women not to recollect their own importance, and keep up that just medium between reserve and familiarity which constitutes the best criterion whereby to appreciate the manners of a gentlewoman. But women are too apt to run into extremes in everything, and overlook the fact that neither personal beauty nor drawing-room display are calculated to form permanent attractions, even to the most adoring lover. The *breakfast-table* in the

morning and *fireside* in the evening must be the ultimate touchstones of connubial comfort ; and this is a maxim which any woman who intends to marry should never lose sight of.

To such lengths did respect for the sex extend, and so strong was the impression that men were bound to protect it even from accidental offence, that I remember if any gentleman presumed to pass between a lady and the wall in walking the streets of Dublin, he was considered as offering a personal affront to her escort ; and if the parties wore swords, as was then customary, it is probable the first salutation to the offender would be " Draw, sir ! " However, such affairs usually ended in an apology to the lady for inadvertence.

But if a man ventured to intrude into the boxes of the theatre in his surtout or boots, or with his hat on, it was regarded as a general insult to every lady present, and he had little chance of escaping without a shot or a thrust before the following night. Every gentleman then wore in the evening a sword, a queue, and a three-cocked hat—appointments rather too fierce-looking for the modern dandy ! whilst the morning dress consisted of what was then called a French frock, a waistcoat bordered with lace, and a *couteau de chasse* with a short, curved broad blade, the handle of green ivory, with a lion's head in silver or gilt at the end, and a treble chain dangling loose from its mouth, terminating at an ornamented cross or guard which surmounted the scabbard. Such was the Irish costume ; but although either the male or female attire of that day might now appear rather grotesque, yet people of fashion had then the exclusive dress and air of such, and gentlewomen ran no risk of being copied in garb or manner by their pretty waiting-maids, now called " young persons ! "

The Irish court at that period was kept up with great state, and hence the parties who frequented it were more

select. I recollect when the wives and daughters of attorneys, who now I believe are the general occupiers of the red benches, were never admitted to vice-regal drawing-rooms. How far the present growing system of equality in appearance amongst different ranks will eventually benefit or injure society in general, is for casuists, not for me, to determine. I must, however, take occasion to own myself an admirer, and, whenever it is proper, a zealous contender for distinction of ranks ; and to state my decided opinion that nothing but superior talents, learning, military reputation, or some other quality which raises men by general assent, should be permitted to amalgamate society.

It is an observation I have always made, although it may be perhaps considered a frivolous one, that dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neck-cloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address. He may, *en deshabelle*, curse and swear, and speak roughly and *think* roughly ; but put the same man into full dress, powder him well, clap a sword by his side, and give him an evening coat, breeches, and silk stockings, he will feel himself quite another person ! To use the language of the blackguard would then be out of character ; he will talk smoothly, affect politeness, if he has it not, pique himself upon good manners, and respect the women ; nor will the spell subside until returning home ; the old *robe de chambre*, or its substitute surtout, with other slovenly appendages, make him lose again his brief consciousness of being a gentleman !

Some women mistake the very nature and purposes of dress ; glaring abroad, they are slatterns at home. The husband detests in his *sposa* what he is too apt to practise himself ; he rates a dirty wife, she retorts upon a ruffianly

husband, and each of them detests the other for neglect which neither will take the trouble of avoiding.

Three ladies, about the period of my return from London became very conspicuous for their beauty, though extremely different in all points both of appearance and manners. They still live. Two of them I greatly admired, not for beauty alone, but for an address the most captivating ; and one of these, especially, for the kindest heart and the soundest sense, when she gave it fair play, that I have ever met with amongst females.

In admitting my great preference to this individual lady, I may, perhaps, by those who know her, be accused of partiality, less to herself than to a family ; be it so ! she is the wife of my friend, and I esteem her for his sake ; but she is also an excellent woman, and I esteem her for her own.

Another of the parties alluded to, Lady M——, is a gentlewoman of high birth, and was then, though not *quite* a beauty, in all points attractive. She passed her spring in misfortune, her summer in misery, her autumn without happiness ! but I hope the winter of her days is spent amidst every comfort. Of the third lady I have not yet spoken ; though far inferior to both the former, she has succeeded better in life than either ; and, beginning the world without any pretensions beyond mediocrity, is likely to end her days in ease and more than ordinary respectability.

My first knowledge of Lady M—— arose from a circumstance which was to me of singular professional advantage ; and as it forms a curious anecdote respecting myself, I will proceed to relate it.

At the assizes of Wexford, whilst I was but young at the bar, I received a brief in a cause of Sir R—— M——, Bart., against a Mr. H——. On perusal, I found it was an action brought by the baronet against the latter gentleman respecting his lady, and that I was retained as advocate for the

lady's honour. It was my "first appearance" in that town. But, alas ! I had a senior in the business, and, therefore, was without opportunity of displaying my abilities. The ill-fated Bagenal Harvey* was that senior counsel, and he had prepared himself to make some exhibition in a cause of so much and such universal excitement. I felt dispirited, and would willingly have given up twenty fees in order to possess this opportunity.

The cause proceeded before Judge Kelly ; the evidence was finished, and the proper time for the defence had arrived ; everything as to the lady was at stake. Bagenal Harvey had gone out to take fresh air, and probably to read over some notes, or con some florid sentences and quotations with which he intended to interlard his elocution. At the moment the evidence closed, the judge desired me to proceed. I replied that Mr. Harvey, my senior, would return into court directly.

Judge Kelly, who was my friend, and clearly saw my wish, said he would not delay public business one minute for anybody ; and by a sort of instinct, or rather impulse—I cannot indeed exactly say what it was, but certainly it was totally *impromptu*—I began to state her ladyship's case. I always had words enough at command ; the evidence also afforded sufficient material for their exercise ; and in fact, being roused by the cause into a sort of knight-errantry, I felt myself completely identified with it. If I should succeed, it would greatly serve me. I forgot poor Bagenal Harvey, and was just getting into the marrow and pathos of my case, when the crier shouted out, "Clear the way for Counsellor Harvey !" Bagenal came in puffing and blowing, and struggling through the crowd, scarcely able to command utterance. I instantly stopped, and begged his pardon, adding that the judge had said the public time

* An unfortunate friend of mine who was afterwards hanged, and his head stuck over the door of the same Court House.

could wait for nobody ! “ So,” continued I, “ let me just shew you where I left off ! ” turning over the leaves of my brief ; “ there, begin there ; it will be useless to repeat what I have already said, so begin there.” A loud laugh succeeded.

Bagenal became irritated as much as he was susceptible of being, and whispered me that he considered it as a personal insult ; whilst old Judge Kelly gravely said, “ Go on, Mr. Barrington, go on ; we can have no speeches by dividends ; go on, sir ! ” So on I went, and I believe, because everybody told me so, that my impromptu speech was entirely successful. I discredited the witnesses by ridicule, destroyed all sympathy with the husband, and interested everybody for the wife. In short, I got the judge and jury into good humour. Yet, I know not by what means I should have ensured a verdict, had not a certain point of law, which I believe was then started for the first time, occurred to me, and which, though rational itself, and on that trial recognised by the judge, has since been overruled in terms, though it stands in substance—namely, if a husband cannot truly aver that he has sustained mental injury by the loss of that comfort arising from the *society* of a wife, it is anomalous to say he has any claim to damages ; and this averment can scarcely be made where the parties have been separated voluntarily and completely for years.*

The judge, the kindest-hearted man living, chuckled at this new point. The jury, who did not much admire the plaintiff, were quite pleased with my suggestion ; and after the judge had given his charge, in a few minutes, to the utter discomfiture of the baronet, there was a verdict against

* This is, indeed, altogether a species of action maintained in no country but England, a money country. Why not transfer the offence to the *criminal* side of the courts of justice ? All the rest of Europe ridicules our system. The idea entertained on the Continent upon such occasions is *silence* or *death*, if not the most lucrative, certainly the most *honourable* mode of procedure.

him ! His lips quivered, he stood pale and trembling with anger, and subsequently quitted the town with the utmost expedition.

Some time afterwards a reconciliation took place between the parties so far that her ladyship consented to live with him again—influenced much, I rather think, by having suffered great inconvenience, if not distress, from want of regularity in the receipt of her separate maintenance of £700 per annum. I had the pleasure of meeting her frequently at the Lady Lieutenant's parties.

The conclusion of the renewed intercourse is too curious to be omitted. Sir R—— had taken a house in the city of Dublin, and it was thought possible that he and his wife might, at any rate, pass some time under the same roof ; but fate decided otherwise.

Sir R—— was literally insane on all political subjects, his imagination being occupied night and day with nothing but papists, Jesuits, and rebels. Once in the dead of the night his lady was awakened by a sense of positive suffocation, and rousing herself, found that Sir R—— was in the very act of strangling her !—he had grasped her by the throat with all his might, and muttering heavy imprecations, had nearly succeeded in his diabolical attempt. She struggled, and at length extricated herself from his grasp ; upon which he roared out, making a fresh effort—" You infernal papist rebel ! you United Irishman ! I'll never part from you alive if you don't come quietly."

In fact, this crazy Orangeman had in his dream fancied that he was contesting with a rebel, whom he had better choke than suffer to escape, and poor Lady M—— was nearly sacrificed to his excess of loyalty. In her *robe de chambre* and slippers she contrived to get out of the house, and never more ventured to return, as she now clearly perceived that even her personal safety could not be calculated on in her husband's society.

I have in another work given a full character of Sir R—— M——, and stated my opinion of his worse than mischievous *History of Ireland*. One more anecdote of him, and I have done.

Whilst he was High Sheriff for the County of Waterford, an old man was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail for some political offence ; when the executioner not being in readiness, the *High Sheriff*—a Baronet and Member of Parliament—took up the cat-o'-nine-tails, ordered the cart to move on slowly, and operated himself with admirable expertness, but much greater severity than the hangman would have used ! Thus did he proceed to whip the old man through the streets of the city ; and when the extreme point was reached, and he was scarcely able to raise his arm, he publicly regretted he had not a little farther to go !

Lady M—— was, in her own right, entitled to a fortune of £15,000, to be paid on her marriage. Her father, a gentleman of rank and estate, had by some mismanagement become extremely embarrassed. Sir R—— M——, a man of family, but whose fortune was not large, cast his eye on her beauty, not totally overlooking her property. His taste was indisputably good, the lady being at that period everything that could be desired ! She possessed an ardent mind, great constitutional gaiety, and a sensitive heart ; to which were added a most engaging figure and a lovely and expressive countenance. Her father she loved dearly, and for his unhappy circumstances, therefore, her heart bled ; but Sir R—— M—— could make no impression upon it. On the contrary, he excited her aversion. Thus her affections being unattainable, the baronet resolved, if possible, to *purchase* her hand, leaving her heart to some future opportunity ! Hence commences the affecting narrative of her ladyship's wrongs and misfortunes, related to me by herself in broken fragments and at several times.

“ I was not aware,” said she, “ what caused my dear

father's obvious unhappiness, and often was I surprised at the pertinacity with which he pressed the baronet upon my consideration. I rejected him over and over again ; still his suit was renewed, still my father appeared more anxious on his behalf, whilst my mother seconded their wishes. My aversion increased ; yet Sir R—— M——'s assiduities were redoubled with his repulses ; and at length I contemplated the leaving my father's house if I were longer persecuted by these addresses.

“ Though young, I knew the failing of my own character, which possessed not sufficient resolution to oppose its constitutional tendencies. Nature had formed me for all the pleasures and the pains which are alike inseparable from sensibility. I found a glow in every thought—an enthusiasm in every action. My feelings were always *in earnest*. I could love to excess and hate to rancour ! but I could do neither with mediocrity. I could be the best or the worst of wives. I could endure anything with a man I loved, but could not sit upon a throne with one whom I might detest.

“ At length I discovered the whole of my father's more than pressing embarrassments ; and understood that Sir R—— M—— had agreed to give up to him a considerable portion of my fortune if our marriage was effected. This shock to such a disposition as mine was cruel, and the dilemma was distracting, since it involved my father's ruin—or my own !

“ Often as we sat at our family repasts, have I perceived that dear parent lay down the fork he was conveying to his lips, and turn away to conceal the agitation of mind which might have betrayed to us his distresses.

“ Gradually I found that filial affection was taking the strongest hold of me. I thought I could endure unhappiness myself, but I could not bear to see my father miserable. I weighed the consequences, and reasoned so far as I pos-

sessed the faculty of reasoning. I saw his ruin or my own was inevitable !

“ The struggle was indeed sharp, it was long, it was *very* painful ; but at length filial piety prevailed over self, and I determined upon my own sacrifice. I communicated to my father my decision to admit the addresses of Sir R—— M—— ; but at the same moment I felt an indescribable change of character commence, which from that sad period has more or less affected every action of my life. I felt a sort of harsh sensation arise within my mind, and operate upon my temper, to which they had previously been strangers. My spirits flagged, my pursuits grew insipid, and I perceived that the ice of indifference was chilling all the sensibility of my nature.

“ From the moment of my assent, my father's disposition seemed to have undergone almost as radical a change as my own. He became once more cheerful, and I had at least the gratification of reflecting that, if I were myself lost, I had saved a parent ! But I must remark that it was not so as to my mother—who, indeed, had never been kind to me.

“ In due time the settlements were prepared, and my fortune, I learn, secretly divided. The ceremony was about to be performed, and Sir R—— M—— at that very hour appeared to me to be the most disagreeable of mankind. There was a sort of uncouth civility—an abrupt, fiery, coarse expression, even in his most conciliating manners, which seemed to set all feelings of respect or cordiality at defiance. As to love, he was not susceptible of the passion, whilst I was created to enjoy its tenderest blessings. He was half-mad by nature ; I had become so from misery ! and in this state of mind we met to be united at the altar ! I was determined, however, that he should learn by anticipation what he had to expect from me as a wife. ‘ Sir R—— M——,’ said I to him, ‘ I am resolved to give you the

last proof you will ever receive of my candour. I accept you, not only as a husband whom I never can love, and never will obey, but whom I absolutely detest !—now marry me at your peril, and take the consequences !’ He laughed convulsively, took me by the hand, and having led me into the next room, that ceremony was performed to which I should have thought a sentence of death preferable. The moment we were united I retired to my chamber, where tears, flowing in torrents, cooled my heated feelings. My purpose in marrying was effected ; I therefore determined that, if possible, I never would live an hour in his society ; and it was two months before my ill-fated stars compelled me to become the actual wife of the most unfeeling and abominable of fanatics.

“ Our residence together, of course, was short, and at twenty-one I was thrown upon the world to avoid my husband’s society. Being possessed of sufficient means, I travelled ; and for the fourteen years of our separation my whole time was an unnatural and continued strife between passion and propriety. On a late occasion you were my counsel, and from you nothing has been concealed. You did me more than justice—you have defeated him, and preserved me ! ”

I have not seen her ladyship for these many years, but never did I meet with one whom I conceived to be more completely thrown away, or whose natural disposition seemed more calculated to lead to her own happiness and to the happiness of those within her sphere of influence.

CHAPTER XI.

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.

I WILL now proceed to lay before the reader a brief but more general sketch of the state of Irish society at the period of my youth, reminding him of the principle which I have before assumed—namely, that of considering anecdotes, bon-mots, and such like, valuable only as they tend to exemplify interesting facts, relative to history or manners ; many such I have inserted in these fragments ; and as I have been careful throughout to avoid mere inventions, my reader need not by any means reserve their perusal for the study of his travelling carriage.

Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable sketch of *Castle Rackrent*, gives a faithful picture of the Irish character under the circumstances which she has selected ; and the account that I am about to give may serve as a kind of supplement to that little work, as well as an elucidation of the habits and manners of Irish country society about the period Miss Edgeworth alludes to, and somewhat later.

In those days, then, the common people ideally separated the gentry of the country into three classes, and treated each class according to the relative degree of respect to which they considered it was entitled.

They generally divided them thus :—

1. *Half-mounted* gentlemen.
2. Gentlemen every *inch* of them.
3. Gentlemen to the *backbone*.

The first-named class formed the only species of independent yeomanry then existing in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William ; possessed about 200 acres of

land each, in fee-farm, from the Crown ; and were occasionally admitted into the society of gentlemen, particularly hunters, living at other times amongst each other with an intermixture of their own servants, with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever horses, which could leap over anything, but had never felt the trimming-scissors or currycomb. The riders commonly wore buckskin breeches, and boots well greased—blackening was never used in the country—and carried large thong whips, heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end, so that they were always prepared either to horsewhip a man or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horse-races, hurlings, and all public meetings, as the soldiers keep the lines at a review. Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and slashing everybody who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being but very *seldom* broken, and skulls still seldomer fractured, everybody approved of their exertions, because all the bystanders gained therefrom a full view of the sport which was going forward. A shout of merriment was always set up when a half-mounted gentleman knocked down an interloper ; and some of the *poets* present, if they had an opportunity, roared out their verses* by way of a song to encourage the gentlemen.

The second class, or gentlemen every *inch* of *them*, were

* I recollect an example of those good-humoured madrigals. A poet called Daniel Bran sang it aloud as he himself lay sprawling on the grass, after having been knocked down and ridden over by old Squire Flood, who shewed no mercy in the "execution of his duty."

"There was Despard so brave,
That son of the wave,
And Tom Conway, the pride of the bower ;
But noble Squire Flood
Swore, G—d d—n his blood !
But he'd drown them all in the Delower."

of excellent old families, whose finances were not in so good order as they might have been, but who were popular amongst all ranks. They were far above the first degree, somewhat inferior to the third, but had great influence, were much beloved, and carried more sway at popular elections and general county meetings than the other two classes put together.

The third class, or gentlemen to the *backbone*, were of the oldest families and settlers, universally respected, and idolised by the peasantry, although they also were generally a little out at elbows. Their word was law ; their nod would have immediately collected an army of cottagers, or colliers, or whatever the population was composed of. Men, women, and children were always ready and willing to execute anything "the squire" required, without the slightest consideration as to either its danger or propriety.

A curious circumstance, perhaps, rendered my family peculiarly popular. The common people had conceived the notion that the lord of Cullenaghmore had a right to save a man's life every summer assizes at Maryborough ; and it did frequently so happen, within my recollection, that my father's intercession in favour of some poor deluded creatures (when the White Boy system was in activity) was kindly attended to by the Government ; and certainly, besides this number, many others of his tenants owed their lives to similar interference. But it was wise in the Government to accede to such representations, since their concession never failed to create such an influence in my father's person over the tenantry that he was enabled to preserve them in perfect tranquillity, whilst those surrounding were in a constant state of insubordination to all law whatever.

I recollect a Mr. Tom Flinter, of Timahoe, one of the first-class gentlemen, who had speculated in cows and sheep, and everything he could buy up, till his establish-

ment was reduced to one blunt faithful fellow, Dick Henesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighbouring fair ! where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told in a few verses by a fellow called Ned, the dog-stealer, but who was also a *great poet*, and resided in the neighbourhood. They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows :

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM FLINTER AND HIS MAN.

- Tom Flinter.* Dick ! said he.
Dick Henesey. What ? said he.
Tom Flinter. Fetch me my hat, says he ;
 For I will go, says he,
 To Timahoe, says he,
 To buy the fair, says he,
 And all that's there, says he.
Dick Henesey. Arrah ! *pay what you owe !* said he ;
 And *then* you may go, says he,
 To Timahoe, says he,
 To buy the fair, says he,
 And all that's there, says he.
Tom Flinter. Well ! by this and by that, said he ;
 Dick ! *hang up my hat !* says he.

In travelling through Ireland a stranger is very frequently puzzled by the singular ways, and especially by the idiomatic equivocation, characteristic of every Irish peasant. Some years back, more particularly, these men were certainly originals—quite unlike any other people whatever. Many an hour of curious entertainment has been afforded me by their eccentricities ; yet though always fond of prying into the remote sources of these national peculiarities, I must frankly confess that, with all my pains, I never was able to develop half of them, except by one sweeping observation—namely, that the brains and tongues of the Irish are somehow differently formed or furnished from those of other people.

One general hint which I beg to impress upon all travellers

in Hibernia is the following : that if they shew a disposition towards kindness, together with a moderate familiarity, and *affect* to be *inquisitive*, whether so or not, the Irish peasant will outdo them tenfold in every one of these dispositions. But if a man is haughty and overbearing, he had better take care of himself.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to *distances* when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe ? he will probably say it is "*three short miles.*" You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet that it is "*five long miles.*" On you go, and the next will tell "your honour" it is "*four miles, or about that same.*" The fourth will swear "if your honour stops at *three miles* you'll never get there !" But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies :

"Oh ! plaze your honour, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough !"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off !"

"Oh, yes ! to be sure and sartain, that's from my *own cabin*, plaze your honour. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah ! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honour, but from our own *little cabins* ? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honour."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then are*, but from his *own cabin* ! so that if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct. But it is to be observed that frequently you can get no reply at all unless you understand *Irish*.

In parts of Kerry and Mayo, however, I have met with peasants who speak Latin not badly. On the election of

Sir John Brown for the County of Mayo, Counsellor Thomas Moore and I went down as his counsel. The weather was desperately severe. At a solitary inn, where we were obliged to stop for horses, we requested dinner, upon which the waiter laid a cloth that certainly exhibited every species of dirt ever invented. We called, and, remonstrating with him, ordered a clean cloth. He was a low, fat fellow, with a countenance perfectly immovable, and seeming to have scarcely a single muscle in it. He nodded, and on our return to the room, which we had quitted during the interval, we found, instead of a clean cloth, that he had only folded up the filthy one into the thickness of a cushion. We now scolded away in good earnest. He looked at us with the greatest *sang froid*, and said sententiously, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

He kept his word ; when we had proceeded about four miles in deep snow, and through a desperate night, on a bleak road, one of the wheels came off the carriage, and down we went ! We were at least two miles from *any* house. The driver cursed in Irish Michael the waiter, who, he said, had put a *new* wheel upon the carriage, which had turned out to be an *old* one, and had broken to pieces.

We had to march through the snow to a wretched cottage, and sit up all night to get a genuine *new wheel* ready for the morning.

The Irish peasant also never answers any question directly ; in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply, " Does your honour see that large house there all amongst the trees, with a green field before it ? " You answer, " Yes." " Well," says he, " plaze your honour, that's *not it*. But do you see the big brick house with the cowhouses by the side of that same, and a pond of water ? " " Yes."

" Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it*. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same house, and you'll

see the top of a castle amongst the trees there, with a road going down to it betune the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it* neither; but if your honour will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles I'll shew it you *sure enough*—and if your honour's in a hurry I can run on *hot foot*,* and tell the squire your honour's *galloping after* me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honour, is coming to see him? He's my own landlord, God save his honour day and night!"

* A figurative expression for "with all possible *speed*"—used by the Irish peasants; by taking short cuts, and fairly hopping along, a young peasant would beat any good traveller.

CHAPTER XII.

IRISH INNS.

AN Irish inn has been an eternal subject of ridicule to every writer upon the habits and appearances of my native country. It is true that, in the early period of my life, most of the inns in Ireland were nearly of the same quality—a composition of slovenliness, bad meat, worse cooking, and few vegetables, save the royal Irish potato ; but plenty of fine eggs, smoked bacon, often excellent chickens, and occasionally the hen, as soon as she had done hatching them, if you could chew her. They generally had capital claret, and plenty of civility in all its ramifications.

The poor people did their best to entertain their guests, but did not understand their trade ; and even had it been otherwise, they had neither furniture, nor money, nor credit, nor cattle, nor *customers* enough to keep things going well together. There were then no post-horses nor carriages ; consequently very little travelling in Ireland ; and if there had been, the ruts and holes would have rendered thirty miles a day a good journey. Yet I verily believe, on the whole, that the people in general were happier, at least they appeared vastly more contented, than at present. I certainly never met with so bad a thing in Ireland as the “ Red Cow ” in *John Bull* ; for whatever might have been the quality, there was plenty of something or other always to be had at the inns to assuage hunger and thirst.

The best description I ever recollect to have heard of an Irish inn, its incidents and appurtenances, was a sort of medley sung and spoken by the present Sir Charles Vernon, when he had some place in the Lord Lieutenant’s establishment at Dublin Castle ; it was delivered by him to amuse

the company after supper, and was an excellent piece of mimicry. He took off ducks, geese, pigs, chickens, the cook and the landlady, the guests, etc., to the greatest possible perfection.

One anecdote respecting an Irish inn may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period. A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *natest* inn in Ballyroan, close to my father's house. I recollect to have heard a passenger, they are very scarce there, telling her "that his sheets had not been aired." With great civility Moll Harding begged his honour's pardon, and said, "they certainly were and *must* have been *well* aired, for there was not a gentleman came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them!"

Another incident which occurred in an Irish inn is, for very good reasons, much more firmly impressed on my recollection, and may give a hint worth having to some curious travellers in their peregrinations to Kerry, Killarney, etc.

The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn, in those days a very poor one indeed.

The day of my arrival was, on one occasion, wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner, but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F——, took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed, the maid-servant full of good liquor, and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared she could not think of permitting *my honour* to sit up, and if I would accept their little snug cupboard-bed by the fireside I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I

thought a most agreeable one ; the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and in a few minutes I was in a comfortable slumber.

My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over ; suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upwards ! I had neither time nor power for reflection ; I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible ; the agonies of death, I supposed, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change, and with a crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation, and cried out " murder ! " with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out murder ; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary to bleed me. I had, however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

The maid having being drunk when I went to bed, on awaking just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the counsellor, and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in its place ; in consequence of which, down went my head and up went my heels ! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the

position of the antipodes. The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was !

I felt no inconvenience afterwards. But what has happened once may chance to occur again ; and I only wonder that the same accident does not frequently take place among this kind of people and of beds.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATAL DUEL OF MY BROTHER.

As the circumstances attending the death of my younger brother, William Barrington, by the hand of the celebrated General Gillespie, whom Government has honoured with a monument in Westminster Abbey, have been variously detailed, seldom, indeed, twice the same way, I think it right to take this opportunity of stating the *facts* of that most melancholy transaction. I will do so as concisely as may be, and as dispassionately as the *slaughter* of a beloved brother will admit of.

William Barrington had passed his twentieth year, and had intended without delay to embrace the military profession. He was active, lively, full of spirit and of animal courage ; his predominant traits were excessive good nature and a most zealous attachment to the honour and individuals of his family.

Gillespie, then captain in a cavalry regiment, had shortly before the period in question married a Miss Taylor, an intimate friend of ours, and was quartered in Athy, where my mother resided.

A very close and daily intercourse sprang up between the families. After dinner one day at Gillespie's house, when every gentleman had taken more wine than was prudent, a dispute arose between my brother and a Mr. M'Kenzie, lieutenant in an infantry regiment quartered at the same place. This dispute never should have been suffered to arise, and, as it was totally private, should at least never have proceeded further. But no attempt was made either to reconcile or check it on the part of Captain Gillespie, although the thing occurred at his own table.

Gillespie was a very handsome person, but it was not that species of soldier-like and manly beauty which bespeaks the union of courage and generosity. He had a fair and smooth countenance, wherein impetuosity appeared to be the prevailing feature. His, however, was not the rapid flow of transitory anger, which, rushing ingenuously from the heart, is instantly suppressed by reason and repentance. I admire that temper ; it never inhabits the same mind with treachery or malice. On the contrary, a livid paleness overspread the countenance of Gillespie upon the slightest ruffle of his humour ; the vulgar call such "*white-livered persons*" : they are no favourites with the world in general, and I have never, throughout the course of a long life, observed one man so constituted possessing a list of virtues.

I never could bear Gillespie ! I had an *instinctive* dislike to him, which I strove in vain to conquer. I always considered him to be a dangerous man—an impetuous, unsafe companion, capable of anything in his anger. I know I ought not to speak with prejudice ; yet, alas ! if I do, who can blame me ?

A cenotaph, voted by the British Parliament, has raised his fame ; but it is the fame of a *sabreur*, erected on piles of slaughter, and cemented by the blood of Indians. No tale of social virtues appears to enrich the cornice of his monument. I wish there had ! it would, at any rate, have indicated repentance.

To return to my story. Midway between Athy and Carlow was agreed on for a meeting. I resided in Dublin, and was ignorant of the transaction till too late ! A crowd, as usual, attended the combat ; several gentlemen, and some relatives of mine, were, I regret to say, present. In a small verdant field, on the bank of the Barrow, my brother and M'Kenzie were placed. Gillespie, who had been considered as the friend and intimate of my family, *volunteered* as second to M'Kenzie, a comparative stranger, who was in no way

adverse to an amicable arrangement. Gillespie, however, would hear of none ; the honour of a military man, he said, must be satisfied, and nothing but *blood*, or at least every effort to draw it, could form that satisfaction.

The combatants fired and missed ; they fired again, no mischief was the consequence. A reconciliation was now proposed, but objected to by Gillespie ; and will it be believed that in a civilised country, when both combatants were satisfied, one of the principals should be instantly slain by a *second*? Yet such was the case. My brother stood two fires from his opponent, and whilst professing his readiness to be reconciled, was shot dead by the hand of his opponent's second.

Gillespie himself is now departed ; he died by the same death that he had inflicted. But he was more favoured by Providence ; he died the death of a soldier—he fell by the hand of the enemy, not by the hand of an intimate.

William was my very beloved brother ! The news soon reached me in Dublin. I could not, or rather I durst not, give utterance to the nature and excess of my feelings on the communication. Thus much I will admit, that *sorrow* had the least share in those thoughts which predominated. A passion not naturally mine absorbed every other ; my determination was fixed ; I immediately set out post, but my brother had been interred prior to my arrival, and Gillespie, the sole object of my vengeance, had fled, nor was his retreat to be discovered. I lost no time in procuring a warrant for murder against him from Mr. Ryan, a magistrate. I sought him in every place to which I could attach suspicion ; day and night my pursuit was continued, but, as it pleased God, in vain. I was not, indeed, in a fit state for such a rencontre, for, had we met, he or I would surely have perished.

I returned to Dublin, and as my mind grew cooler, thanked Heaven that I had not personally found him. I, however, published advertisements widely, offering a reward for his

apprehension ; and, at length, he surrendered into the prison of Maryborough.

The assizes approached, and I cannot give the sequel of this melancholy story better than by a short recital of Gillespie's extraordinary trial, and the still more extraordinary incidents which terminated the transaction.

The judges arrived at the assize town—it was during the summer assizes of 1788—accompanied in the usual way by the High Sheriff, Mr. Lyons, of Watercastle, and escorted by numerous bailiffs and a grand cavalcade. Mr. Lyons was a gentleman of taste and elegance who had travelled much. He possessed a small fortune and a beautiful cottage *ornée*, on the banks of the Nore, near Lord De Vesci's. Mr. Thomas Kemmis, afterwards Crown Solicitor of Ireland, was the attorney very judiciously selected by Captain Gillespie to conduct his defence.

The mode of choosing juries in criminal cases is well known to every lawyer, and its description would be uninteresting to an ordinary reader. Suffice it to say, that by the methods then used of selecting, arranging, and summoning the panel, a sheriff or sub-sheriff in good understanding with a prisoner might afford him very considerable if not decisive aid. And when it is considered that juries must be unanimous, even one dissentient or obstinate juror being capable of effectually preventing any conviction, and further, that the charge we are alluding to was that of murder or homicide, occurring in consequence of a duel, on the same ground and at the same time, it might fairly be expected that the culprit should stand a good chance of acquittal from military men, who, accustomed to duelling and living in a country where affairs of that kind were then more frequent than in any other, would obviously be inclined to regard the circumstance more indulgently than a jury of mere civilians would do.

To select by management a military jury was, therefore,

the natural object of the prisoner and his friends ; and, in fact, the list appeared with a number of half-pay officers at the head of it, who, as gentlemen, were naturally pained by seeing a brother officer and a man of most prepossessing appearance in the dock for murder. The two prisoners challenged forty-eight ; the list was expended, and the prosecutor was driven back to shew cause why he objected to the first thirteen. No *legal* ground for such objection could be supported, and thus, out of twelve jurors, no less than ten were military officers. The present Lord Downe and the late Judge Fletcher were the prisoner's counsel.

On this, perhaps, the most interesting trial ever known in that county, numerous witnesses having been examined, the principal facts proved for the prosecution were—that after M'Kenzie and my brother had fired four shots without effect, the latter said he hoped enough had been done for both their honours, at the same time holding out his hand to M'Kenzie, whose second, Captain Gillespie, exclaimed that his friend *should not* be satisfied, and that the affair should proceed. The spectators combined in considering it concluded, and a small circle having been formed, my brother, who persisted in uttering his pacific wishes, interposed some harsh expressions towards Gillespie, who thereupon losing all control over his temper, suddenly threw a handkerchief to William Barrington, asking if he dared to take a corner of that. The unfortunate boy, full of spirit and intrepidity, snatched at the handkerchief, and at the same moment received a ball from Gillespie through his body—so close were they together that his coat appeared scorched by the powder. He fell, and was carried to a cabin hard by, where he expired in great agony the same evening. As he was in the act of falling, his pistol went off. Gillespie immediately fled, and was followed by three of his own dragoons, whom he had brought with him, and who were present at the transaction, but whom he declined examining on the trial. The specta-

tors were very numerous, and scarcely a dry eye left the field.

Captain Gillespie's defence rested upon an assertion on his part of irritating expressions having been used by my brother, adding that the cock of his own pistol was knocked off by my brother's fire. But that very fact proved everything against him ; because his shot *must* have been fired and have taken effect in my brother's body previously, for if the cock had been broken in the first place, Gillespie's pistol could not have gone off. In truth, the whole circumstance of a second killing a principal because he desired reconciliation was, and remains, totally unexampled in the history of duelling, even in the most barbarous eras and countries.

Judge Bradstreet, who tried the prisoners, held it to be clearly murder by law. A verdict of even manslaughter must, he contended, be returned by a forced or rather false construction ; but *acquit* him, Gillespie, generally, the jury could not.

The prosecution was not followed up against M'Kenzie, whose conduct throughout had been that of an officer and a gentleman, and who had likewise desired reconciliation. Of course, he was acquitted.

The jury had much difficulty in making up their verdict. Some of them, being men of considerable reputation, hesitated long. They could not acquit ; they *would* not convict ; and hence a course was taken which corresponded neither with the law nor the evidence. A verdict of "*justifiable homicide*" was returned, in consequence of which Captain Gillespie was discharged on his recognisance to appear in the Court of King's Bench the ensuing term, and plead his Majesty's pardon.

Thus was compromised the justice of the country. Thus commenced the brilliant career of that general whom the munificence of the British nation has immortalised by a monu-

ment amongst her heroes ! Thus did the blood of one of the finest youths of Ireland first whet Gillespie's appetite for that course of glorious butchery to which he owed his subsequent elevation. But conscience is retributive, and Heaven is just. I hear that he was never happy after—intrepid to excess, he often tempted fate ; and his restless and remorseful existence was at length terminated by a Gentoo under the walls of Bangalore.

The circumstances attending General Gillespie's death are remarkable, and manifest, in my opinion, desperation rather than real bravery. He had, contrary to instructions, attempted to storm—his fire was inadequate, his troops repulsed ; new attempts were made, but again unsuccessfully, numerous brave men being sacrificed to no purpose. Still the general persisted ; even the guard was taken from the paymaster, who had treasure under his care. Gillespie was aware that he had disobeyed instructions, and was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt. He damned the paymaster, who remonstrated against his being left unprotected, looked for a moment through his glass, and seeing his men falling fast, he drew his sword, called upon every soldier to follow him, and in five minutes received several balls, which ended his cares and existence. *Requiescat in pace !*—but never will I set my foot in Westminster Abbey.

Scarcely was the melancholy trial referred to over, when the case was succeeded by another almost in the opposite extreme—altogether too ludicrous, indeed, to form the termination of so serious a business, but at the same time too extraordinary and too public to be omitted. It was certainly in its way as unparalleled an affair as that which gave rise to it.

On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington, a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible

impetuosity when assailed, were well known—the latter quality having been severely felt in the county before — came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms, and proceedings ; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession, the army excepted, my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular ; indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing, to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbours in the country.

Having called me aside out of the bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury list, declared that it had been decidedly *packed* !—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do ? I told him we should have “challenged the array.” “That was my own opinion, Jonah,” said he, “and I will do it now !” adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprised him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. “I have done it, by G—d !” cried he exultingly ; “’twas better late than never !” and with that he produced from his coat pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. “See here !” continued he, “the cowardly rascal !”

“Heavens !” cried I, “French, are you mad ?”

“Mad !” replied he, “no, no ! I followed your own advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury room to ‘*challenge the array*,’ and there I challenged the *head* of the array—that cowardly Lyons ! He peremptorily refused to fight me, so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail ; see, here they

are—the rascal ! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the sub-sheriff.”

I was thunderstruck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not *in liquor* at all. But after some inquiry I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took words in their commonest acceptation. He had seen the high sheriff coming in with a great “*array*,” and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal ; and accordingly repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the high sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons, conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving-knife, which an old waiter named Spedding, who had been my father’s butler, and liked the thing, had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement.

Mr. Lyons was a remarkably fine, handsome man ; and having lived very much abroad, was by no means acquainted with the humours of Irish country gentlemen, with whom he had associated but little, and by whom he was not at all liked ; and this his first reception must have rather surprised him.

Mr. Flood, one of the grand jury, afterwards informed me that no human gravity could possibly withstand the astonishment and ludicrous figure of the mutilated high sheriff ; the laugh consequently was both loud and long. Nobody chose to interfere in the concern ; and, as Mr. Lyons had sustained no bodily injury, he received very little condolment amongst the country gentlemen.

My situation in this curious *denouement* was truly to be commiserated, since I should be considered as the adviser of my brother ; and I, therefore, determined to consult Mr. Downe, Gillespie's counsel, as to what was best to be done in the matter.

Mr. (afterwards Lord) Downe, always proud, icy, and decorous, seemed to think my brother's case irremediable, and that a couple of years' imprisonment and a heavy fine at least must be the necessary result of such a trimming of a high sheriff in the face of a county—advising French at the same time to fly and make terms, if possible. “Fly!” said French Barrington, when I informed him of the suggestion ; “no, no ! tell Counsellor *Thingumbob* to go to the ball to-night, and he'll see more of the matter.” In fact, my brother went to the ball-room when it was crowded, and having tied the sheriff's curls and queue to a lamp which hung in the centre of the room, got upon a form, and made a loud proclamation of the whole transaction from first to last. A sort of sympathetic feeling caught the young men in the room, many of whom were my brother's companions ; they immediately led out their partners, and formed a circle-dance, as about a May-pole, around the sheriff's spoils, which were sticking to the lamp. The remonstrances of mothers and other discreet efforts were totally vain—the girls liked the fun, and a succession of different sets did honour in turn to Mr. Lyons' late queue and curls. A club was subsequently proposed, to be called the *Curl Club*, and to be held every summer assize ; and this was for several years kept up.

The ensuing morning my brother dressed up the bridle of his hunter with the curls and queue newly powdered, and having paraded the streets for a considerable time, avoiding the judge's residence, he rode home ; and was never called to account or molested on the subject in any way whatsoever.

Mr. Lyons left the country almost immediately, went back to the Continent, and never after, at least to my knowledge, returned.

The matter, however, having been justly represented in a serious light to the judge, he sent for me, and I related the entire truth. He had been much dissatisfied with the verdict, and had received strong hints as to the arrangement of the jury ; he could not restrain a smile, but said he must, if required, give permission to a magistrate to take examinations against Mr. Barrington. He, however, declined all personal interference on circuit ; desiring Mr. Lyons to apply to the King's Bench, where no doubt he would be duly attended to, according to the merits of the case. But no examinations whatever were taken, nor was any application made to the King's Bench. It could not have been made without involving the question as to the way in which the jury was constituted ; and since that matter would not bear sifting, the circumstances were suffered to remain without further investigation.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENTRANCE INTO PARLIAMENT.

THE day on which I first took my seat in the Irish Parliament for the city of Tuam I still reflect on as one of the most gratifying of my life. The circumstance abstractedly was but of secondary consideration ; but its occurrence brought back to my mind the events of past ages, and the high respectability of the race from which I sprang. I almost fancied, as I entered the House, that I could see my forefathers ranged upon those seats which they had so long and so honourably occupied in the senate of their country, welcoming their descendant to that post which had not for a few years past been filled by any member of the family. In fact, the purer part of my ambition was hereby gratified. I felt myself an entirely independent representative of an equally independent nation—as a man assuming his proper station in society, not acquiring a new one.

I confess I always had, and still continue to have, and to nourish, the pride which arises from having been born a gentleman. I am aware that wealth, and commerce, and perhaps talent, have in modern times occasioned family pride to be classed in the rank of follies, but I feel it, nevertheless, most strongly ; and if it be even a crime, I am culpable—if a folly, I submit to be regarded as imbecile. The sensations I experienced were, indeed, altogether delightful upon finding myself seated under that grand and solemn dome—I looked around me and saw the most dignified men of that day, the ablest orators of the period, many of the best bred courtiers, and some of the most unsophisticated patriots in the empire ! These, including a few friends and intimates of my family, were mingled

here and there in amicable groups, and by turns kindly encouraged a young barrister of only two years' practice, without patronage or party, as a fair aspirant to rank and eminence.

I was very greatly moved and excited ; but it was not excitement of an ephemeral or feverish character ; on the contrary, my emotions had their source in a tranquil, deep-seated, perhaps proud satisfaction, impossible to be clearly described, and almost impossible to be felt by any but such as might be placed in circumstances precisely similar.

There were members present, I have already said, with whom I was personally acquainted. My friend, Sir John Parnell, partly, I am sure, on my account, and partly, no doubt, with a view to the service of Government, lost no time in introducing me to many of his own particular friends.

I dined with him on that day ; he was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The entire party I do not recollect ; but I remember perfectly those individuals of it with whom I subsequently cultivated acquaintance. Amongst them were Major Hobart, since Lord Buckinghamshire ; Isaac Corry ; Sir John, since Lord De Blaquiere ; Robert Thoroton ; White ; Marcus Beresford, Lord Clare's nephew ; the present Lord Oriel, then Speaker ; Thomas Burgh, of Bert ; Sir Hercules Langreish ; and James Cuffe, since Lord Tyrawley. The scene was new to me—hitherto, my society in Dublin had naturally fallen amongst the members of my own profession ; we were all barristers, and I felt myself but a barrister ; and though certainly we formed at that time the second-best society in Ireland, it was inferior to that of which I had now become a member. I found myself, in fact, associated as an equal in a circle of legislators whose good breeding, wit, and conviviality were mingled with political and general information. The first steps of the ladder were mounted ; and as meanwhile Sir John's cham-

pagne was excellent, and quickly passed round, my spirits rose to a pitch far higher than in the morning, and any talent for conversation or anecdote which I might possess involuntarily coming out, Sir John Parnell shaking his fat sides with laughter, according to his usual custom, said to me before we broke up, "Barrington, you'll do!" upon which Sir Hercules Langreish, who had very much the tone of a Methodist preacher, yet was one of the wittiest men in Ireland, immediately said, "No, we must have another trial"; and a day was fixed to dine with him.

My acquaintance soon augmented to a degree almost inconvenient. My *friendship* I limited to such men as I held to possess congeniality of sentiment; and before any long time had elapsed, I was not only the frequent guest of many of the distinguished characters of Ireland, but was considered as an early and favoured candidate for any professional promotion which the shortness of my standing at the Bar would admit of.

Reflecting, soon after I had taken my seat, on the novel nature of my situation, I felt that it was beset by considerable difficulties. I allude to the decision necessary for me to come to with respect to the line of politics I meant to pursue. I was not a *new* man, by whom any course might be taken without exciting comment or question. On the contrary, I was of an old family, the importance and influence of which I was desirous to revive, and hence it became requisite that I should weigh my actions well, and avoid precipitancy.

Political parties at that time ran high, though but little individual hostility existed. Grattan, the two Ponsonbys, Curran, Brownlow, Forbes, Bowes, Daly, Connolly, Arthur Brown, and numerous other most respectable personages were then linked together in a phalanx of opposition, which, under the name of Whiggery, not only assailed the Government upon every feasible occasion, but was

always proposing measures which, under the then existing system, were utterly inadmissible. The opposition had the advantage in point of ability, and, therefore, nothing but supreme talent had any chance amongst them of rendering its possessor useful or valued. Though my nature was patriotic, I ever respected the aristocracy, which, whilst the democracy exhibits a people's general character and energy, tends to embellish the state, and to give it an imposing grandeur.

The supporters of the Irish Government, as I have said, were certainly inferior, except in patronage and power, to the opposition by which they were assailed. But they lived socially ; there was a sort of convivial union amongst them which, whether in high or low life, is, of all other ties, for a while most binding upon my countrymen. It was therefore rather inconsistent in Lord Clare to give offence, as he did, to many of the most respectable gentlemen of Ireland by calling the Whigs an " eating and drinking club," since the sarcasm might, at least with equal justice, have been retorted on the supporters of his Majesty's Government. All the great constitutional questions were, in 1790, supposed to have been arranged. Still the opposition sought a more radical reform, to which the Government would not accede. They wrangled, in fact, about every trifle, and that at a time when the local concerns of the country were advancing to the highest pitch of prosperity. To neither party, however, attached any dishonourable stigma, which should prevent an honest man from joining their ranks ; and meanwhile I sought celebrity and advancement. The coast was clear before me. I was my own master, and free to choose my own course. In case of my connecting myself with the Whigs, I saw that I must play but a very inferior part in their game. I felt that amidst such an assemblage of talent, I had but little right to expect eminence, and still less probability of acquiring

professional advancement, even if my friends should become victorious. But above all I reflected that what at first view had appeared to me a blaze of constitutional patriotism, dwindled on a closer inspection into what is generally called party.

The country had prospered beyond all possible anticipation, and was still further advancing in prosperity, under the then existing system of administration. I did not perceive that any immediate change of men or of measures was at all in prospect, nor that it was at that moment necessary, or even desirable. My immediate personal connexions were on the side of the Government. I had always doubted the sincerity of the Whigs ; my doubts were now realised, and, on the whole consideration, I determined to attach myself to the administration. I had previously voted with them on the choice of a Speaker ; but that I did not consider as constituting any pledge as to my future conduct. I voted for Mr. Forster, as the friend of Sir John Parnell, and because I considered him more fitting for the station than his opponent, Mr. William Ponsonby.

Thus my mind being at length made up, I determined to render myself of some importance to the side I had adopted. The common course of desultory debate, even conquest over declaimers of my own calibre, would have led to no distinction. I decided either to rise or fall ; and, with this view, resolved to fly at once at the highest game, in which attempt, even if I should not succeed, the trial itself would be honourable. My earliest effort was, therefore, directed against the two most celebrated speakers of that period, Grattan and Curran ; and on the first day I rose, I exhibited a specimen of what I may now call true arrogance. The novelty of such unexpected effrontery surprised the House, and afterwards surprised myself. It was a species of bold hardihood, which, I believe, no person who had a just sense of his own inferiority would have ventured on without great hesitation.

I launched into a strong philippic on the conduct of the most able and respectable opposition that Ireland had ever possessed. I followed and traced the Whigs, as I thought, through all their meanderings and designs. In a word, I surpassed the boundaries, not only of what I had myself resolved, but of what common prudence and propriety should have dictated. The Government party at the same time was evidently not gratified. Its members, no doubt, considered me as a lost partizan, who had courted and called for my own suppression; and with some portion of the same feeling myself, I sat down almost ashamed of my forwardness, and awaiting, if not with resignation, at least with certainty, a just although cruel chastisement. How then must I have been surprised, and how wofully rebuked, by the mild and gentlemanly retorts which I received from Grattan! whilst Curran's good temper never shewed itself more conspicuously than in his treating me merely with wit and facetiousness. I was abashed and mortified on contrasting the forbearance of those great men with my own intemperance. Had I perceived anything like contempt in that forbearance, I really believe I should have found it difficult to resume my spirits in the House; but no such feeling appeared towards me, and it is most singular to say that some incidents which sprang from that very night's debate gave rise both to the friendship of Mr. Grattan, with which I was afterwards honoured, and to the close intimacy between me and Mr. Curran, which was never after interrupted.

I had the good fortune on that occasion to make one fair hit as to Grattan, which he afterwards told me he was much pleased by. It came across me at the moment; in fact, most of the speeches I ever made have been literally *impromptu*. I never studied a set speech in my life, except on law cases; and perhaps to this circumstance I may honestly attribute an incorrectness of language that frequently attended my best efforts.

Grattan had repeatedly assailed our side of the House as "a side from which all public virtues had long been banished." I observed "that the right honourable gentleman had proved unequivocally the falsehood of his own assertion, that public virtue was confined to *one* side of the House, for I had had the honour of seeing the right honourable gentleman himself on *both*." I alluded to his having supported Government against Mr. Flood, after the vote of £50,000 by Parliament. This joke was loudly cheered, and perhaps somewhat contributed to save me from discomfiture.

From that day I attached myself zealously and sincerely to the administration of Lord Westmoreland. I became more or less intimate with almost every member of my party in Parliament. I formed close and lasting friendships with Edward Cooke, the unfortunate and lamented Robert Thoroton, Isaac Corry, and Sir John De Blacquiere; and it was not very long before the opposition also opened their convivial ranks to receive me. Curran and Arthur Brown were the earliest of my intimates on that side the House; and before 1792 had expired, I felt myself as happy on all points, and as much befriended, as any man of my standing who had preceded me.

Before I went into Parliament I had become acquainted with Mr. R. Thoroton, who had come over to Ireland with the Duke of Rutland. He had the manner of a coxcomb, but the heart of a friend, and the sentiments of a gentleman. He was clerk of the House of Commons; and being by no means a common man, formed a necessary part of all our societies. He and I lived much together; and I found the intercourse very advantageous, since my friend knew everything that was going forward, and, under the rose, set me right on many occasions. At the same time, I was aware that circumstances existed which were the cause to him of great anxiety; and, finally, a most unexpected event—

namely, the death of Mr. Thoroton by his own hand—deprived me of one of the sincerest and most useful friends I ever possessed.*

But amongst the foremost of all those persons who, from first to last, endeavoured to do me service was a man universally esteemed for his gentlemanly manners, and as universally abused for public jobbing. As to the latter, it concerned not me, whilst his friendship was of the greatest advantage.

Sir John, afterwards Lord De Blacquiere, I believe of Swiss descent, had been colonel of a regiment of heavy cavalry in Ireland, had acted as secretary of legation in France with Lord Harcourt, and having succeeded him there for a short time as minister, came to Ireland with his lordship as principal secretary, and becoming a permanent resident, attached himself to that side of politics whence only he could derive the great object of his exertions—a revenue sufficiently ample to enable him to entertain his friends as well, and far more agreeably, than any other person I had previously met. Nobody ever understood eating and drinking better than Sir John De Blacquiere ; and no man ever was better seconded in the former respect than he was by his cook, Mrs. Smith, whom he brought from Paris after he had been minister there. His company seldom exceeded ten in number, but so happily was it selected that I never yet saw a person rise from his table who did not feel gratified. Sir John was one of the old school ; and with all the playful good breeding by which it was distinguished, he had nothing of that starch pride which, in more recent times, has supplanted conviviality without making men either wiser, better, or happier.

Sir John certainly was a *pluralist*, enjoying at one time the first, the middle, and the last pension on the Irish civil list. He was director of the public works in Dublin ; and to his *jobbing* is that capital indebted for its wide streets,

paving, lighting, and convenient fountains. He made as much as he could of these works, it is true ; but every farthing he acquired in Ireland he expended in it. If his money came from the public purse, it was distributed to the public benefit ; if he received pensions from the Crown, butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen pocketed every shilling of it. He knew employment to be the best species of charity. In short, Sir John De. Blacquiere was as much abused, and as much regarded, as any public character of any period.

CHAPTER XV.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

A VERY singular custom prevailed in the Irish House of Commons which never was adopted in England, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in print. The description of it may be amusing.

On the day whereon the routine business of the budget was to be opened, for the purpose of voting supplies, the Speaker invited the whole of the members to dinner in the House, in his own and the adjoining chambers. Several peers were accustomed to mix in the company; and I believe an equally happy, joyous, and convivial assemblage of legislators never were seen together. All distinctions as to Government or opposition parties were totally laid aside, harmony, wit, wine, and good-humour reigning triumphant. The Speaker, Clerk, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a very few veteran financiers remained in the House till the necessary routine was gone through, and then joined their happy comrades—the party seldom breaking up till midnight.

On the ensuing day the same festivities were repeated; but on the third day, when the report was to be brought in, and the business discussed in detail, the scene totally changed; the convivialists were now metamorphosed into downright public declamatory enemies, and, ranged on opposite sides of the House, assailed each other without mercy. Every questionable item was debated, every proposition deliberately discussed, and more zealous or assiduous senators could nowhere be found than in the very members who, during two days, had appeared to commit the whole funds of the nation to the management of half a dozen arithmeticians.

But all this was consonant with the national character of the individuals. Set them at table, and no men enjoyed themselves half so much ; set them to business, no men ever worked with more earnestness and effect. A steady Irishman will do more in an hour, when fairly engaged upon a matter which he understands, than any other countryman, so far, at least, as my observation has gone, in two. The persons of whom I am more immediately speaking were certainly extraordinarily quick and sharp ! I am, however, at the same time ready to admit that the lower orders of officials—such, for instance, as mere clerks in the public offices—exhibited no claim to a participation in the praise I have given their superiors ; they were, on the other hand, frequently confused and incorrect ; and amongst that description of persons I believe there were then fewer competent men than in most countries.

Another custom in the House gave rise to a very curious anecdote, which I shall here mention. The members of Parliament formerly attended the House of Commons in full dress—an arrangement first broken through by the following circumstance :

A very important constitutional question was debating between Government and the opposition—a question, by the by, at which my English reader will probably feel surprised—namely, “ as to the application of a sum of £60,000, then lying *unappropriated* in the Irish Treasury, being a balance after paying all debts and demands upon the country or its establishments.” The numbers seemed to be nearly poised—although it had been supposed that the majority would incline to give it to the King, whilst the opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country ; when the Sergeant-at-Arms reported that a member wanted to force into the House *undressed*, in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders.

The Speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was

necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarny, County Wexford, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots ! Having heard that the question was likely to come on sooner than he expected, he had, lest he should not be in time, mounted his horse at Ballycarny, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the Parliament House direct, and rushed in, without washing or cleaning himself, to vote for *the country*. He arrived just at the critical moment ! and critical it was, for the numbers were in truth *equal*, and his casting vote gave a majority of one to " the country " party.

This anecdote could not die while the Irish Parliament lived ; and I recollect " Tottenham in his boots " remaining down to a very late period a standing toast at certain patriotic Irish tables.

Being on the topic, and, I confess, to me it is still an interesting one, I must remark a singular practical distinction in the rules of the Irish and English Houses of Commons. In England the House is cleared of strangers for every division, and no person is supposed to see or know in what way the representatives of the people exercise their trust. In Ireland, on the contrary, the divisions were public, and red and black lists were immediately published of the voters on every important occasion. The origin of this distinction I cannot explain, but it must be owned that the Irish was the more *constitutional* practice.

One interesting scene at which I was present merits especial description on many accounts. No other instance of the kind has occurred in the British Empire in my time, and as it forms a very important record with relation to the independent political state of Ireland at the period, and has not yet been made the subject of any historical detail or observation, it cannot fail to be interesting in every point of view. I allude to the trial of a peer of the realm of

Ireland for murder, by the House of Lords in Dublin, after the acknowledgment of Irish independence.

The grand and awful solemnity of that trial made a deep impression on my memory, and, coupled with the recollection that it proclaimed indisputably the sovereignty of the Irish nation, its effect on a contemplative mind was of a penetrating nature.

Robert Earl of Kingston stood charged with the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, by shooting him in his bed-chamber. The relation of the circumstances of that event would be in every point of view improper, and would only serve to recall painful recollections long since sunk into oblivion. I, therefore, abstain from any further allusion to them. Justice required the trial of the accused party at the bar of his peers ; but as no similar case had occurred in Ireland within the memory of man, it was requisite to consult precedents upon the subject, in order to render his lordship's trial comfortable to the *Lex Parliamentaria* common to both countries. These precedents were accordingly sought by the proper officers ; and as his lordship was very popular, and his provocation maddening, and as all were ignorant of the evidence which was to be brought forward, the whole affair was of a most exciting nature to every man, more especially to those individuals who possessed the noble lord's acquaintance.

Owing to the great number of attendants, the full muster of peers, and the extensive preparations of every kind necessary in order to adhere to precedent, the House of Lords was supposed to be insufficiently large for the occasion.

The Irish House of Peers was considered one of the most beautiful and commodious chambers possible. It combined every appearance of dignity and comfort ; the walls were covered with tapestry, representing the battle of the Boyne, and the entire *coup d'œil* was grand and interesting ; but being, as I have said, considered too small for all the purposes

of the trial in question, the House of Commons was made ready in preference.

Whoever had seen the interior of the Irish House of Commons must have admired it as one of the most chaste and classic models of architecture. A perfect rotunda, with Ionic pilasters, enclosed a corridor which ran round the interior. The cupola, of immense height, bestowed a magnificence which could rarely be surpassed; whilst a gallery, supported by columns divided into compartments, and accommodating 700 spectators, commanded an uninterrupted view of the chamber.

This gallery on every important debate was filled, not by reporters, but by the superior orders of society, the first rows being generally occupied by ladies of fashion and rank, who diffused a brilliance over and excited a gallant decorum in that assembly which the British House certainly does not appear very sedulously to cultivate.

This fine chamber was now fitted up in such a way as to give it the most solemn aspect. One compartment of seats in the body of the House was covered with scarlet cloth, and appropriated to the peeresses and their daughters, who ranged themselves according to the table of precedence. The Commons, their families and friends, lined the galleries; the whole House was superbly carpeted, and the Speaker's chair newly adorned for the Lord Chancellor. On the whole, it was by far the most impressive and majestic spectacle ever exhibited within those walls.

At length the peers entered, according to their rank, in full dress, and richly robed. Each man took his seat in profound silence, and even the ladies, which was rather extraordinary, were likewise still. The Chancellor, bearing a white wand, having taken his chair, the most interesting moment of all was at hand, and its approach really made me shudder.

Sir Chichester Fortescue, king-at-arms, in his party-

coloured robe, entered first, carrying the armorial bearings of the accused nobleman emblazoned on his shield—he placed himself on the left of the bar. Next entered Lord Kingston himself in deep mourning, moving with a slow and melancholy step. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and walking up to the bar, he was placed next to the king-at-arms, who then held his armorial shield on a level with his shoulder.

The supposed executioner then approached, bearing a large hatchet with an immense broad blade. It was painted black, except within about two inches of the edge, which was of bright polished steel. Placing himself at the bar on the right of the prisoner, he raised the hatchet about as high as his lordship's neck, but with the shining edge averted, and thus he remained during the whole of the trial. The forms, I understood, prescribed that the shining edge should be averted until the pronouncing of judgment, when, if it were unfavourable, the blade was instantly to be turned by the executioner *towards* the prisoner, indicating at once his sentence and his fate.

I could not reconcile my mind to the thought of such a consummation. I knew the late Lord Kingston, and had a high regard for him, and hence I felt a very uneasy sensation, inasmuch as I was profoundly ignorant of what would be the termination of the awful scene.

The usual legal ceremonies were now entered on ; the charge was read, the prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the trial proceeded. A proclamation was made, first generally, then name by name, for the witnesses for the prosecution to come forward. It is not easy to describe the anxiety and suspense excited as each name was called over. The eyes of everybody were directed to the bar where the witnesses must enter, and every little movement of the persons who thronged it was held to be intended to make room for some accuser. None, however, appeared ; thrice they were

called, but in vain, and it was then announced that "no witnesses appearing to substantiate the charge of murder against Robert Earl of Kingston, the trial should terminate in the accustomed manner." The Chancellor proceeded to put the question, and every peer, according to his rank, arose, and, deliberately walking by the chair in which the Chancellor was seated, placed his hand as he passed solemnly on his heart, and repeated, "Not guilty, upon my honour!" (The bishops were, very properly, precluded from voting in these criminal cases.) After all had passed, which ceremony occupied an hour, the Chancellor rose and declared the opinion of the peers of Ireland—"That Robert Earl of Kingston was not guilty of the charge against him." His lordship then broke his wand, descended from his chair, and thus ended the trial—most interesting because it had at once a strong political and constitutional bearing, and affected a nobleman universally beloved. The result was highly satisfactory to everyone who had learned the circumstances which led to the fatal event for which the Earl of Kingston was arraigned, whose conduct, though strictly justifiable neither in law nor morality, might have been adopted by the best of men under similar provocation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

AMONGST those parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the House were certain baronets, of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite both for solids and fluids, much wit, more humour, and indefatigable cheerfulness, might be regarded as their leader.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who, except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the Pope, the Pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post, was generally in his senses, formed during those intervals a very entertaining addition to the company.

Sir Edward Newnham, member for Dublin county, afforded a whimsical variety by the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood by significant nods that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

Sir Vesey Colclough, member for County Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill that it would continue no longer in his service! and the dross, as he termed it, having entirely forsaken him, he *bequeathed* an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodiams, elegits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman's acres under the especial guardianship of the

attorneys. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at Wexford, and to the present Cæsar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantry of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail; but to avoid the *imputation* of ignorance, they often gave the most ludicrous *proofs* of it on literary subjects, geography and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

Sir Frederick Flood, also member for County Wexford, whose exhibitions in the Imperial Parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet, his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche, of whom we shall speak hereafter, generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, whilst Sir Frederick's, on the other hand, possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense.

He was a *pretty*, dapper man, very good-tempered, and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself, at least in Ireland; whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested anything to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring "that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant's favour"—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "And be

whipped at the cart's tail"—“ And be whipped at the cart's tail ! ” repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear, for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason ; his seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the treasury bench, next to a gangway ; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper him, and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant's words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst ! which he said turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to use *that* ear at all, and *the other* as little as possible !

Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the House of Commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbour of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and, in common with many remote farmers of that period, had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop's lease, his only property. He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer's spring pretty dry, whilst he could get anything out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the Parliament House, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet—his star, which he frequently wore on rather shabby coats, struck the farmer's eye, who had never seen such a thing before, and coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance altogether, our rustic was induced

humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton "who that man was with the silver sign on his coat?"

"Don't you know him?" cried Sir John; "why, that is a famous Jew money-broker."

"Maybe, please your honour, he could do my little business for me," responded the honest farmer.

"Trial's all!" said Sir John.

"I'll pay well," observed Joseph.

"That's precisely what he likes," replied the baronet.

"Pray, Sir John," continued the farmer, "what's those words on his *sign*?" alluding to the motto on his star.

"Oh," answered the other, "they are Latin, '*Tria juncta in uno*.'"

"And may I crave the English thereof?" asked the unsuspecting countryman.

"Three in a bond," said Sir John.

"Then I can match him, by J—s," exclaimed Hughes.

"You'll be hard set," cried the malicious baronet; "however, you may try."

Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him with great civility and a significant nod that he had a little matter to mention, which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. "To come to the point then, at once," said Hughes, "the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond, myself and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me. I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men."

Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and on hearing the above harangue, taking for granted that it resulted from his own application, he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negotiated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss, but *bonds* would not answer at all.

"I think I can get another man, and that's one more than your sign requires," said Hughes.

"I tell you," repeated Sir John, "bonds will not answer at all, sir!—bills, bills!"

"Then it's fitter," retorted the incensed farmer, "for you to be after putting your *sign* there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive the Christians, you d—d usurer! you Jew, you!"

Nobody could be more amused by this *denouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told everybody he knew of "Hamilton's trick upon *the countryman*."

Sir Richard Musgrave, although he understood *drawing the long bow* as well as most people, never patronised it in any other individual. Sir John Hamilton did not spare the exercise of this accomplishment in telling a story one day in the presence of Sir Richard, who declared his incredulity rather abruptly, as indeed was his constant manner. Sir John was much nettled at the mode in which the other dissented, more particularly as there were some strangers present. He asseverated the truth on his *word*! Sir Richard, however, repeating his disbelief, Sir John Hamilton furiously exclaimed—"You say you don't believe my word!"

"I *can't* believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my *word*, by G—d I'll give it you under my *hand*," clenching at the same moment his great fist.

The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good humour. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for *telling* a lie, and Sir Richard for *not believing it*—to the payment of two bottles of hock each.

Whoever the following story may be fathered on, Sir John Hamilton was certainly its parent. The Duke of Rutland, at one of his levees, being at a loss, as probably most kings,

princes, and viceroys occasionally are, for something to say to every person he was bound in etiquette to notice, remarked to Sir John Hamilton that there was "a prospect of an excellent crop; the timely rain," observed the Duke, "will bring everything above ground."

"God forbid, your Excellency!" exclaimed the courtier.

His Excellency stared, whilst Sir John continued, sighing heavily as he spoke, "Yes, God forbid! for I have got *three wives* under it."

At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England," being given, Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation; upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and bowing to the Marquess of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said—"My lords and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland'—*the colonels of militia!*"

So broad but so good-humoured a *jeu d'esprit* excited great merriment; the *truth* was forgotten in the jocularity, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint, nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. "That man was," said the Marquess, "he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"

I will now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was,

without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and, in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldierlike old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities ; and having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honour and etiquette, of discipline and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which, however, he never pursued ; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well bred in all his habits ; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish Court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death with the utmost satisfaction to himself as well as to everyone in connection with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart. ; and his lady, who was a *bas bleu*, prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity, it was said, by forcing him to read Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, whereat he was so cruelly puzzled, without being in the least amused, that in his cups he often stigmatised the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of !

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying—" Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers : he seldom launched a

blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burthensome for many years to come, it was observed in reply that the House had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measures of Government, immediately rose, and in a few words put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honourable gentleman, and this *still more* honourable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity*! for what has *posterity* done for *us*?"

Sir Boyle hearing the roar of laughter which, of course, followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He, therefore, begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words; he assured the House "that by *posterity* he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after *them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by Government to fight as hard as possible for the Union—so he did, and I really believe fancied by degrees that he was right. On one occasion a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen," said Sir Boyle, "may titther, and titther, and titther, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the *day of*

judgment comes, *then* honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent Union. Sir, there is no Levitical decrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the House for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, Sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "there, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallican villains should invade us, Sir, 'tis on *that very table*, maybe, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps atop of one another! Here, perhaps, Sir, the murderous *marshal-law-men*, Marseillois, would break in, cut us to mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle on another occasion was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland. "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole* of our constitution to preserve *the remainder*!"

This baronet having been one of the Irish Parliamentary curiosities before the Union, I have only exemplified his *mode* of blundering, as many ridiculous sayings have been attributed to him. He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland; but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them.

The English people consider a bull as nothing more than a vulgar nonsensical expression; but Irish blunders are

frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning.

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the House of Commons, for hasty disrespectful expressions regarding the House and the Lord Lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in Parliament, including the late Marquess of Ormonde, etc. The Marquess was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal; and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the House.

Sir Boyle Roche laboured hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology; it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wit's end, and at length produced a natural syllogism, which, by putting the House in good humour, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. "Mr. Speaker," said the baronet, "I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology. He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an *apology*, because no *gentleman* could *mean to give offence*."

Dennis M'Carthy, the postilion of Lord Lisle, had an action for *crim. con.* brought against him by his master, and upon a very forced construction of the law in such cases by the Chief Baron, the jury found damages for £5,000 against Dennis. He was, of course, sent to gaol, and damages to that amount, and of that nature, excluding the debtor from the benefit of the Insolvent Act, strong efforts were made in Parliament to have Dennis included especially by name in the statute, he having remained ten years in close confinement. His liberation was constantly applied for, and as constantly rejected. Sir Boyle, as a last effort, made a florid speech in his best style on behalf of the

poor fellow, arguing truly " that Lady Lisle, and not Dennis, must have been the real seducer " ; and concluding thus— " And what, Mr. Speaker, was this poor servant's crime ? After all, sure, Mr. Speaker, it was only doing *his master's business by his mistress's orders*, and is it not very hard to keep a poor servant in gaol for that which if he had not done he would have deserved a horsewhipping ? " This way of putting the case had the desired effect—Dennis's name was especially included by the Commons ; but in the House of Lords it was thrown out by Lord Clonmell, Chief Justice, though two years had scarcely elapsed since his lordship himself had fought a duel with the late Lord Tyrawley for *crim. con.* with her ladyship.

Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army :

" The best way," said Sir Boyle, " to *avoid* danger is to *meet it plump.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

ENTRANCE INTO OFFICE.

IN December, 1793, the secretary, Lord Buckinghamshire, wrote to say that he wished to see me at the Castle. I immediately attended, when he said, "Barrington, I am about to depart from Ireland, and," continued he, after my sincere expressions of regret, "as you have heretofore had nothing from us but convivial intercourse, it is just you should now have fare somewhat more substantial; with the approbation of the Lord Lieutenant, therefore, I have managed to secure for you a very handsome office—the ships' entries of the Port of Dublin."

At the name and nature of this office I rather demurred; whereupon Lord Buckinghamshire smiled and said, "You have no objection to a good sinecure, I suppose, the emoluments payable every Sunday morning by the deputy—the place was lately held by Mr. George Ponsonby, and is at this moment enjoyed by Serjeant Coppinger; but I have negotiated to give him, his son and his wife, an annuity of £800 a year, to resign it to you."

This so far was agreeable, but still professional advancement being the object next my heart, I neither felt nor looked totally satisfied.

Lord B—— then said, "You are a grumbling fellow, but I anticipated your grumbling, and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Clare, has consented to your being at the same time appointed one of the King's Counsel, thus at once giving you a step over the heads of all your circuit seniors, except Sir Frederick Flood, who is not, I fancy, very formidable."

This arrangement altogether met my wishes. I hastened to Lords Westmoreland and Clare, to thank them most

cordially ; and the fifth year after becoming a barrister I found myself at the head of my circuit, and high up in the official rank of my profession. Practice generally follows the fortunate ; I was immediately considered as on the high-road of preferment ; the attorneys pursued me like a flock of rooks ! and my business was quadrupled.

I purchased a fine house in Merrion Square from Mr. Robert Johnson, then counsel to the revenue, afterwards judge, who at that period felt himself going down hill ; and here I launched into an absolute press of business, perhaps justly acquiring thereby the jealousy of many of my seniors. This jealousy, however, gave rise to one of the most gratifying incidents of my life.

John Earl of Ormonde resided like a true Irish nobleman, in the utmost splendour and hospitality, in his fine ancient castle at Kilkenny. He scarcely ever went even to the Irish metropolis, his entire fortune being expended in his own city, whereby every shopkeeper and trader experienced the advantages of his lordship's residence. His establishment was ample, his table profuse, his friendship warm and unbounded. The very appearance of his castle, though only a portion of the old Duke's, was still such as to remind the spectator of its former magnificence. Proudly towering over the River Nore, from which it was separated only by the public walk, a high and grand rampart on that side conveyed the idea at once of a palace and a fortress ; whilst towards the city an old princely portal, flanked by round towers, opened into a spacious court, within which were preserved two sides of the original edifice, and a third was, at the period I allude to, rebuilding in a style, however, far too modern and ordinary. The exterior mouldings of the castle exhibited the remains of the gilding which had formerly been laid on with a lavish hand.

The interior of this noble edifice, with the exception of one saloon and the picture-gallery, was not calculated to

satisfy expectation ; but both these were unique—the one with respect to its form, the other to its prospects. The grand saloon was not shaped like any other, I believe, existing—oval in its figure, and not large ; but the wall, twelve feet thick, admitted of recesses on the sides, which had the appearance of small rooms, each being terminated by a large window, and the sides covered with mirrors which reflected the beautiful and varied prospects of the city, country, wood, river, and public promenade. When I was at the castle, in fact, everything appeared to me delightful.

Walter, the late Marquess of Ormonde, though my junior in years, had been my intimate friend and companion, as was also his cousin, Bryan Cavanagh. Lady Ormonde, mother of Walter, was the only child of Earl Winderford, and as lady of the castle was careful to keep up at least her due importance. It is not impossible for women or men either to mistake pomposity for dignity. True pride is accompanied by an amiable condescension ; cold unbending ceremony is the result of false pride, and not of dignity. I thought, perhaps erroneously, that her ladyship made this mistake.

The Earl John, my friend's father, was rather in the opposite extreme. He was well read and friendly—a *hard-goer*, as it was called, and an incessant talker. His lordship occasionally adjourned to a kind of tavern in the city, of which a certain widow Madden was the hostess, and where one, Mr. Evans, surnamed " Hell-cat," together with the best boozers and other gentlemen of Kilkenny, assembled to amuse his lordship by their jests and warm punch, and to emulate each other in the devouring of oysters and lobsters, the best which could possibly be procured. Hither, in fact, the company from the castle were habituated often to repair.

These boozing matches sometimes proceeded rather too far ; and one night Mr. Duffy, a sharp, smart, independent-

mindful apothecary of Kilkenny, who had offended the Ormonde family on some very sensitive point, being alluded to, a member of the party, with more zeal than prudence, proposed as a toast, "A round of rascals!" taking care to designate Dr. Duffy as belonging to that *honourable* fraternity. On departing from the tavern, far more full of liquor than wit, some wild young man in company suggested the demolition of the doctor's windows. No sooner said than done!—the piper played, the stones flew, and Duffy's shattered panes bore ample testimony to the strength of the widow's beverage. No personal injury, however, ensued, and the affair *appeared* to have terminated.

A glazier was sent early next morning by command of my lord to repair the windows, but this the doctor refused to allow, and in due form applied for and obtained a criminal information in the King's Bench for the outrage, against Lord Ormonde, his son Walter, James, the present Marquess, Lord Thurles, and others. The information was in due legal form sent down to be tried at the Spring Assizes very soon after I had been appointed King's Counsel.

None felt more jealousy at my promotion than Mr. William Fletcher, since Judge of the Common Pleas, many years my senior at the Bar and on circuit. Lord Ormonde directed briefs to be sent to me and to Fletcher, with fees of fifteen guineas each. I never loved money much in my life, and, therefore, thought it quite enough, or, rather, I did not think about it.

The defendants' case fell, of course, to me as leading counsel. At this circumstance Fletcher felt sore and ran sulky, and the sulkier he got the more zealous became I. We had but a bad case of it; the cross-examination of the irritated apothecary, who grew after awhile quite ferocious, fell to my lot. I performed my duty, and it then devolved on Fletcher to speak to the evidence. This, however, he declined. I pressed him, but he peremptorily refused. I

exclaimed, "Nay, Fletcher, you took a fee; why not speak?"—"Yes," answered the angry barrister, "just enough to make me hold my tongue!"—"Do speak," persisted I—"I *won't*," replied he—"Then I must do it for you," was my rejoinder. My zeal was enkindled, my mind was on fire, and I felt myself in earnest and interested. I persevered till I saw the jury smile, for which purpose they only wanted a good pretence. I held on my course till I saw them pleased, and the result was an acquittal of Lord Ormonde and a conviction of all the others.

To his lordship this acquittal was invaluable. The conviction of the Earl of Ormonde for a nocturnal outrage in his own town, and his committal from his castle to a prison, to undergo the award of the law, would have been to him a source of the utmost dismay. I knew this, and acted accordingly. He had heard of the conversation between Fletcher and me, but he thanked both without distinction, and made no partial remarks. I was hurt for a moment at this apparent neglect, but thought of it no longer, and his lordship never mentioned the circumstance.

On the ensuing summer assizes, Lord Ormonde invited the judges, barristers, several of the grand jury, and the principal gentlemen of the county, to a magnificent dinner at the castle. It was a long table, and everything in the grandest style. A judge sat on each side of Lady Ormonde at the head, and Fletcher and myself were their next neighbours. After the cloth had been removed, and Lady Ormonde was retired, his lordship stood up, and in a loud voice said, "I have waited with impatience for this public opportunity of expressing to Mr. Barrington the high sense I entertain of his important and disinterested services to me at the last assizes; I now beg his acceptance of a small testimonial of my gratitude and friendship." And he immediately slid along the table a magnificent gold snuff-box, with his arms, etc., and the following inscription:

“A Token of Friendship and Gratitude from the Earl of Ormonde and Ossory to Jonah Barrington, Esq., one of His Majesty's Counsel at Law. August, 1794.”

I was utterly astonished by this distinguished and most unexpected favour conferred in so public and honourable a manner, and *involuntarily*, without a moment's thought, but certainly with the appearance of ill-nature, I triumphantly handed round the box for the inspection of my brother barristers. Fletcher, confused as might be supposed, slightly shoved it back to me. His conduct on the trial having been known, a sensation became visible amongst the company, which I would almost have given up the box to have avoided exciting. His countenance, however, though not usually subject to be much impressed by kind feelings, clearly acquitted me of any intentional insult. In truth, I really felt as much as he did when I perceived my error, and wished to pocket the prize without its creating further notice. But this was impossible; I was obliged to return thanks, which ceremony I went through very badly. Fletcher did not remain long, and I also adjourned at an early hour to the bar-room, where the incident had preceded me. I now tried my best to put all parties into good humour, and finished the night by a much deeper stoup of wine than I should have indulged in at Lord Ormonde's.

Next morning I found a billet from the earl, enveloping a bank-note for £100, with these words :

“Dear Sir,

“My attorney did not do you justice; you will permit me to be my own attorney on this occasion.

“Your friend and humble servant,

“ORMONDE AND OSSORY.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. ACHMET BORUMBORAD.

UNTIL England dragged the sister kingdom with herself into the ruinous expenses of the American War, Ireland owed no public debt. There were no taxes, save local ones ; the Parliament, being composed of resident gentlemen interested in the prosperity and welfare of their country, was profuse in promoting all useful schemes ; and no projector who could shew any reasonable grounds for seeking assistance had difficulty in finding a patron. On these points, indeed, the gentlemen who possessed influence were often unguarded, and sometimes extravagant.

Amongst other projectors whose ingenuity was excited by this liberal conduct was one of a very singular description—a Turk who had come over, or, as the *on-dit* went, had *fled* from Constantinople. He proposed to establish, what was greatly wanted at that time in the Irish metropolis, “ Hot and Cold Sea-water Baths ” ; and by way of advancing his pretensions to public encouragement, offered to open free baths for the poor on an extensive plan, giving them as a doctor attendance and advice gratis every day in the year. He spoke English very intelligibly ; his person was extremely remarkable ; and the more so, as he was the first *Turk* who had ever walked the streets of Dublin in his native costume. He was in height considerably above six feet, rather pompous in his gait, and apparently powerful ; an immense black beard covering his chin and upper lip. There was at the same time something cheerful and cordial in the man’s address ; and, altogether, he cut a very imposing figure. Everybody liked Doctor Achmet Borumborad ; his Turkish dress, being extremely handsome without any

approach to the tawdry, and crowned with an immense turban, drew the eyes of every passer-by ; and I must say that I have never myself seen a more stately-looking Turk since that period.

The eccentricity of the doctor's appearance was, indeed, as will readily be imagined, the occasion of much idle observation and conjecture. At first, whenever he went abroad, a crowd of people, chiefly boys, was sure to attend him, but at a respectful distance ; and if he turned to look behind him, the gaping boobies fled, as if they conceived even his looks to be mortal. These fears, however, gradually wore away, and were entirely shaken off, on the fact being made public that he meant to attend the poor ; which undertaking was, in the usual spirit of exaggeration, soon construed into an engagement, on the part of the doctor, to cure *all disorders whatever !* and hence he quickly became as much admired and respected as he had previously been dreaded.

My fair readers will perhaps smile when I assure them that the persons who seemed to have the least apprehension of Doctor Borumborad, or rather to think him " a very *nice* Turk ! " were the ladies of the metropolis. Many a smart, snug little husband, who had been heretofore considered " quite the thing," despotic in his own house, and peremptory commandant of his own family, was now regarded as a wretched, contemptible, close-shaven pigmy, in comparison with the immensity of the doctor's figure and whiskers ; and, what is more extraordinary, his good humour and engaging manners gained him many friends even among the husbands themselves ! he thus becoming, in a shorter period than could be imagined, a particular favourite with the entire city, male and female.

Doctor Achmet Borumborad having obtained footing thus far, next succeeded surprisingly in making his way amongst the members of Parliament. He was full of conversation,

yet knew his proper distance ; pregnant with anecdote, but discreet in its expenditure ; and he had the peculiar talent of being humble without the *appearance* of humility. A submissive Turk would have been out of character, and a haughty one excluded from society ; the doctor was aware of this, and regulated his demeanour with remarkable skill upon every occasion, and they were numerous, whereon, as a *lion*, he was invited to the tables of the great. By this line of conduct he managed to warm those who patronised him into becoming violent partisans ; and accordingly little or no difficulty was experienced in getting a grant from Parliament for a sufficient fund to commence his great metropolitan undertaking.

Baths were now planned after Turkish models. The money voted was most faithfully appropriated ; and a more ingenious or useful establishment could not be formed in any metropolis. But the cash, it was soon discovered, ran too short to enable the doctor to complete his scheme ; and on the ensuing session a further vote became necessary, which was by no means opposed, as the institution was good, fairly executed, and charitably applied. The worthy doctor kept his ground ; session after session he petitioned for fresh assistance, and never met with refusal ; his profits were good, and he lived well ; whilst the baths proved of the utmost benefit, and the poor received attention and service from his establishment without cost. An immense cold bath was constructed to communicate with the river ; it was large and deep, and entirely renewed every tide. The neatest lodging rooms for those patients who chose to remain during a course of bathing were added to the establishment, and always occupied. In short, the whole affair became so popular, and Dr. Achmet acquired so many friends, that the annual grants of Parliament were considered nearly as matters of course.

But alas ! fortune is treacherous, and prosperity unstable.

Whilst the ingenious Borumborad was thus rapidly flourishing, an unlucky though most ludicrous incident threw the poor fellow completely a-back, and, without any fault on his part, nearly ruined both himself and his institution.

Preparatory to every session it was the doctor's invariable custom to give a grand dinner at the baths to a large number of his patrons, members of Parliament who were in the habit of proposing and supporting his grants. He always on these occasions procured some professional singers, as well as the finest wines in Ireland, endeavouring to render the parties as joyous and convivial as possible. Some nobleman, or commoner of note, always acted for him as chairman, the doctor himself being quite unassuming.

At the last commencement of a session, whereupon he anticipated this patronage, it was intended to increase his grant, in order to meet the expenses of certain new works, etc., which he had executed on the strength of the ensuing supply ; and the doctor had invited nearly thirty of the leading members to a grand dinner in his spacious saloon. The singers were of the first order ; the claret and champagne excellent ; and never was the Turk's hospitality shewn off to better advantage, or the appetites of his guests administered to with greater success. The effects of the wine, as usual on all such meetings in Ireland, began to grow obvious. The elder and more discreet members were for adjourning, whilst the juveniles declared they would stay for another dozen ! and Doctor Borumborad accordingly went down himself to his cellar, to select and send up a choice dozen by way of *bonne bouche* for *finishing* the refractory members of Parliament.

In his absence, Sir John S. Hamilton, though a very *dry* member, took it into his head that he had taken enough, and rose to go away, as is customary in these days of freedom when people are so circumstanced ; but at that period men were not always their own masters on such occasions, and

a general cry arose of—"Stop Sir John! stop him! the *bonne bouche!* the *bonne bouche!*" The carousers were on the alert instantly; Sir John opened the door and rushed out—the ante-chamber was not lighted, some one or two and twenty staunch members stuck to his skirts—when *splash* at once comes Sir John, not into the street, but into the great *cold bath*, the door of which he had retreated by in mistake! The other Parliament men were too close upon the baronet to stop short, like the horse of a Cossack; in they went by fours and fives; and one or two who, on hearing the splashing of the water, cunningly threw themselves down on the brink to avoid popping in, operated directly as stumbling blocks to those behind, who thus obtained their full share of a *bonne bouche* none of the parties had bargained for.

When Doctor Borumborad re-entered, ushering a couple of servants laden with a dozen of his best wine, and missed all his company, he thought some devil had carried them off; but perceiving the door of his noble, deep, cold salt-water bath open, he with dismay rushed thither, and espied eighteen or nineteen Irish Parliament men either floating like so many corks upon the surface, or scrambling to get out like mice who had fallen into a bason! The doctor's *posse* of attendants were immediately set at work, and every one of the honourable members extricated; the quantity of salt-water, however, which had made its way into their stomachs was not so easily removed, and most of them carried the beverage home to their own bed-chambers.

It was unlucky, also, that as the doctor was a Turk, he had no Christian wardrobe to substitute for the well-soaked garments of the honourable members. Such dresses, however, as he had were speedily put into requisition; the bathing attendants furnished their quota of dry apparel; and all were speedily distributed amongst the swimmers, some of whom exhibited in Turkish costume, others in bathing

shifts, and when the clothes failed, blankets were pinned around the rest. Large fires were made in every room ; brandy and mulled wine liberally resorted to ; and as fast as sedan-chairs could be procured, the Irish Commoners were sent home, cursing all Turks and infidels, and denouncing a crusade against anything coming from the same quarter of the globe as Constantinople.

Poor Doctor Achmet Borumborad was distracted and quite inconsolable ! Next day he duly visited every suffering member, and, though well received, was acute enough to see that the ridicule with which they had covered themselves was likely to work out eventually his ruin. His anticipations were well founded ; though the members sought to hush up the ridiculous parts of the story, they became, from that very attempt, still more celebrated. In fact, it was too good a joke to escape the embellishments of Irish humour, and the statement universally circulated was—that “ Doctor Borumborad had nearly drowned nineteen members of Parliament because they would not promise to vote for him ! ”

The poor doctor was now assailed in every way. Among other things, it was asserted that he was the Turk who had strangled the Christians in the Seven Towers at Constantinople ! Though everybody laughed at *their own* inventions, they believed those of *other people* ; and the conclusion was, that no more grants could be proposed, since not a single member was stout enough to mention the name of Borumborad ! the laugh, indeed, would have overwhelmed the best speech ever delivered in the Irish Parliament.

Still the new works must be paid for, although no convenient vote came to make the necessary provision ; the poor doctor was, therefore, cramped a little, but notwithstanding his embarrassment he kept his ground well, and lost no private friends except such as the wearing-off of novelty estranged. He continued to get on ; and at length

a new circumstance intervened to restore his happiness, in a way as little to be anticipated by the reader as was his previous discomfiture.

Love had actually seized upon the Turk above two years before the accident we have been recording. A respectable surgeon of Dublin, of the name of Hartigan, had what might be termed a very "neat" sister, and this lady had made a lasting impression on the heart of Borumborad, who had no reason to complain of his suit being treated with disdain, or even indifference. On the contrary, Miss H—— liked the doctor vastly! and praised the Turks in general, both for their dashing spirit and their beautiful whiskers. It was not, however, consistent either with her own or her brother's Christianity to submit to the doctor's tremendous beard, or think of matrimony, till "he had shaved the chin at least, and got a parson to turn him into a Christian, or something of that kind." Upon those terms only would she surrender her charms and her money, for some she had, to Doctor Achmet Borumborad, however amiable.

The doctor's courtship with the members of Parliament having now terminated, so far, at any rate, as further grants were concerned, and a *grant* of a much more tender nature being now within his reach, he began seriously to consider if he should not at once capitulate to Miss H——, and exchange his beard and his Alcoran for a razor and the New Testament. After weighing matters deliberately, love prevailed, and he intimated by letter, in the proper vehemence of Asiatic passion, his determination to turn Christian, discard his beard, and, throwing himself at the feet of his beloved, vow eternal fidelity to her in the holy bands of matrimony. He concluded by requesting an interview in the presence of the young lady's confidant, a Miss Owen, who resided next door. His request was granted, and he repeated his proposal, which was duly accepted, Miss Hartigan stipulating that he should never

see her again until the double promise in his letter was fully redeemed, upon which he might mention his own day for the ceremony. The doctor having engaged to comply, took leave.

On the evening of the same day a gentleman was announced to the bride-elect with a message from Doctor Achmet Borumborad. Her confidential neighbour was immediately summoned, the gentleman waiting meantime in a coach at the door. At length Miss Hartigan and her friend being ready to receive him, in walked a Christian gallant, in a suit of full-dress black, and a very tall, fine-looking Christian he was ! Miss H—— was surprised ; she did not recognise her lover, particularly as she thought it impossible he could have been made a Christian before the ensuing Sunday ! He immediately, however, fell on his knees, seized and kissed her lily hand, and on her beginning to expostulate, cried out at once, “ Don’t be angry, my dear creature ! to tell the honest truth, I am as good a Christian as the Archbishop ; I’m your own countryman, sure enough ! Mr. Patrick Joyce, from Kilkenny county, the devil a Turk any more than yourself, my sweet angel ! ” The ladies were astonished ; but astonishment did not prevent Miss Hartigan from keeping her word, and Mr. and Mrs. Joyce became a very loving and happy couple.

The doctor’s great skill, however, was supposed to lie in his beard and faith ; consequently, on this *denouement*, the baths declined. But the honest fellow never had done any discreditable or improper act—none, indeed, was ever laid to his charge ; he fully performed every engagement with the Parliament whilst he retained the power to do so.

His beauty and portly appearance were considerably diminished by his change of garb. The long beard and picturesque dress had been half the battle ; and he was, after his transformation, but a plain, rather coarse, but still brave-looking fellow. An old memorandum-book reminded

me of these circumstances, as it noted a payment made to him by me on behalf of my elder brother, who had been lodging in the bath-house at the time of the *swimming match*.

I regret that I never inquired as to Joyce's subsequent career, nor can I say whether he is or not still in the land of the living. This little story shews the facility with which public money was formerly voted, and at the same time the comparatively fortunate financial state of Ireland at that period, when the public purse could afford a multiplicity of such supplies without any tax or imposition whatsoever being laid upon the people to provide for them ! How very different were the measures of that Parliament even ten years afterwards !

CHAPTER XIX.

ALDERMEN OF SKINNERS' ALLEY.

ORANGE societies, as they are termed, were first formed by the Protestants to oppose and counteract the turbulent demonstrations of the Catholics, who formed the population of the south of Ireland. But at their commencement the Orangemen certainly adopted a principle of interference which was not confined to religious points alone, but went to put down *all* popular insurrections which might arise on any point. The term *Protestant ascendancy* was coined by Mr. John Gifford, of whom more hereafter, and became an epithet very fatal to the peace of Ireland. Many associations indeed, were, from time to time, originated : some for *reform*, others to oppose it, some for *toleration*, others for intolerance ! There were good men and loyal subjects among the members of each, including many who never entertained the most distant idea of those disastrous results to be apprehended at the feverish period preceding the revolution of 1798, from any encouragement to innovation.

I followed up the principles my family had invariably pursued from their first settlement in Ireland—namely, an attachment divided between the Crown and the people. In the year 1795, I saw that the people were likely to grow too strong for the Crown, and, therefore, became at once, not indeed, an *ultra*, but one in whom loyalty absorbed almost every other consideration. I willingly united in every effort to check the rising spirit of popular disaffection—the dreadful results of which were manifested in the atrocities acting throughout France, and in the tottering state of the crowns of Europe.

I had been previously initiated by my friend, Doctor

Duigenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court, into a very curious but most loyal society, whereof he was grand master at the time of my election ; and as this club differed essentially from any other in the empire, it may be amusing to describe it—a labour which nobody has hitherto, I believe, undertaken.

This curious assemblage was called “ The Aldermen of Skinners’ Alley ” ; it was the first Orange association ever formed ; and having, at the period I allude to, existed a full century in pristine vigour, it had acquired considerable local influence and importance. Its origin was as follows : After William the Third had mounted the English throne, and King James had assumed the reins of government in Ireland, the latter monarch annulled the then existing charter of the Dublin Corporation, dismissed all the aldermen who had espoused the revolutionary cause, and replaced them by others attached to himself. In doing this he was certainly justifiable ; the deposed aldermen, however, had secreted some little articles of their paraphernalia, and privately assembled in an alehouse in Skinners’ Alley, a very obscure part of the capital. Here they continued to hold Anti-Jacobite meetings, elected their own lord mayor and officers, and got a marble bust of King William, which they regarded as a sort of deity ! These meetings were carried on till the battle of the Boyne put William in possession of Dublin, when King James’s aldermen were immediately cashiered, and *the Aldermen of Skinners’ Alley* re-invested with their mace and aldermanic glories.

To honour the memory of their restorer, therefore, a permanent association was formed, and invested with all the memorials of their former disgrace and latter reinstatement. This organisation, constituted near a century before, remained, I fancy, quite unaltered at the time I became a member. To make the general influence of this association the greater, the number of members was unlimited, and the

mode of admission solely by the proposal and seconding of tried *aldermen*. For the same reason, no class, however humble, was excluded—equality reigning in its most perfect state at the assemblies. Generals and wigmakers, king's counsel and hackney clerks, etc., all mingled without distinction as brother-aldermen. A lord mayor was annually appointed, and regularity and decorum always prevailed, until at least towards the *conclusion* of the meetings, when the aldermen became more than usually noisy and exhilarated—King William's bust being placed in the centre of the supper-table to overlook their extreme loyalty. The times of meeting were monthly ; and every member paid sixpence per month, which sum, allowing for the absentees, afforded plenty of eatables, porter and punch, for the supping aldermen.

Their charter-dish was *sheep's trotters*, in allusion to King James's running away from Dublin ; rum-punch in blue jugs, whisky-punch in white ones, and *porter* in its *pewter* were scattered plentifully over the table ; and all regular formalities being gone through, and the eating part of the ceremony ended, the real *business* began by a general chorus of " God Save the King ! " whereupon the grand engine which, as a loyal and facetious shoemaker observed, would *bind* every *sole* of them together, and commemorate them *all* till the end of time, was set at work by order of the *lord mayor*. This engine was the charter-toast, always given with nine times nine ! and duly succeeded by vociferous acclamations.

The 1st of July, anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, was the favourite night of the assembly ; then every man unbuttoned the knees of his breeches, and drank the toast on his bare joints—it being pronounced by *his lordship* in the following words, composed expressly for the purpose in the year 1689 ; afterwards adopted by the Orange societies generally, and still, I believe, considered as the charter-toast of them all.

This most ancient and unparalleled *sentiment* ran thus :

ORANGE TOAST.

“ The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass-money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick the . . . of a Jacobite ! and a . . . for the *Bishop of Cork* ! And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, gravedigger, or any other of the fraternity of *the clergy*, may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east ! May he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the River Styx ! May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—p, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull ; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a *clean* carcass to hell ! *Amen !* ”

The extraordinary zeal wherewith this toast was drunk could only be equalled by the enthusiasm with which the blue and white jugs and pewter pots were resorted to, to ascertain the quality of the potation within—both processes serving to indicate the quantity of loyalty entertained by every alderman towards the king, Doctor Duigenan, and the Protestant religion ! They then rebuttoned the knees of their breeches—trousers had not come into fashion—and sat down to *work* again in downright earnest. Mr. Powell, a jolly apothecary, till he was killed, by *singing* I suppose, led, in my time, the vocal band ; and after a dozen speeches, accompanied by numerous replenishments of the jugs, etc., everybody who had *anything to do in the morning* generally withdrew, leaving the rest of the loyalists to finish the last drop.

The idea of “ Orange Societies ” arose, in my opinion, from this association. I believe it exists still, but has, I

understand, degenerated into a sort of *half-mounted* club—not exclusive enough for gentlemen, and too fine for wig-makers ; it has sunk into a paltry and unimportant corporate utensil.

I recollect an amusing circumstance which many years back occurred in this lodge. Until politics grew too hot, Napper Tandy and several other of the *patriots* were *aldermen* ! but finding that ultra-loyalty was making way too fast for their notions, they sought some fair opportunity of seceding from the club, stealing the mace, and regenerating the whole board and establishment of Skinners' Alley ! and the opportunity was not long wanting.

An apothecary of the name of M'Mahon had become an alderman solely to avoid being considered a friend of the Pope ; this, in point of reality, he was ; but since, at that period, his creed was not the popular one, he conceived that he might thrive better in his business by appearing a staunch Protestant, or at least might learn, by association, some valuable secrets, and then betray them to his own sect.

But M'Mahon, although a clever person, was like many an honest fellow, vastly more candid when he got " the sup in " than he had ever intended to be ; indeed, in these circumstances, whatever a man thinks often comes out in spite of him, as if it disagreed with his liquor ! Thus one unfortunate night, " Dr. M'Mahon, the apothecary," as he was termed in Armiger Street, having made too free amongst his brother aldermen, and been completely over-mastered by the blue jug, forgot his company, and began to speak rather unkindly of King William. His worthy associates, who had made similar applications to the *blue* and *white*, took fire at this *sacrilege* offered to their patron saint ; one word brought on another ; the doctor grew outrageous, and in his paroxysm, not having the fear of flogging before his eyes, actually *damned* King William ! proceeding, in the

enthusiasm of his popery, most thoughtlessly for himself and for the unhappy king's bust then staring before him, to strike it with his huge fat fist plump in the face !

The bust immediately shewed most evident and marvellous symptoms of maltreatment by the apothecary, its beautiful virgin white marble appearing to be actually stained with blood ! This miracle caused one of the aldermen to roar out in a fright—"That villain, M'Mahon, has broken the king's nose !"—"The king's nose ?" ran throughout the room ; some, who had been dozing, hearing this cry of high treason from every quarter, rose and rushed with the rest upon the doctor ; his clothes were soon turned into ribbons, and the cry of "Throw him out of the window !" was unanimously and resolutely adopted ; the window was opened ; the doctor, after exerting all his muscular powers—and he was a strong, active man—was compelled to yield to numbers, and out he went into the street, very much to the ease and satisfaction of the loyal aldermen. The window was now closed again, the "Glorious Memory" drunk, the king's nose washed clean from the blood formerly belonging to the doctor's knuckles, which his majesty's feature had unmercifully scarified, and all restored to peace and tranquillity.

As for the poor doctor, out he went, as we have said, clean and cleverly, one good storey. But whether through chance or Providence, we will not pretend to determine, fortunately for him, a lamp and lamp-iron stood immediately under the window whereby he had made so sudden an exit ! Hence the doctor's route downwards was impeded by a crash against the lamp ; the glass and other materials all yielded to the precious weight, and very probably prevented the pavement from having the honour of braining him ; he held a moment by the iron, and then dropped quite gently into the arms of a couple of guardians of the night, who, attracted by the uproar in the room

above, and seeing the window open, and the doctor getting out feet foremost, conceived that it was only a drunken frolic, and so placed themselves underneath "to keep the gentleman out of the gutter."

The doctor scarcely waited to thank his preservers, set out pretty well sobered to his home, and the next day, summoning all the humane and *patriotic* aldermen, to whom he told his own story, they determined to secede and set up a new corps at the King's Arms in Fown's Street. The old aldermen defended their conduct as loyal subjects; the others stigmatised it as the act of a set of manslaughterers. These old and young guards of the British Constitution from that day set about *advertising* each other, and making proselytes on either side; and the *Orange* and *United Irishmen* parties gained as many recruiting sergeants by the fracas as there were permanents or seceders amongst those illustrious aldermen.

CHAPTER XX.

PROCESSION OF THE TRADES.

NOTHING can better shew the high opinion entertained by the Irish of their own importance, and particularly by that celebrated body called the Corporation of Dublin, than the following incident. Mr. Willis, a leather breeches maker in Dame Street, and a famous orator at the Corporation meetings, holding forth one day about the parochial watch, a subject which he considered as of the utmost general importance, discoursed as follows :—" This, my friends, is a subject neither trifling nor obscure ; the character of our Corporation is at stake on your decision !—recollect," continued he, " recollect, brother freemen, that the *eyes of all Europe are upon us !* "

One of the customs of Dublin which prevailed in my early days made such a strong impression upon my mind that it never could be obliterated. The most magnificent and showy procession, I really believe, except those of Rome, then took place in the Irish metropolis every third year, and attracted a number of English quite surprising, if we take into account the great difficulty existing at that time with regard to travelling from London to Dublin.

The Corporation of the latter city were by the terms of their charter bound once in three years to perambulate the limits of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, to make stands or stations at various points, and to skirt the Earl of Meath's liberties—a part of the city at that era in great prosperity, but forming a local jurisdiction of its own, in the nature of a manor, totally distinct from that of Dublin.

This procession being, in fact, partly intended to mark and to designate the extreme boundaries of his lordship's juris-

diction, at those points where they touch the Earl of Meath's liberty, the Lord Mayor thrust his sword through the wall of a certain house, and then concluded the ceremony by approaching the sea at low water, and hurling a javelin as far upon the sands as his strength admitted, which was understood to form the boundary between him and Neptune.

The trade of Dublin is comprised of twenty-five corporations, or guilds, each independent of the other, and represented as in London by a common council. Every one of these comprised its masters, journeymen, and apprentices ; and each guild had a patron saint, or protector, whose image or emblem was on all great occasions dressed up in appropriate habiliments.

For this procession every member of the twenty-five corporations prepared as for a jubilee. Small funds only were collected, and each individual gladly bore his extra charges—the masters and journeymen being desirous of outvying one another, and conceiving that the gayer they appeared on that great day the more consideration would they be entitled to throughout the ensuing three years ! Of course, therefore, such as could afford it spared no expense ; they borrowed the finest horses and trappings which could be procured ; the masters rode, the journeymen walked, and were succeeded by the apprentices.

Every corporation had an immense carriage with a great platform and high canopy, the whole radiant with gilding, ribbons and draperies, and drawn by six or eight horses, equally decked and caparisoned, their colours and flags flying in all directions. On these platforms, which were fitted up as workshops, were the implements of the respective trades, and expert hands were actually at work during the entire perambulation, which generally lasted eight or nine hours. The procession, indeed, took two hours to pass. The narrow-weavers wove ribbons which they

threw to the spectators—the others tossed into the air small patterns of the fabric they worked upon ; the printers were employed in striking off innumerable hand-bills, with songs and odes to the Lord Mayor.

But the smiths' part of the spectacle was the most gaudy ; they had their forge in full work, and were attended by a very high phaeton adorned in every way they could think of, the horses covered with flowers and coloured streamers. In this phaeton sat the most beautiful girl they could possibly procure, in the character of wife to their patron, Vulcan. It is unnecessary to describe her dress ; suffice it to say, it approached that of a Venus as nearly as decency would permit—a blue scarf covered with silver doves was used at her discretion, and four or five little Cupids attired like pages, aiming with bows and arrows at the ladies in the windows, played at her feet. On one side rode, on the largest horse which could be provided, a huge fellow representing Vulcan, dressed *cap-a-pie* in coal black armour, and flourishing an immense smith's sledge-hammer ! On the other side pranced his rival, Mars, on a tawdry-caparisoned charger, in shining armour, with an immensity of feathers and horse-hair, and brandishing a two-edged glittering sword six or eight feet long, Venus meantime seeming to pay much more attention to her gallant than to her husband. Behind the phaeton rode Argus with an immense peacock's tail ; whilst numerous other gods and goddesses, saints, devils, satyrs, etc., were distributed in the procession.

The skimmers and tanners seemed to undergo no slight penance—a considerable number of these artisans being dressed up close in sheep and goat skins of different colours. The representatives of the butchers were enveloped in hides, with long towering horns, and rode along brandishing knives and cleavers !—a most formidable looking corporation. The apothecaries made up and distributed pills and boluses on their platform, which was furnished with numerous pestles

and mortars so contrived as to sound, in the grinding, like bells, and pounding out some popular air. Each corporation had its appropriate band and colours ; perfect order was maintained, and so proud was the Dublin mob of what they called their *fringes*, that on these peculiar occasions they managed to behave with great decorum and propriety.

I never could guess the reason why, but the crowd seemed ever in the most anxious expectation to see *the tailors*, who were certainly the favourites. The master tailors usually borrowed the best horses from their customers ; and as they were not accustomed to horseback, the scene was highly ludicrous. A tailor on a spirited horse has always been esteemed a curiosity, but a troop of a hundred and fifty tailors, all decked with ribbons and lace and every species of finery, on horses equally smart, presented a spectacle outvying description ! The journeymen and apprentices walked, except that number of workmen on the platform. St. Crispin with his last, St. Andrew with his cross, and St. Luke with his gridiron, were all included in the show, as were the city officers in their full robes and paraphernalia. The guild of merchants, being under the special patronage of the Holy Trinity, could not, with all their ingenuity, find out any unprofane emblem, except a shamrock of huge dimensions ! the three distinct leaves whereof are on one stalk. This, by the way, offered St. Patrick means of explaining the Trinity, and thereby of converting the Irish to Christianity, and hence the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland. The merchants had also a large ship on wheels, drawn and manned by *real* sailors.

This singular procession I twice witnessed ; it has since been abolished, after having worked well, and done no harm, from the days of the very first lord mayor of Dublin. The city authorities, however, began at length to think venison and claret would be better things for the same expense ; and so it was decided that the money should remain in the purse

of the corporation, and a wretched substitute for the old ceremony was arranged. The lord mayor and sheriffs, with some dozen of dirty constables, now perambulate these bounds in privacy and silence—thus defeating, in my mind, the very *intention* of their charter, and taking away a triennial prospective object of great attraction and pride to the inhabitants of the metropolis of Ireland, for the sole purpose of gratifying the sensual appetites of a city aristocracy, who court satiety and indigestion at the expense of their humbler brethren.

CHAPTER XXI.

IRISH REBELLION.

I DINED at the house of Lady Colclough, a near relative of Lady Barrington, in the town of Wexford, in April, 1798. The company, so far as I recollect, consisted of about seventeen persons, amongst whom were several other of Lady B——'s relatives, then members of the grand jury ; Mr. Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown, a gentleman of very large fortune, who had represented the county ; his two brothers, both wealthy men ; Captain Keogh, afterwards rebel governor of Wexford, the husband of Lady B——'s aunt ; the unfortunate John Colclough, of Tintern ; and the still more unfortunate Mr. Colclough ; Counsellor John Beauman ; Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, afterwards the rebel generalissimo ; Mr. William Hatton, and some others. The conversation after dinner turning on the distracted state of the country became rather too free, and I begged some of the party to be more moderate, as our ways of thinking were so different, and my public situation did not permit me, especially at that particular period, to hear such strong language. The loyalists amongst us did not exceed four or five.

The tone of the conversation was soon lowered, but not before I had made up my mind as to the probable fate of several in company, though I certainly had no idea that, in little more than a month, a sanguinary rebellion would desolate my native land, and violent deaths, within *three* months, befall a great proportion of that joyous assemblage. I had seen enough, however, to convince me that all was not right, and that, by plunging one step farther, most of my relatives and friends would be in imminent danger. The party, how-

ever, broke up ; and next morning Mr. Beauman and myself, happening to meet on the bridge, talked over the occurrences of the previous day, uniting in opinion as to the inauspicious aspect of things, and actually proceeding to make out a list of those amongst the dinner party whom we considered likely to fall victims ! and it so turned out that *every one* of our predictions was verified. It was superficial observation alone that led me to think as I did at that moment, but a decided presentiment of what eventually happened soon after took possession of me ; and, indeed, so full was I of forebodings that I have more than once been roused out of my sleep by the horrid ideas floating through my mind !

Bagenal Harvey, already mentioned in this work, who had been my schoolfellow and constant circuit-companion for many years, laughed at Lady Colclough's at my political prudery, assured me I was totally wrong in suspecting him, and insisted on my going to Bargay Castle, his residence, to meet some old Temple friends of ours on the ensuing Monday. My relative, Captain Keogh, was to be of the party.

I accordingly went there to dinner, but that evening proved to me one of great uneasiness, and made a very disagreeable impression both on my mind and spirits. The company I met included Captain Keogh ; the two unfortunate Counsellors Sheers, who were both hung shortly afterwards ; Mr. Colclough, who was hung on the bridge ; Mr. Hay, who was also executed ; Mr. William Hatton, one of the rebel directory of Wexford, who unaccountably escaped ; and a gentleman of the bar, whose name I shall not mention, as he still lives.

The entertainment was good and the party cheerful. Temple freaks were talked over, the bottle circulated ; but at length Irish politics became the topic, and proceeded to an extent of disclosure which utterly surprised me. With the Messrs. Sheers, particularly Henry, I had always been

on terms of the greatest intimacy. I had extricated both of them not long before from considerable difficulty, through the kindness of Lord Kilwarden ; and I had no idea that matters wherein they were concerned had proceeded to the lengths developed on that night. The probability of a speedy revolt was freely discussed, though in the most artful manner, not a word of any of the party committing themselves ; but they talked it over as a result which might be expected from the complexion of the times and the irritation excited in consequence of the severities exercised by the Government. The chances of success, in the event of a rising, were openly debated, as were also the circumstances likely to spring from that success, and the examples which the insurgents would in such a case probably make. All this was at the same time talked over, without one word being uttered in favour of rebellion—a system of caution which I afterwards learned was much practised for the purpose of gradually making proselytes without alarming them. I saw through it clearly, and here my presentiments came strong upon me. I found myself in the midst of absolute though unavowed conspirators. I perceived that the explosion was much nearer than the Government expected, and I was startled at the decided manner in which my host and his friends spoke.

Under these circumstances, my alternative was evidently to quit the house or give a turn to the conversation. I, therefore, began to laugh at the subject, and ridicule it as quite visionary, observing jestingly to Keogh—"Now, my dear Keogh, it is quite clear that you and I in this famous rebellion shall be on different sides of the question, and, of course, one or the other of us must necessarily be hanged at or before its termination—I upon a lamp-iron in Dublin or you on the bridge of Wexford. Now, we'll make a bargain!—if we beat you, upon my honour I'll do all I can to save your neck, and if your

folks beat us, you'll save me from the honour of the lamp-iron ! ”

We shook hands on the bargain, which created much merriment, and gave the whole after-talk a cheerful character, and I returned to Wexford at twelve at night, with a most decided impression of the danger of the country, and a complete presentiment that either myself or Captain Keogh would never see the conclusion of that summer.

I immediately wrote to Mr. Secretary Cooke, without mentioning names, place, or any particular source of knowledge, but simply to assure him that there was not a doubt that an insurrection would break out at a much earlier period than the Government expected. I desired him to ask me no questions, but said that he might depend upon the fact, adding that a commanding force ought instantly to be sent down to garrison the town of Wexford. “ If the Government,” said I in conclusion, “ does not attend to my warning, it must take the consequences.” My warning was not attended to, but his majesty's Government soon found I was right. They lost Wexford, and might have lost Ireland, by that culpable inattention.

The result need scarcely be mentioned ; every member of that jovial dinner-party, with the exception of myself, the barrister before alluded to, and Mr. Hatton, was executed within three months ! and on my next visit to Wexford I saw the heads of Captain Keogh, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Colclough on spikes over the court-house door.

Previously to the final catastrophe, however, when the insurgents had been beaten, Wexford retaken by our troops, and Keogh made prisoner, I did not forget my promise to him at Bargay Castle. Many certificates had reached Dublin of his humanity to the royalists whilst the town of Wexford was under his government, and of attempts made upon his life by Dixon, a chief of his own party, for his endeavouring to resist the rebel butcheries. I had intended

to go with these directly to Lord Camden, the Lord Lieutenant ; but I first saw Mr. Secretary Cooke, to whom I related the entire story, and shewed him several favourable documents. He told me I might save myself the trouble of going to Lord Camden, and at the same time handed me a despatch received that morning from General Lake, who stated that he had thought it necessary, on recapturing Wexford, to lose no time in " making examples " of the rebel chiefs ; and that accordingly Mr. Grogan, of Johnstown ; Mr. Bagenal Harvey, of Bargay Castle ; Captain Keogh, Mr. Colclough, and some other gentlemen had been hanged on the bridge and beheaded the previous morning.

I felt shocked beyond measure at this intelligence, particularly as I knew Mr. Cornelius Grogan, an excellent gentleman, seventy years of age, of very large fortune and establishments, to be no more a rebel than myself. Being unable, from infirmity, to walk without assistance, he was led to execution.

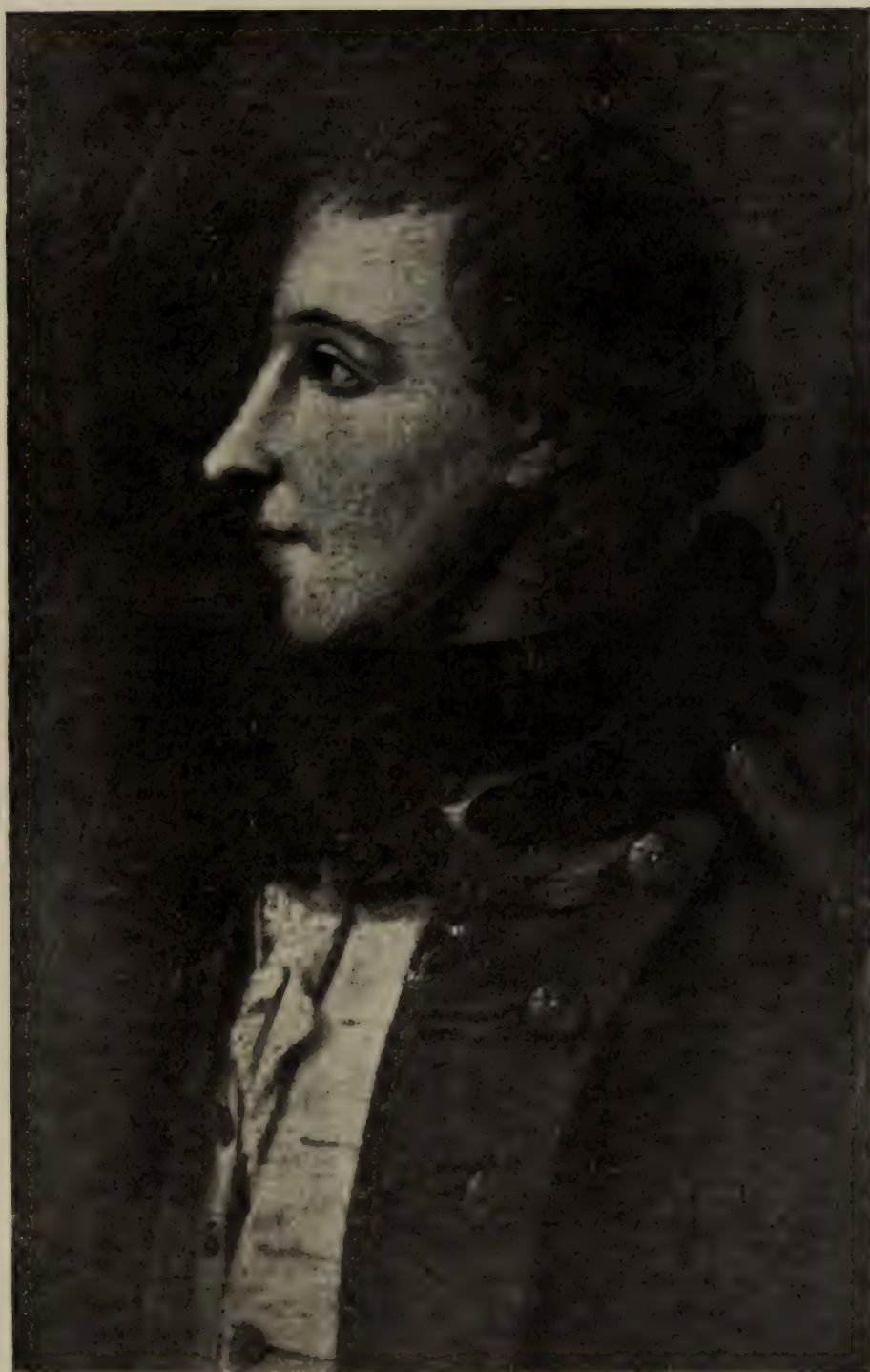
I was at all times ready and willing to risk my life to put down that spirit of mad democracy which sought to subvert all legal institutions, and to support every true principle of the constitution which protected us ; but at the same time I must in truth and candour say, and I say it with reluctance, that during those most sanguinary scenes the brutal conduct of certain frantic royalists was at least on a parallel with that of the frantic rebels.

A short time after the recapture of Wexford, I traversed that county, to see the ruins which had been occasioned by warfare. Enniscorthy had been twice stormed, and was dilapidated and nearly burned. New Ross shewed most melancholy relics of the obstinate and bloody battle of full ten hours' duration, which had been fought in every street of it. The numerous pits crammed with dead bodies, on Vinegar Hill, seemed on some spots actually elastic as we stood upon them ; whilst the walls of an old windmill on its

summit appeared stained and splashed with the blood and brains of many victims who had been piked or shot against it by the rebels. The court house of Enniscorthy, wherein our troops had burned alive above eighty of the wounded rebels, and the barn of Scullabogue, where the rebels had retaliated by burning alive above one hundred and twenty Protestants, were terrific ruins ! The town of Gorey was utterly destroyed, not a house being left perfect ; and the bodies of the killed were lying half covered in sundry ditches in its vicinity. It was here that Colonel Walpole had been defeated and killed a few days before. No man ever came to a violent death more unwarily ! Colonel Walpole was a peculiarly handsome man, and aide-de-camp to Lord Camden. With somewhat of the air of a *petit-maitre*, he fluttered much about the drawing room of the Castle ; but as he had not seen actual service, he felt a sort of military inferiority to veterans who had spent the early part of their lives in blowing other people's brains out ; and he earnestly begged to be entrusted with some command that might give him an opportunity of fighting for a few weeks in the County Wexford, and of writing some elegant dispatches to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant most kindly indulged him with a body of troops, and sent him to fight in the County Wexford, as he requested ; but on passing the town of Gorey, not being accustomed to advanced guards or flankers, he overlooked such trifles altogether ! and having got into a defile with some cannon and the Antrim regiment, in a few minutes the colonel was shot through the head, the cannon changed masters, and most of the Antrim heroes had each a pike, ten or twelve feet long, sticking in his carcass.—“ *Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

An unaccountable circumstance was witnessed by me on that tour immediately after the retaking of Wexford. General Lake, as I had before mentioned, had ordered the

heads of Mr. Grogan, Captain Keogh, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, and Mr. Colclough to be placed on very low spikes, over the court-house door of Wexford. A faithful servant of Mr. Grogan had taken away his head ; but the other three remained there when I visited the town. The mutilated countenances of friends and relatives in such a situation would, it may be imagined, give any man most horrifying sensations ! The heads of Messrs. Colclough and Harvey appeared black lumps, the features being utterly undistinguishable ; that of Keogh was uppermost, but the air had made no impression on it whatever ! His comely and respect-inspiring face, except the *pale* hue, scarcely to be called *livid*, was the same as in life, his eyes were not closed, his hair not much ruffled ; in fact, it appeared to me rather as a head of chiselled marble, with glass eyes, than as the lifeless remains of a human creature. This circumstance I never could get any medical man to give me the least explanation of. I prevailed on General Hunter, who then commanded in Wexford, to suffer the three heads to be taken down and buried.



THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

From the portrait (artist unknown) in the National Portrait Gallery, Dublin

CHAPTER XXII.

WOLFE TONE.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE was one of the most remarkable of the persons who lost their lives in consequence of that wild democratic mania which, at the period treated of in the former sketch, had seized upon the reason of so many otherwise sensible individuals. His catastrophe cannot fail to be interesting.

This gentleman's enthusiastic mind was eternally surrounded by the mist of visionary speculation : it was a fine sailer, but wanted ballast. He had distinguished himself somewhat in the University as a desultory declaimer ; but in my judgment that was the full extent of his powers. He was neither high-born nor wealthy ; in fact, I fear even a steady competency was not at his command, and hence his spirit, naturally restless, was additionally goaded and inflamed.

It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Tone, a decided revolutionist and rebel, married improvidently enough one sister, whilst Mr. Thomas Reynolds, who betrayed the friends of Tone and of himself, espoused another.

Tone was called to the Irish bar, but had been previously over-rated, and did not succeed. I thought it a pity, as he was really a good-hearted person, that he should not be fairly tried, and, if possible, pushed forward ; and being myself high on the circuit, I took him round in my carriage three times, and then thought well of him ; but he was too light and visionary, and as for law, was quite incapable of imbibing that species of science. His person was unfavourable, his countenance thin and sallow, and he had in his speech a harsh guttural pronunciation of the letter *R*,

a defect shared by him in common with Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, who, indeed, resembled him in personal appearance greatly, but was somewhat Tone's inferior in elocution.

It is my belief that Tone could not have succeeded in any steady civil profession. He was not worldly enough, nor had he sufficient common-sense for his guidance. His biography has been repeatedly published, and I only intend here to allude to the extraordinary circumstances of his death—an event upon which I confess I had many painful feelings, and not the less so from its being connected with my own judicial functions.

He had been taken in arms by Sir John Borlase Warren, at sea, in a French frigate, proceeding to land troops in Ireland. He wore the uniform of a French officer ; but being recognised, brought prisoner to Dublin, and delivered over for trial to the provost-marshal and military authorities, he was, of course, condemned to be hanged. I did not see him under these distressing circumstances, nor in truth was it my wish to do so ; for although there existed between us no actual friendship, still I had a strong feeling for a gentleman with whom I had been so well acquainted.

It occurred to his counsel that the jurisdiction of martial-law could not extend to him, as it only operated on land, and he had been taken at sea. An application was, therefore, made to the Common Pleas to have him brought up by Habeas Corpus, in order (the point being ascertained) to be regularly tried before the competent tribunal, the court of Admiralty. The Habeas Corpus being granted, was served on General Craig, who then commanded in Dublin, but who refused to obey it, and was attached for his disobedience ; an order being consequently made for the general and some of his staff to be taken into custody by the officers of the court.

To me, as Judge of the Admiralty, this appeal was most distressing. Had Tone the least chance of escape in any

court, or upon any trial, it might have been otherwise, but he could not be defended ; and to have him brought before me only to witness his conviction, and to pronounce his sentence, shocked me extremely. His friends thought this course might prolong his fate a considerable time, and it was supposed that something might intermediately occur calculated to effect a commutation of the capital punishment. I knew better ! I was convinced that his execution was determined on—it was unavoidable, and I felt *great* uneasiness.

The court having ordered General Craig and Major Sandys, provost-marshal, to be arrested for disobedience, both these gentlemen submitted, and the *pursuivant* was then directed to bring up the body of Theobald Wolfe Tone, on the writ of Habeas Corpus. The judges sat patiently awaiting the officer's return, and the decision being of great importance, the court was crowded to suffocation.

A considerable time elapsed, and still the *pursuivant* returned not. At length he appeared with horror in his looks, and scarcely able to speak. He informed the court that Mr. Tone, feeling certain of execution by order of the military, and being ignorant of the motion which his friends thought might give him some chance for his life, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and, he believed, was dying ! A surgeon now attended, who reported that the prisoner had certainly cut his throat, but that recovery was possible ; the incision was long and deep, but had missed the artery, and he still lived. Of course, the trial was postponed ; every friend he had, and I think he had many amongst the bar, rejoicing that poor Tone had escaped a public execution. He lingered awhile, and will it be believed, that when the wound had been connected, and whilst life still seemed to be precarious, owing to the extreme inflammation—I say, will it be believed that there existed cruelty sufficient in the

breast of any human creature to advise his execution, though it would have been impossible to put the sentence in force without inserting the rope within the wound, and nearly tearing away the unfortunate gentleman's head from his body? Yet such advice was given for "the sake of example," and rejected, I am happy to say, with horror! I will spare the man who gave it the ignominy which would thence attach to his name were it mentioned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DUBLIN ELECTION.

IN 1803 I had become particularly popular in Dublin. I was not at enmity with any sect or any party. The losses and deprivations which the citizens of Dublin were suffering in consequence of the Union brought to their recollection the fact of my having been one of its most zealous opponents. They knew that I had entertained professional ambition; and they also knew that in order to oppose that measure, and support the independence of the nation as well as my own, I had with open eyes sacrificed all the objects of my ambition; that I had refused the most gratifying proposals, and in maintenance of principle had set my face decidedly against the measures of that Government which I had on other occasions supported, and which alone possessed the power to advance me. They knew that I had braved the animosity of Chancellor Clare, whom few had ever ventured to oppose so decidedly as myself; and that I had utterly renounced Lord Castlereagh, by whom all means were employed to attach me. In fact, the citizens of Dublin recollected that I had abandoned every prospect in life to uphold their interest, and consequently many persons on both sides of politics had proposed to me to become a candidate for the representation of the metropolis in Parliament. Some entire corporations voted me their freedom and support, and a great number of the freeholders tendered me their aid. Having in addition an extensive personal interest of my own, I at length determined to stand the contest.

Persons of the first weight and rank came forward in my favour, and amongst these I am proud to enumerate his

Grace the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Grattan, Mr. George Ponsonby, Mr. Curran, Mr. Plunkett, several of the most respectable members of my own profession, and many private gentlemen. Indeed, the mode wherein I was brought forward, and the parties by whom I was encouraged, could not but combine to gratify me highly.

The city, however, immediately divided into two inveterate factions, one of which declared for Mr. Beresford, the banker, and Mr. Ogle, the Orange chieftain ; whilst the other supported Mr. Latouche and myself. A fifth gentleman, Sir John Jervoise White Jervoise, Bart., also announced himself a candidate, on the strength of his own personal connexions and individual property in the city, backed by any second votes he could pick up amongst the rest.

Dublin differs from London in this respect, inasmuch as there must be an *individual* canvass, requiring hard labour of at least two months or ten weeks, by day and by night, to get through it cleverly. One custom alone takes up an immensity of time, which, though I believe it never existed anywhere else, has good sense to recommend it. The grand corporation of Dublin comprises twenty-five minor corporations or trades, each independent of the other, and all knowing their own importance previous to an election, and their insignificance after it is over, affect the state and authority of a Venetian senate, and say, shrewdly enough, "How can we ignorant men ! tell who is fittest to represent Dublin till we have an opportunity of knowing their abilities ?" And for the purpose of acquiring this knowledge, each corporation appoints a day to receive the candidates in due formality in its hall, and each candidate is then called on to make an oration, in order to give the electors power of judging as to his capability to speak in Parliament. So that, in the progress of his canvass, every candidate must make twenty-four or twenty-six speeches in his best style ! Nothing can be more amusing than the

gravity and decorum wherewith the journeyman barbers,* hosiers, skimmers, cooks, etc., receive the candidates, listen to their fine florid harangues, and then begin to debate amongst themselves as to their comparative merits, and, in truth, assume as much importance as the diplomatists at Vienna, with intentions to the full as good !

However, I got through my canvass of nearly three months, and remained tolerably in my senses at the conclusion of it, though most undoubtedly I drank as much porter and whisky with the electors themselves, and as much tea and cherry-brandy with their wives, as would have ended my days on any other occasion. But I loved the people of Dublin ; I had lived more than thirty years amongst them, was upon good terms with all parties and societies, and if elected, I should have been a very faithful and, I trust, an effective representative.

The humours of an Irish canvass can only be known to those who have witnessed them ; and I believe no election, even in Ireland, ever gave rise to more of what is termed real *fun*. Most of the incidents are too trivial and too local for detail ; but there were some so ludicrous, that, even at this moment, I can scarce refrain from laughing at their recollection.

Never was a business of the kind conducted with more spirit, and at the same time a degree of good temper prevailed, not to have been expected in a contest which called into play the most fiery and rancorous party feelings ; and the genuine stream of humour that steadily flowed on had a great effect in washing away any marks of ill blood. It is with pride I relate that the four voters who formed my first tally were—Mr. George Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Chancellor ; Mr. Henry Grattan ; Mr. William Plunkett, the present Attorney-General ; and Mr. John Philpott

* Who very lately addressed the Duke of York as " the corporation of surgeons," i.e., *barber-surgeons*.

Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls ; and that the two former accompanied their votes by far more than merited eulogies.

I lost the election ; but I polled to the end of the fifteen days, and had the gratification of thinking that I broke the knot of a virulent ascendancy, was the means of Mr. Latouche's success, and likewise of Mr. Grattan's subsequent return.

In the course of that election many curious incidents occurred ; and as everything which relates to Mr. Grattan, and tends to elucidate the character and peculiarities of the most pure and eminent of my countrymen, must necessarily be interesting, anecdotes which, if not recorded now by me, would be lost for ever, I feel myself justified in detailing a few, though in themselves of no particular importance.

In the days of unsophisticated patriotism, when the very name of Grattan operated as a spell to rouse the energies and spirit of his country—when the schisms of party bigotry had yielded to the common weal, and public men obtained that public gratitude which they merited—the corporation of Dublin obtained a full-length portrait of Henry Grattan, then termed their great deliverer. His name graced their corporate rolls as an hereditary freeman—Mr. Grattan's father having been Recorder of Dublin and representative in Parliament for that city—when the jealous malice of that rancorous and persevering enemy of every man opposed to him, the Earl of Clare, in a secret committee of the House of Lords introduced into their report some lines of a deposition by one Hughes, a rebel who had been made a witness, and was induced to coin evidence to save his own life, detailing a conversation which he alleged himself to have had with Mr. Grattan, wherein the latter had owned that he was a United Irishman. Everybody knew the total falsity of this. Indeed, Mr. Grattan was, on the other hand, a man whose principles has been on certain occasions

considered too aristocratic, and yet he was now denounced, in the slang of the Lord Chancellor, "an infernal *democrat*." The corporation of Dublin caught the sound, and, without one atom of inquiry, tore down from their walls the portrait which had done them so much honour, and expelled Grattan from the corporation without trial or even notice ; thus proclaiming one of the most loyal and constitutional subjects of the British Empire to be a rebel and incendiary. He despised and took no notice of their extravagance.

On the election in question, I was proposed by Mr. George Ponsonby ; and upon Mr. Grattan rising next to vote upon my tally, he was immediately objected to, as having been expelled on the report of Lord Clare's committee. A burst of indignation on the one side, and of boisterous declamation on the other, forthwith succeeded. It was of an alarming nature ; Grattan meanwhile standing silent, and regarding with a smile of the most ineffable contempt ever expressed, his shameless accusers. The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic style and tone so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words—memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences the most overwhelming philippic—the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity—that the English or, I believe, any other language is capable of affording :

"Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made ! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigoted agitator ! In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward ! And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."

Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance, and replied, in one single sentence, " I would spit upon him in a desert ! " which vapid and unmeaning exclamation was his sole retort.

I called for the roll, and, on inspection, Mr. Grattan's name appeared never to have been erased. Of course, the objection was overruled, my friend voted, and his triumph was complete.

The erasure of his name from the roll was never afterwards attempted ; and on the dissolution of that Parliament, he was requested by the very same body to stand forward as their " most illustrious countryman," and elected by acclamation in that very same court-house, as the representative of the city and corporation which had so recently endeavoured to debase and destroy him, his chairing being attended with enthusiasm by those who some time before would with equal zeal have attended his execution. Never was there exhibited a more complete proof of causeless popular versatility—which, indeed, was repeatedly practised on that real patriot.

Mr. John Giffard, the subject of the foregoing philippic, was a very remarkable person. He had a great deal of vulgar talent, a daring impetuosity, and was wholly indifferent to opinion. From first to last he fought his way through the world, and finally worked himself up to be the most sturdy partisan I ever recollect in the train of Government. His detestation of the Pope and his adoration of King William he carried to an excess quite ridiculous ; in fact, on both subjects he seemed occasionally delirious. His life had many curious incidents connected with it ; and as it would be wrong that a name so frequently occurring in the local history of Ireland should remain unnoticed, I have, therefore, in these fragments introduced it.

I did not agree with Mr. Grattan as to all the epithets wherewith he honoured the captain. " A coward " he most

certainly was not. With all his faults or crimes, if they should be called so, he had several qualities which in social intercourse are highly valuable ; and hence it is just to make a clear distinction between his private and his public character. He was as warm-hearted and friendly a person as I ever met with ; and, on the other hand, a bitterer enemy never existed ; I don't think he ever was mine.

Giffard was originally an apothecary. When I was at the Dublin University, the students were wild and lawless—any offence to one was considered as an offence to all ; and as the elder sons of most men of rank and fortune in Ireland were then educated at Dublin College, it was dangerous to meddle with so powerful a set of students, who consequently did precisely what they chose outside the college gates. If they conceived offence against anybody, the collegians made no scruple of bringing the offender into the court, and pumping him well ; and their unanimity and numbers were so great, that it was quite impossible any youth could be selected for punishment. In my time we used to break open what houses we pleased !—regularly beating the watch every night, except in one parish, which we always kept in pay, to lend us their poles wherewith to fight the others. In short, our conduct was outrageous ; and the first check we ever received was from Giffard, who was a director of the watch, and kept a shop close to the Parliament House.

He having in some way annoyed the collegians, they determined to pump Giffard ; but they reckoned without their host ! He entrenched himself in his house, which we assailed, breaking all his windows. He gave repeated warnings to no purpose ; and a new assault being commenced, Giffard fired a pistol, and a collegian was wounded in the wrist, whereupon the besiegers immediately retired from the fortress.

It was a lucky shot for Giffard, who immediately obtained some parochial office for his firmness—made himself of

importance on every trifling subject, and harangued constantly in the vestry. Of his subsequent progress I know nothing till about the year 1790, when I became a public character, and found Giffard an *attaché* to the Castle in divers capacities. He was afterwards placed in the revenue department, became a common councilman, and at length high sheriff, at which epoch he acquired the title which forsook him not, of "*The Dog in Office*," though wherefore I could never rightly make out. His acts from that period became part of the general statistical history of Irish politics. One of his sons was butchered in cool blood by the rebels at Kildare, which naturally increased his ferocity. His eldest son, Harding Giffard, and Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, married two sisters in Waterford. Mr. Croker's good luck enabled him to aid his relative, who, having tried the Irish bar in vain for several years, has become Chief Justice of Ceylon—Mr. Croker himself, after *his* unsuccessful professional essay, being casually indebted to several persons of celebrity for his very rapid elevation.

During the election we are speaking of, one Horish, a master chimney-sweeper, appeared on the hustings. This man being known to have several votes at command besides his own, had been strongly canvassed, but would promise neither of the candidates, nor give the least hint how he intended to vote.

During the rebellion of 1798, Mr. John Beresford, one of the candidates, had built a riding-house for his yeomanry troop, which had been also much used as a place for whipping *suspected* persons in, to make them discover what in all probability they never knew—a practice equally just and humane, and liberally resorted to, perhaps for sport, by military officers pending that troublous era.

In Mr. Beresford's riding-house this infernal system was carried on to a greater extent than in any of the similar slaughter-houses then tolerated in the metropolis—to such

an extent, indeed, that some Irish wags, who never fail even upon the most melancholy occasions to exercise their native humour, had one night the words, "Mangling done here by J. Beresford & Co.," painted upon a signboard, and fixed over the entrance.

It happened that this same Horish had been amongst those who had paid to their king and country a full share of skin for the crime of being anonymously suspected. He had not forgotten the couple of hundred lashes on his bare carcass which he had received in Mr. Beresford's riding-house; but the circumstance, being of such an ordinary nature, was, of course, totally forgotten by the worthy candidate, notwithstanding the tenacious sensation of the elector's loins, where many a good thick welt remained to remind him of the pastime.

Horish, a coarse, rough-looking, strong-built, independent, and at the moment well-dressed brute of a fellow, remained quite coquettish as to his votes. "Let me see!" said he, feeling his importance, and unwilling to part with it, which would be the case the moment he had polled, and looking earnestly at all the candidates, "Let me see! who shall I vote for? I'm very hard to please, gentlemen, I assure you!" He hesitated; we all pressed. "Fair and easy, gentlemen," said Horish, looking at each of us again, "don't hurry a man!"

"Barrington," cried impatient Beresford, "I know that honest fellow, Horish, will vote for me!" Horish started, but said nothing.

"Indeed, he will not," replied I, "eh, Horish?" Horish looked, but remained silent.

"I'll lay you a *rump and dozen*," exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter!"

Horish now started into a sort of animation, but coolly replied, "You'll lose that same rump and dozen, Mr. Beresford! 'twas many a *dozen* you gave my *r—p* already in

the riding-house, and to the devil I bob that kind of entertainment ! but if ever I have the honour of meeting you up a chimney, depend on it, Mr. Beresford, I'll treat you with all the *civility* imaginable ! Come, boys, we'll poll away for the counsellor ! ” and I was supported, I believe, by every chimney-sweeper in the city of Dublin, and they were many, who had votes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELECTION FOR COUNTY WEXFORD.

It is to be lamented that the biographers and eulogists of Richard Brinsley Sheridan should have suppressed some of the most creditable incidents of his variegated life, whilst his memory is disgraced by pretended friends and literary admirers.

These writers have raked up from his ashes, and exposed to public indignation, every failing of that great and gifted man ; so that, if their own productions were by any chance to become permanent, they would send him down to posterity as a witty but low and dissipated *sharper*, or, in their very best colouring, as the most talented of mean and worthless mendicants. But Sheridan's reputation will outlive all such attempts to obliterate it ; whilst the ignorance of his libellers is conspicuous from their entire omission of some of the most interesting events of his career, at the same time that others are vouched for, which to my individual knowledge are gross misrepresentations.

Amongst the incidents that have been overlooked is one both extraordinary and melancholy, and forming an honourable comment on Mr. Sheridan's public character. I was myself mentally interested in the whole transaction, and can, therefore, give it on my own responsibility. I am, indeed, most anxious to rescue his memory from the rough hands which, in sketching their subject, have placed the mane of the lion upon the shoulders of a mountebank.

In speaking thus, I deeply regret that one of these biographers should be a man whom I esteem, and I regret it the more, since he has used poor Sheridan as a chopping-block whereon to hack the character of the most illustrious

person of the British Empire, who, for the first time in his life, I believe, has been accused of *pecuniary illiberality*. A circumstance accidentally came to my knowledge to *prove* that charge the very reverse of truth. But an opportunity will be taken by me of observing still more explicitly on these *friends* of Mr. Sheridan.

On the general election of 1808, Mr. John Colclough, of Tintern Abbey, County Wexford, a near relative of mine, and *locum tenens* of his elder brother, Mr. Cæsar Colclough, who had been long resident on the Continent, declared himself for the second time candidate for Wexford County, which he had represented in the previous Parliament. The Colclough estates were large, the freeholders thereon numerous, and devoted to the interest of their patriotic leader, whose uncle, Mr. John Grogan, of Johnstown Castle, also a relative of mine, possessed of a very large fortune and extensive tenantry, had united with his nephew and other most respectable and independent gentlemen of that county to liberate its representation from the trammels of certain noblemen who had for many years usurped its domination. Mr. Colclough was determined to put the pride, spirit, and patriotism of the county to proof, and, therefore, proposed Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan as joint candidate with himself, declaring that he was authorised by the independent freeholders of the county to say that they should feel the greatest gratification in being represented by so distinguished an ornament to the name of Irishman.

Mr. Colclough and Mr. Sheridan were, therefore, nominated on the one hand ; and Mr. Alcock, supported by the interest of the influenced electors, on the other.

Never yet was any poll conducted by more resolute, active, and zealous partisans ; but it is lamentable to add that they were equally intemperate as zealous. The flame of patriotism had caught the mass of the population ; tenants

no longer obeyed the dictates of their absent landlords nor the menaces of tyrannic agents ; no man could count on the votes of his former vassals. The hustings was thronged with crowds of tenantry, constitutionally breaking away from their shackles, and voting according to their principles of free agency for Sheridan—a man known to them only by the celebrity of his talents. The poll proceeded—the independent party was advancing fast to success ; and had the election continued, there is no doubt but that Mr. Sheridan would have been a representative for Wexford County. At this crisis occurred one of the most unfortunate and melancholy events on Irish record, and by which the contest was terminated, as if the untoward destiny of Sheridan withered everything that came in contact with it.

Several tenants of a person who had given his interest to Mr. Alcock absolutely refused to vote for that gentleman, declaring that at every risk they would support Colclough and “ the great Sheridan.” Mr. Alcock’s partisans perverted the free agency of these men into seduction on the part of Mr. Colclough, hence a feeling decidedly hostile was excited ; the fierce zeal and frenzy of election partisanship burst into a flame, and Mr. Colclough was required to decline such votes, or to receive them at his peril.

Of course he disregarded this outrageous threat, and open war ensued. One party lost sight of reason—both of humanity ; and it was determined that before the opening of next morning’s poll the candidates should decide, by single combat, the contested question, and, of course, the election itself. With what indignation and horror must such a resolution, at once assailing law, good morals, and decency, be now regarded ! and how will the feeling of surprise increase from its being passed over with impunity !

Early on the eventful morning many hundred people assembled to witness the affair ; and it will scarcely be

believed that no less than eleven or twelve *county justices* stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without an effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

Both combatants were remarkably near-sighted, and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partisans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked ; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them, but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance. The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols, and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character, brother candidates for the county, and former friends, nay, *intimate companions*, standing in the centre of a field, without any *personal* offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

The sight was awful ! a dead silence and pause ensued ; the great crowd stood in motionless suspense, the combatants presented, men scarcely breathed, the word was given, Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend, his companion, one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart ! He spoke not, but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth, his limbs quivered, he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck, of course without effect.

The bystanders looked almost petrified ; the profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when on the sudden a loud and universal yell, the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain, simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from

every quarter of the field—a yell so savage and continuous, so like the tone of *revenge*, that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of the country. Alcock and his partisans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body, and their candidate, a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigour! was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through those very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalise his triumph.

The election-poll, of course, proceeded without further opposition. The joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation; and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford County, solely through the death of his brother candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated.

A more wanton duel, a more unnecessary, cruel, and in all points illegal transaction, never occurred in the united empire; yet, strange to say, of those eleven or twelve magistrates who actually stood by, as amateurs or partisans, in defiance of the law and of their duty, not one was displaced or punished!—a precedent of impunity most discreditable to the high authorities of that day, dangerous to the peace of the country, and subversive of the first principles of free election. Judge of Sheridan's feelings on receiving this intelligence! and judge of the correctness of his biographers, who have suppressed the incident.

Nor was poor Colclough's death the last act of the tragedy. His friends thought themselves called on to prosecute Mr. Alcock, who fled, but subsequently returned and surrendered for trial. I attended as special counsel for the prosecution; Baron Smith tried the cause. The evidence was stronger than I have deemed it necessary to recite. The baron stated his opinion on the legal distinctions as applicable to duelling, and on that opinion the bar differed. It

was not the wish of the prosecutors to do more than mark the transaction by a conviction for *manslaughter*, which the law, under the circumstances, seemed to render imperative. However, the then politics of Wexford juries differed not unfrequently both from the laws of God and the statute book, and the verdict returned in this instance was, to the surprise of everyone, a *general acquittal*.

But, alas ! the acquitted duellist suffered more in mind than his victim had done in body. The horror of the scene, and the solemnity of the trial, combined to make a fatal inroad on his reason ! He became melancholy ; his understanding gradually declined, a dark gloom enveloped his entire intellect, and an excellent young man and perfect gentleman at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. Goaded by the vicious frenzy of election partisans, he had slain his friend, and, haunted by reflection and sorrow, he ended his own days in personal restraint and mental ruin.

Two other duels were fought upon the same occasion, but with little injury and still less interest. Mr. Cæsar Colclough has since returned from the Continent, and, on the strength of his late brother's popularity, was elected member for County Wexford. He has not, however, followed up the high reputation of that brother, nor very satisfactorily fulfilled the expectations of his constituents.

But to this sanguinary and fatal duel there was yet another sad corollary. Miss Alcock, sister of the member, had been most deeply affected by the mournful catastrophe. She had known Colclough long and intimately ; and being an amiable and sensitive young woman, her brother's absence, his trial, and his subsequent depression, kept the gloomy transaction alive in her mind ; hence she also gradually wasted ; and the death of her brother sinking deeper and deeper into a heart, all the sources of tranquillity whereof had been dried up, *her* reason wandered, at length fled, and

she did not long survive the dreadful fate of her friend and of her brother.

A trivial anecdote will suffice to exhibit the general state of Wexford County, and of the aristocracy and magistracy, many of whom were a disgrace to their office, and completely filled up Mr. Grattan's definition of a "regal rebel" by their arrogance, tyranny, oppression, and disaffection. By these men the peasantry were goaded into a belief that justice was banished, and so driven into the arms of the avowed rebels, who used every lure to enforce their previous delusion.

A handsome young woman, maid-servant to a Mrs. Lett, who was considered as a great *patriot* (rebel) in Wexford, happened one summer's evening to sit at her mistress's window singing songs, but to certain airs that were not considered orthodox by the aristocracy.

The Marquess of Ely, with the high sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were retiring after their wine from the grand jury, and heard this unfortunate young siren warbling at the window ; but as the song sounded to their loyal ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay ; and accordingly my lord, the high sheriff, and their friends, to preserve the peace and protect the constitution from such traitorous maid-servants, forthwith commenced their laudable undertaking ; and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of the greatest utility to the glazier, and had well-nigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner likewise.

However, on this occasion justice was not so far off as the peasants had been persuaded ; my lord, the high sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried, I had the honour of being his lordship's counsel ; and as our duty was to make "the worse appear the better *cause*," I certainly did my utmost for the marquess ; but his lordship conceiving my

delicacy to the maid-servant rather too great, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted.

"Now, girl," said the marquess, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say you would *split my skull open*?"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his skull open, my lord!"

"Ha! ha!" said the marquess, "now I have her!" wisely supposing she made some allusion to a reward for killing him; "and *why*, girl, would it be not worth your while?"

"Because, my lord," answered she, "if I had split your lordship's skull open, by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain I should have found little or nothing inside of it!"

The laugh against the noble marquess was now too great to admit of his proceeding any further with his cross-examination; he was found guilty, and fined.

CHAPTER XXV.

WEDDED LIFE.

THE first chief judge who favoured me with his intimacy was Lord Clonmell, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. His character appears at full length in my *Historical Memoirs of Ireland*, page 38, and a curious but true character it is. I was introduced to his lordship's notice through Sir John Tydd, and received from him many instances of kind attention, and he gave me, early in life, some of the very best practical maxims. As he was one of the celebrated official "fire-eaters" whom I shall hereafter mention, and fought several duels, it may be amusing to copy here, from the work in question, a few distinguishing traits of his lordship. "Mr. Scott never omitted one favourable opportunity of serving himself. His skill was unrivalled and his success proverbial. He was full of anecdotes, though not the most refined; these in private society he not only told but acted; and when he perceived that he had made a very good exhibition, he immediately withdrew, that he might leave the most lively impression of his pleasantries behind him. His boldness was his first introduction, his policy his ultimate preferment. Courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial, he knew the world well, and he profited by that knowledge; he cultivated the powerful, he bullied the timid, he fought the brave, he flattered the vain, he duped the credulous, and he amused the convivial. Half-liked, half-reprobated, he was too high to be despised, and too low to be respected. His language was coarse, and his principles arbitrary; but his passions were his slaves, and his cunning was his instrument. In public and in private he was the same character; and

though a most fortunate man and a successful courtier, he had scarcely a sincere friend or a *disinterested* adherent."

His duel with Lord Tyrawly was caused and attended by circumstances which combine to form a curious narrative : Lady Tyrawly had an utter dislike for her husband, then the Honourable James Cuffe. They had no children, and she made various efforts to induce him to consent to a distinct and total separation. There being no substantial cause for such a measure, Mr. Cuffe looked upon it as ridiculous, and would not consent. At length the lady hit upon an excellent mode for carrying her wishes into effect, and ensuring a separate maintenance ; but I have never heard of the precedent being followed.

Mr. Cuffe found her one day in tears, a thing not frequent with her ladyship, who had a good deal of the amazon about her. She sobbed, threw herself on her knees, went through the usual evolutions of a repentant female, and at length told her husband that she was unworthy of his future protection—had been faithless to him, and was a lost and guilty woman.

I suppose there is a routine of contrition, explanation, rage, honour, etc., which generally attends developments of this nature ; and I take for granted that the same was duly performed by the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Cuffe. Suffice it to say, that the latter was put into a sedan chair and ordered out of the house forthwith to private lodgings, until it was the will of her injured lord to send a deed of annuity for her support.

Mr. Cuffe next proceeded to summon a friend and inform him that his wife had owned " that villain Scott," the attorney-general, and the pretended friend of his family, to be her seducer ! that not his love, but his honour was so deeply concerned, as to render the death of one or the other necessary ; and without further ceremony, a message was sent, for mortal combat, to the attorney-general, urging the

lady's confession, his own dishonourable breach of trust, and Mr. Cuffe's determination to fight him.

Mr. Scott, well knowing that a declaration of innocence would by the world be considered either as honourable perjury on his part to save Mrs. Cuffe's reputation, or as a mode of screening himself from her husband's vengeance, and in no case be believed even by the good-natured part of society, made up his mind for the worst.

The husband and supposed gallant accordingly met and exchanged shots ; and each party having heard the bullets humanely whiz past his ears, without indicating a desire of becoming more intimately acquainted, Mr. Scott told his antagonist that he was totally mistaken, and gave his honour that he never had the slightest familiarity with the lady, who, he concluded, must have lost her reason.

There was no cause for denying credence to this ; whilst, on the other hand, it was but too likely that Mr. Cuffe had been tricked by his lady wife. She was sure of a separation, for he had turned her out ; and if he had fallen on the field of honour, she had a noble jointure ; so that she was *in utrumque parata*—secure under every chance.

On his return he sent her a most severe reprimand ; and announced but a moderate annuity, which she instantly and haughtily refused, positively declaring that she *never had made any confession of guilt*, that the whole was a scheme of his own vicious jealousy to get rid of her, and that she had only said, he might *just as well* suspect the attorney-general, who had never said a civil thing to her, as *any body else*. She dared him to *prove* the least impropriety on her part ; and yet he had cruelly turned her out of his house, and proclaimed his innocent wife to be a guilty woman.

Mr. Cuffe saw she had been too many for him every way ; he durst not give more publicity to the affair, and, therefore, agreed to allow her a very handsome annuity,

whereon she lived a happy life, and died but a few years since.

The subsequent connexion of Lord Tyrawly had likewise a singular termination. Miss Wewitzer, sister to the late celebrated violinist of that name, soon filled Mrs. Cuffe's vacant place ; and by her my lord had many children, the eldest being the present Colonel Cuffe, member of Parliament for Mayo. I never saw two persons live more happily together than Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer. She was unexceptionally correct, and he very much attached to her. She had been remarkably pretty, and celebrated as a *Rosetta* in Bickerstaff's opera. I was intimate with Lord Tyrawly, and have a very great regard for Colonel Cuffe.

The death of Lady Tyrawly at length gave his lordship the long-expected opportunity of realising his promises and intentions for the sake of his family ; and Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer being regularly married, she became the real Lady Tyrawly, whom she had so many years represented.

Now, here was a cohabitation of considerably more than twenty years in happiness and tranquillity, followed up by an honourable and just arrangement, wherefrom it might be rationally supposed an increase of happiness would ensue. But, on the contrary, no sooner did the parties become legally man and wife, than Madam Discord introduced herself ! It is singular, but true, that as if nature originally intended every living thing to remain totally free and independent, the moment any two animals, however fond before, are fastened together by a chain they cannot break, they begin to quarrel without apparent reason, and peck each other solely because they can't get loose again.

So it was with my Lord and Lady Tyrawly ; every hour added fresh fuel to the flame. At length, to continue my pretty simile, the chain became *red-hot*, neither of them could bear it longer, and the whole affair ended in a volun-

tary and most uncomfortable separation. However, it was only for a short time ; death, always fond of doing mischief in families, very soon brought them together again ; and if such a thing can be conceived as possible in the other world, it is no bad conjecture, that at this moment my Lord Tyrawly, the two Lady Tyrawlys, and Lord Clonmell are regretting what fools they were in giving themselves so much uneasiness upon subjects which only passed like shadows, instead of turning their minds to what might have been much more material.

I recollect one of Lord Clonmell's maxims was, " whatever must be done in the course of the week, always do it on the Monday morning " ; and, in truth, whoever practises that rule, will find it in no slight degree convenient. I never did.

Immediately after I was married I resided next door to Lord Clonmell, in Harcourt Street. He called on me most kindly, and took me to walk over his fine gardens and lawn, and was so humorous and entertaining that his condescension, as I then felt it, quite delighted me ; but I afterwards found out that he made a point of discovering every young man likely to succeed in public life, and took the earliest moment possible of being *so civil* as to ensure a friend, if not a *partisan*, and no man wanted the latter more than his lordship.

" Barrington," said he to me, " you are married ? "

" No doubt," said I laughingly, " as tight as any person on the face of the earth."

" All women in the world," rejoined his lordship, " are fond of having their own way."

" I am firmly of your opinion, my lord," said I.

" Now," pursued he, " the manner in which all wives are spoiled is by giving them their own way at first ; for whatever you accustom them to at the beginning they will expect *ever after* ! so mind me : I'll tell you the secret of ruling a

wife, if known in time ; ' never do anything *for peace sake* ' ; if you do, you'll never have one hour's tranquillity but by *concession*, mind that ! ”

“ I firmly believe it,” exclaimed I.

“ Well,” said he, “ *practise* it ! ”

Sometime after I met his lordship at Lamberton, Queen's County, the seat of Sir John Tydd. He related the above story, and asked me if I had taken his advice ? “ No,” said I.

“ Why ? ” inquired his lordship.

“ Because,” replied I, “ a *philosopher* has an easier life of it than a *soldier*.”

I had the laugh against him, and the more particularly as his lordship had married a second wife, Miss Lawless, the present dowager, and I believe no husband in Ireland adhered less to his own maxim than did Lord Clonmell after that union.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.

MY personal acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington originated accidentally, soon after I commenced public life ; and so clearly shews the versatility of men, the fallibility of judgment, and the total uncertainty of all human prediction, that I cannot avoid mentioning it.

In 1793, I occasionally gave large dinners, according to the habit invariably adopted in those times by persons circumstanced like myself. At one of those entertainments, Major Hobart, Lord Buckinghamshire ; Sir John Parnell ; Isaac Corry ; I think, Lord Limerick ; Sir John, afterwards Lord de Blaquiere ; and Lords Llandaff, Dillon, Yelverton ; the Speaker—in all, upwards of twenty noblemen and commoners did me the honour of partaking my fare. Lord Clonmell sent me his two grand cooks, and a most cheerful party was predicted. The House had sat late that day, and etiquette never permitted us to go to dinner where the Speaker was a guest until his arrival, unless he had especially desired us to do so.

The Speaker did not join us till nine o'clock, when Sir John Parnell brought with him and introduced to me Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, two young members who, having remained in the House, he had insisted on their coming with him to my dinner, where he told them good cheer and a hearty welcome would be found, and in this he was not mistaken.

Captain Arthur Wellesley had, in 1790, been returned to Parliament for Trim, County Meath, a borough under the patronage of his brother, the Earl of Mornington. He was then ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular

enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished ; he occasionally spoke in Parliament, but not successfully, and never on important subjects ; and evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity and splendour which he has since reached, and whereto intrepidity and decision, good luck, and great military science have justly combined to elevate him.

Lord Castlereagh was the son of Mr. Stewart, a country gentleman, generally accounted to be a very clever man in the North of Ireland. He was a professed and not very moderate *patriot*, and at one time carried his ideas of opposition exceedingly far, becoming a leading member of the Reform and Liberal societies.

Lord Castlereagh began his career in the Irish Parliament by a motion for a committee to inquire into the representation of the people, with the ulterior object of a reform in Parliament. He made a good speech, and had a majority in the House, which he certainly did not expect, and I am sure did not *wish for*. He was unequal and unwilling to push that point to further trial ; the matter cooled in a few days, and after the next division was deserted entirely. Mr. Stewart, however, after that speech, was considered as a very clever young man, and in all points well taught and tutored by his father, whose marriage with the Marquess of Camden's sister was the remote cause of all his future successes, how sadly terminated !

At the period to which I allude, I feel confident nobody could have predicted that one of those young gentlemen would become the most celebrated English general of his era, and the other one of the most mischievous statesmen and unfortunate ministers that has ever appeared in modern Europe. However, it is observable that to the personal intimacy and reciprocal friendship of those two individuals they mutually owed the extent of their respective elevation and celebrity ; Sir Arthur Wellesley never would have had the chief com-

mand in Spain but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh ; and Lord Castlereagh never could have stood his ground as a minister but for Lord Wellington's successes.

At my house the evening passed amidst that glow of well-bred, witty, and cordial vinous conviviality which was, I believe, peculiar to high society in Ireland.

From that night I became rather intimate with Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, and perceived certain amiable qualities in both, which a change of times or the intoxication of prosperity certainly in some degree tended to diminish. Indeed, if Lord Wellington had continued until now the same frank, open-hearted man, he certainly must have been better proof against those causes which usually excite a metamorphosis of human character than anyone who had ever preceded him. Still, if possible, he would have been a greater man ; at least he would have better drawn the distinction between a warrior and a hero, terms not altogether synonymous. Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather surprised, as we had not met for some time ; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley ? whom I discovered in his companion, but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a worn-out man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. But he soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the Duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland, where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley, but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere with his military pursuits ; and what he said proved

true, for he was soon sent as second in command with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.

On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland in that capacity I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterwards appointed to command in Spain—an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided for the time being the fate of Europe.

A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends were among the party—the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, etc. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance stated as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise, but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

“Damn it, Barrington,” said Sir Arthur, “why? what do you mean to say?” “I say, Sir Arthur,” replied I, “that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary ‘robbery and murder’ now on record!” He laughed, and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady Barrington had a ball and supper as a *finish* for the departing hero.

In 1815, having been shut up in Paris during the siege, I went out to Nivelly, to pay a visit to the Duke before our troops got into the city. I had not seen him since the last

day he dined at my own house ; but he had intermediately much changed.

I knew his Grace when Captain Wellesley, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Secretary Wellesley, Ambassador Wellesley, and Duke of Wellington. In the first stage of his career I was his equal ; in the last nobody is. However, it is a fine reflection for the contemporaries of great people that it will be " all the same a hundred years hence ! " and heroes, diplomatists, etc., must either become very good-tempered fellows when they meet in the Elysian fields, or there must be a very strong police to keep them in order.

I was present in one of the French Chambers when the question of capitulation was discussed, and most undoubtedly Marshal Ney supported that measure upon the basis of a *general amnesty*. On any other it would never have been listened to ; the battle would have taken place early next morning, and the Duke of Wellington would have had to contest the most sanguinary and desperate engagement of his day with a numerous and well-appointed army, frantic with zeal to revenge their disgrace at Waterloo. This I know—for I was (truly against the grain) kept more than twelve hours in the midst of it at Vilette, two days before the capitulation. Of this more will be seen near the end of the volume. I cannot but remark that if Ney had been pardoned, and the horses not sent to Venice, the spirit of the capitulation would have been more strictly adhered to.

I must be rightly understood respecting Lord Londonderry, to whom, individually, I never had the slightest objection. As a private gentleman, I always found him friendly, though cold ; and fair, though ambiguous. I never knew him break his word, and believe him to have been perfectly honourable upon every subject of private interest. But here my eulogy must close ; for with regard to public character, his lordship must, I fear, be pronounced corrupt. When determined on a point, nothing could stop him. In

Ireland his career was distinguished by public bribery and palpable misrepresentations—of which assertion, had I not indisputable and ample proof, I would not hazard it.

Mr. Pelham, now Earl of Chichester, was secretary to Lord Camden when Lord Lieutenant. I had the good fortune and pleasure, for it was a great pleasure to me, to be on very friendly terms with this amiable and engaging gentleman, and have seldom met any public personage I liked so well, being moderate, honourable, sufficiently firm and sufficiently spirited; I had a real gratification in attaching myself not only to his measures, but to his society. In all our intercourse, which ceased with his departure, I found him candid and just, and experienced at his hands several public acts of kindness.

Mr. Pelham's parliamentary talents were not of a splendid order. The people of Ireland never required *stars* for ministers; but a fair and candid secretary was a treat to them, and Mr. Pelham was making full way in public estimation. The last day I ever saw him in Ireland, he and his brother-in-law, Lord Sheffield, did me the favour of dining with me in Merrion Square. I perceived he was uncommonly dull, and regretted the circumstance much; he obviously grew worse, at length laid his head upon the table, and when he departed was extremely ill. Next day he was in a violent fever, his life was long despaired of, he recovered with difficulty, and on his recovery returned to England. Mr. Stewart, by marriage the Lord Lieutenant's nephew, was named as *locum tenens* during Mr. Pelham's absence, or, should he not return, until the appointment of another secretary. But he was soon discovered by his employers to be fit for *any* business; and as it had been long in the secret contemplation of the British ministry to extinguish the Irish Parliament, either by fraud or force, and Lord Camden being considered too inactive, perhaps too conscientious and honourable, to resort to either of

those weapons, it was determined to send over an old servant-of-all-work, who had fought till he was beaten, and negotiated till he was outwitted. This person, Lord Cornwallis, with the assistance of his young secretary, would stop at nothing necessary to effect the purpose, and they could between them carry a measure which few other persons at that period durst have attempted.

These fragments are not intended as political episodes. The result of that coalition everybody knows. I shall only state so much of the transaction as relates to my own individual concerns. I had an interview with Lord Castle-reagh, some time after he came into office, at Mr. Cooke's chambers. He told me he understood I expected to be the next solicitor-general, and had applied for the office. I answered that I not only expected as much, but considered myself, under all circumstances, *entitled* to that preferment. He and Mr. Cooke both said "yes," and recommended me to make "my *party good* with Lord Clare," who had expressed "no indisposition" to the appointment. Had I not been supposed of some use to the Government, I do not doubt but Lord Clare would have preferred many other more subservient gentry of my profession. But he knew that although Lord Westmoreland, on leaving Ireland, had made no express stipulation, he had subsequently gone as far as he could with Lord Camden for my promotion. Lord Clare played me off cleverly until, in the month of August, 1799, I was sent for in private by the secretary, Edward Cooke, who had been a particular confidential friend of mine for several years. Having first enjoined secrecy as to our conference, he told me that a measure of great import had been under consideration in the English Cabinet, and might possibly be acted on; and then proceeding to acquaint me that Lord Clare had made no objection to my promotion, he asked in so many words if I would support the "question of 'a union,' if it should be brought forward?"

I was struck as if by a shot ! I had no idea of such a thing being now seriously contemplated, although I had often heard of it as a measure suggested in 1763. My mind had never any doubts upon the degrading subject, all thoughts whereof had been considered as banished for ever by the volunteers of 1782. I, therefore, replied at once, " No, never ! " " You'll think better of it, Barrington ! " said he. " Never, by — ! " rejoined I ; " never ! " and the discussion was dropped, nor did I confide it to any save one individual, who differed with me very much, at least as to the mode of refusal.

I was determined, however, to know how the matter really stood ; and, without touching on the late conversation, desired to be apprised whether they preserved the intention of appointing me solicitor-general. I received no other answer than the following letter from Lord Castlereagh, without any explanation ; but it was enveloped in a very long one from Mr. Cooke, headed " strictly private," and therefore, of course, still remaining so :—

" My dear Sir,

" September 7, 1799.

" I am directed by his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, to assure you that he would be glad to avail himself of any proper opportunity of complying with your wishes ; and that he regrets much, he is at present so particularly circumstanced with respect to the office of solicitor-general, that he feels it impossible to gratify your desire as to that appointment. I should myself have been very happy had I been able to communicate to you a more favourable result.

" Dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

" CASTLEREAGH."

I never had anything more to do with the successive Governments of Ireland,* and have used all forbearance in

* Lord Castlereagh's letter to me put, in fact, a civil end to my dreams of promotion.

giving my opinion of Irish Lord Chancellors, except Mr. Ponsonby, whom nobody ever heard me praise as a very great lawyer, but whom everybody has heard me term a just judge, and an honest, friendly man.

Of Lord Camden, I believe, there was no second opinion in the circle wherein I moved ; a better man could not be ; but instead of governing, he was governed ; and intimately acquainted as I was with every procedure and measure during his administration in Ireland, I do most fully acquit him, individually, of the outrageous, impolitic, and ill-judged measures which distinguished his rule. As to Lord Clare, he was despotic, and the greatest enemy Ireland ever had. His father had been a Roman Catholic, and intended for a priest, but changed his tenets, became a barrister of great and just celebrity, and left many children.

Lord Clare was latterly my most inveterate enemy ; the cause shall be no secret ;—it arose from a vicious littleness of mind scarcely credible, and proves to me that implacability of temper never exists without its attendant faults ; and although it may be deprecated by cringing, is seldom influenced by feelings of generosity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LORD NORBURY.

LORD NORBURY, then Mr. Toler, went circuit as judge the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of anyone, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's, at that time my proclaimed enemy, he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounce myself; but he was generally so very good-tempered that I really felt a repugnance to indulging him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed that "I should only just give him that character which developed itself by his versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody!*"—and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit—of course, I followed. The sergeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the Speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken, whilst running away, in Nassau Street, and as I resisted was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the House. The Speaker told us we must give our honours forthwith that the matter should proceed no further. Toler got up to defend himself, but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ridiculous figure; and Curran put a finishing stroke to the comicality of the scene by gravely

saying, that " it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the House ! as it appeared that one honourable member had *trimmed* another honourable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the Speaker ! " A general roar of laughter ensued. I gave my honour, as required, I think with more good-will than Toler, and would willingly have forgotten the affair altogether, which he apparently never did. I only hope that when his memory declines, which time cannot be very far off now, our quarrel will be the first circumstance that slips it. If I could forget *anything*, I should long ago have lost all recollection thereof.

Lord Norbury had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever knew who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at everything, and failing in one attempt, made another—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much, though unintentionally, annoyed by Mr. Toler at one of the first dinners he gave, as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to the judges and king's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar, of whom he was then quite ignorant, were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his lordship had obviously got together some of his best bar-remarks—for of *wit* he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive—to repeat to his company, as occasion might offer ; and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining.

The first of his lordship's observations after dinner was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. " After much trial," continued his lordship, " I found that the difficulty

was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other."

Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery, and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough—no laugh being gained on either side.

Lord Redesdale's next remark was, that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion, and that both ladies and gentlemen went full dressed to the cock-pit, the ladies being in hoops.

"I see now, my lord," said Toler, "it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented."

A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned chancellor. He sat for a while silent, until skating became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied, and with an air of triumph said that in his boyhood all danger was avoided, for before they began to skate they always put blown bladders under their arms, and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"Ay, my lord!" said Toler, "that's what we call blather-am-skate* in Ireland."

His lordship did not understand this sort of thing at all; and though extremely courteous, seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. "Mr. Garrat O'Farrell," said the chancellor solemnly, "I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in

* An Irish vulgar idiom for "nonsense."

County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there."

"Yes, my lord!" said O'Farrell, "we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county."

His lordship said no more; and so far as respect for a new chancellor admitted, we got into our own line of conversation, without his assistance. His lordship by degrees began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and at the breaking up I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race, possessing at a dinner-table much more good-fellowship than special pleading, and that he would have a good many of his old notions to get rid of before he could completely cotton to so dissimilar a body—but he was extremely polite. Chief Justice Downs and a few more of our high cold sticklers for "decorum" were quite uneasy at this skirmishing.

I never met a cold-blooded ostentatious man of office whom I did not feel pleasure in mortifying; an affectation of *sang froid* is necessary neither to true dignity nor importance, and generally betrays the absence of many amiable qualities.

I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett's best *jeux d'esprits*. A cause was argued in Chancery wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites*. "Kites?" exclaimed Lord Redesdale; "kites, Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don't understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett."

"It is not to be expected that you should, my lord," answered Plunkett. "In England and in Ireland kites are

quite different things. In England the *wind* raises the *kites*, but in Ireland the *kites* raise the *wind*."

"I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett," said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

"Well, my lord, I'll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey," and therewith he elucidated the difficulty.

Lord Redesdale never could pronounce the name of Mr. Colclough, a suitor in the Chancery court. It was extremely amusing to hear how he laboured to get it off his tongue, but quite in vain! Callcloff was his nearest effort. I often wished I could recommend him to try his *dog-teeth*.

On the discussion of the Catholic Bill, in 1792, Lord Westmoreland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, certainly did not approve of the precipitate measures wished for by his secretary, Major Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire. I had the honour of distinctly knowing the sentiments of both, and clearly saw the shades of difference which existed between them, but which, of course, I had not the presumption to notice. I felt convinced that both were my friends, and was desirous, if possible, to run counter to neither.

I never had disputed the political right of the Catholics *theoretically*; but I had been bred up amongst Williamites, and had imbibed, without very well understanding their bearing, strong Protestant principles; and hence I deemed it wisest neither to speak nor vote upon the subject at that period.

The Irish Catholics had conceived a wonderful high opinion of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament, and to bear his expenses a

sum of £2,000 was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted. A petition had been prepared by Burke, and being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest Catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, especially in favour of a son of the great Burke, determined he would present the petition himself—not at the bar, but in the body of the House ! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the House with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the Treasury Bench, when a general cry of “ Privilege ! A stranger in the House ! ” arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder ; but when the Speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out, “ Sergeant-at-arms, do your duty ! ” it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke’s ears ; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the sergeant-at-arms with a drawn sword ; retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk, and the sergeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual *flight*. The doorkeepers at the corridor now joined in pursuit ; but at length, after an excellent chase, the members all keeping their seats, he forced through the enemy behind the Speaker’s chair and escaped ! no doubt to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed ; messengers despatched in all quarters to arrest him ; very few knew who he was, when Lord Norbury, with that vivacious promptness which he always possessed, on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before, exclaimed, “ I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross readings of the columns of a newspaper.

'Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons, it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off.' "

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the House in a moment into good humour. Burke returned to England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member that the sergeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honourable gentleman—"How could the sergeant-at-arms stop him in the rear whilst he was catching him in the front? Did he think the sergeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"

I read some time back in the English newspapers an anecdote of Lord Norbury's having appeared on the bench in a masquerade dress. As I was myself present at that occurrence, it is only just to his lordship to state the *facts*, whence it will appear that it was totally a mistake—so much so, indeed, that his lordship did not seem to be conscious of his habiliments even whilst every person in court was staring with astonishment.

Some time previously Lady Castlereagh had given a very splendid masquerade, at which I saw the Chief Justice in the dress and character of *Hawthorn*, in *Love in a Village*, and well did he enact that part. The dress was a green tabinet, with mother-of-pearl buttons, striped yellow and black waistcoat, and buff breeches, and was altogether cool and light.

On going the next circuit, the weather being excessively sultry, and his lordship having a great press of sentences to pass on rebels, etc., at Carlow, he put on under his robes the lightest vestments in his lordship's wardrobe. Now, be it remembered that the use of the said masquerade dress was a *dead secret* except to the robes that covered it, and neither the passing nor future generations would ever have heard a word of the green jacket if the said robes had kept themselves

close, as the Chief Justice had carefully provided before the sounding of the trumpet.

The warmth of the day, however, and the variety of appropriate addresses necessary to be framed for so many convicted criminals, might be expected to take away a certain quantity of any man's precaution, and as a Chief Justice is *but a man*, Lord Norbury fell into the snare ! and feeling the heat insufferable, which the twisting his wig sideways did not relieve, he involuntarily first turned up the sleeves of his robe, then loosened the zone round his waist. The robe being now free from all restraint, thought it had a right to steal away from the green jacket, and thus the unconscious Chief Justice " stood confessed " to the auditory in the court-house as the representative of a very different character from that of a judge ! But it was an accident that might, without culpability, have happened even to an archbishop ! I once saw a bishop myself play the fiddle at one of the public concerts of the first Lady Westmoreland in Dublin Castle.

It is only justice to Lord Norbury to add that I have repeatedly seen him do things involuntarily, which it would have been totally impossible for him to have done if conscious at the time of his own actions. Though acute in general, he occasionally thought of so many things at once that he lost all recollection whether of place or circumstance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HENRY GRATTAN.

MANY anecdotes occur to me of my late respected friend Mr. Grattan. There are but few, however, which can throw fresh light upon a character so long and so generally known, and which exhibited unvarying excellence.

I never met any man who possessed the genuine elements of courage in a higher degree than Mr. Grattan, in whom dwelt a spirit of mild, yet impetuous bravery, which totally banished all apprehensions of danger.

I have already given some account of my contest for Dublin city, and of the circumstances connecting my illustrious friend therewith. On the evening of the first day of polling, whilst I sat at dinner, a servant announced that a gentleman in a sedan-chair was at the door and wished to speak to me. I immediately went out, and finding it was Grattan, begged him to enter the house; upon which he desired his chair to be taken into the hall. His manner was so agitated and mysterious that I felt quite alarmed, and feared something untoward had happened to him. We went into a parlour, where, without any introductory observation, he exclaimed, "Barrington, I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said I, "what rascal?"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried he—"that Giffard!"

"My dear Grattan," I replied, "you cannot be serious; there is no ground for a challenge on your part; your language to him was such as never before was used to human creature; and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect upon him."

"Ah, that won't do, Barrington!" exclaimed Grattan; "he objected to my voting for you because, he said, I was a 'discarded corporator.'"

"That was not intended as *personal*," said I; "and even had he gained his point, would it not be an *honour* for you to be removed from such a corporation?"

"Barrington," rejoined he, "it's of no use! I must have a shot at the fellow; I can't sleep unless you go to him for me."

This I peremptorily refused, arguing and reasoning with him again and again; he still continuing obstinate, I begged him to go and ask the advice of Mr. George Ponsonby.

"Oh, no," replied he, "Ponsonby is a *wise* man, wiser than either of us; in fact, he is sometimes too wise and too peaceable. You must go to Giffard—perhaps it may not be *wise*, but I know you prefer your friend's honour to your friend's safety. Come, now, get your hat, Barrington!"

Upwards of an hour elapsed before I could even half convince him that he was wrong; but at length, by the only argument that could make any impression on him, I extracted a promise that he would let the affair drop—"Grattan," said I, "recollect matters, and have consideration for *me*." He started—"Yes," continued I, "you know it was solely on my account that you exposed yourself to any insult; and do you think I could remain an idle *spectator* in a conflict whereof I was the *cause*? If you do not promise me that you will go 'no further in this business,' I shall instantly make the *thing* personal with Giffard *myself*."

For a moment he was silent, then smiling—"Coriolanus," said he, "replied to his noble parent, 'Mother! you have conquered!' I *will* go no further."

"I humbly thank you," said I, "for making an old woman of me." He then went away, as I conceived, satisfied. He had come thus privately, for the curtains were drawn round his chair, to avoid suspicion being

excited of his intentions, and the authorities consequently interfering to prevent the combat. My surprise may be imagined when, at six o'clock the next morning, I was roused by the same announcement of a *gentleman* in a *chair*. I knew it must be Grattan, and directed him to be brought in.

I had now the same game to play over again. He said he had not slept a wink all night from thinking about "that rascal," and that he "must have a shot at him." Another course now suggested itself to me, and I told him I had, on consideration, determined, whether right or wrong, that if he persevered I would wait upon the sheriff and get him bound over to keep the peace. He was not pleased at this, but had no option; and ultimately we both agreed not to revive the subject during the election.

Mr. Egan, one of the roughest-looking persons possible, being at one time a supporter of Government, made virulent philippics in the Irish House of Commons against the French Revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated, and his dress not over-elegant withal; in fact, he had by no means the look of a member of Parliament.

One evening this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's, and, amongst other absurdities, said in his paroxysm that the right honourable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the House; indeed, he almost thought he could already perceive it before him. ("Hear him! hear him!" echoed from Sir Boyle Roche.) Grattan good-humouredly replied that the honourable member must have a vastly sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing; "but though," added Grattan, looking with his glass toward Egan, "I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the *executioner*."

"Order! Order!" shouted Sir Boyle Roche; but a general laugh prevented any further observation.

Colonel Burr, who had been vice-president of America, and probably would have been the next president, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of South Carolina, with whom I was very intimate. He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance—rough-featured and neither dressy nor polished, but a well-informed, sensible man, and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion.

People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigour, and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him.

We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure, meagre, yellow, and ordinary—one slipper and one shoe, his breeches' knees loose, his cravat hanging down, his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously; asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies

were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course—who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the taller and more dignified looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed ; Grattan, therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself.

This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain ; and taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed ! Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment ; he pulled down his shirt sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way apologised for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it, in his anxiety not to keep them waiting—that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs ! This incident rendered the interview more interesting ; the Americans were charmed with their reception, and after a protracted visit retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.

Nobody lamented more than myself the loss of this distinguished man and true patriot, who, as everyone knows, breathed his last in the British metropolis after a long and painful illness ; and the public papers soon after

announced, to my astonishment and chagrin, the fact of preparations being on foot for his interment in Westminster Abbey ! I say to my astonishment and chagrin, because it was sufficiently plain that this affected mark of respect was only meant to restrain the honest enthusiasm which might have attended his funeral obsequies in his own country.

The subtle minister then ruling the councils of Britain knew full well that vanity is the falsest guide of human judgment, and, therefore, held out that Westminster Abbey—the indiscriminate dormitory of generals and spies, of ministers, and admirals, and poets—was the most honourable resting-place for the remains of an Irish patriot, and an humble gravestone most congenial to Grattan's unassuming nature. This lure was successful, and accordingly he who had made British ministers tremble in the cabinet, whose forbearance they had propitiated by a tender of the king's best palace in Ireland, whose fame they had, nevertheless, endeavoured to destroy, and whose principles they had calumniated, was escorted to the grave by the most decided of his enemies, and, as if in mockery of his country and himself, inhumed amongst the inveterate foes of Ireland and of Grattan ! It is mean to say that Lord Castlereagh had latterly *changed his opinion*, and become *civil* to his illustrious opponent ; so much the worse ! he thereby confessed that, in 1797, and the two following years, he had laboured to destroy an *innocent* man and to disgrace an Irish patriot, who during a great portion of that period lay on the bed of sickness. The Duke of Leinster, doubtless with the best possible motives, but with a view of the subject differing from my own, suggested that Ireland should do honour to her patriot son by erecting a cenotaph to his memory. This, I must confess, appears to me—I speak of it merely as matter of opinion—to be nothing more than cold-blooded mockery—a compliment diminutive and empty. Toward

such a monument I would not subscribe one farthing ; but if the revered ashes of my friend could be restored to his country, and enshrined beneath the sky of green Erin, there is no Irishman who, in proportion to his means, should go beyond myself in contributing to uplift a monumental column which should outvie the pillars dedicated in Dublin to the glorious butcheries of *Trafalgar and Waterloo* : whilst these are proudly commemorated, no national pile records the more truly glorious triumphs of 1782, nor the formation of that irresistible army of volunteers which, in a right cause, defied all the power of England ! But my voice shall not be silent ; and deeply do I regret the untoward fate by which this just tribute to national and individual virtues has devolved upon the feeble powers of an almost superannuated writer.

Ireland gave me birth and bread, and though I am disgusted with its present state, I love the country still. I have endeavoured to give, in a more important work, some sketches of its modern history at the most prosperous epochs, together with many gloomy anecdotes of its fall and annihilation as an independent kingdom ; and if God grants me a little longer space, I shall leave behind my honest ideas of its existing condition, and of the ruin to which the British Empire will not long remain blind, if she continue to pursue the same system in that misgoverned country.

Extract of a letter from Sir Jonah Barrington to the present Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P. :—

“ My dear Grattan,

“ I regret your not receiving my letter, written immediately after the lamented departure of my honoured friend. In that letter I proposed forthwith to publish the sequel of my character of Mr. Grattan, accompanied with his portrait and some additional observations. I had composed the sequel, much to my own satisfaction, as the

continuation of his character promised in the number of my historical work, where I say 'his career is not yet finished.'

"Having received no reply to that letter, I threw the manuscript into the fire, keeping no copy ; it was scarcely consumed, however, before I repented of having done so.

"And now permit an old and sensitive friend to expostulate a little with you, in the simple garb of queries :

"Why, and for what good reason—with what policy, or on what feeling, are the bones of the most illustrious of Irishmen suffered to moulder in the same ground with his country's enemies ?

"Why suffer him to be escorted to the grave by the mock pageantry of those whose vices and corruptions ravished from Ireland everything which his talent and integrity had obtained for her ?

"Why send his countrymen on a foreign pilgrimage, to worship at the shrine of their canonised benefactor ? Were not the cathedrals of Ireland worthy to be honoured by his urn, or the youths of Erin to be animated by knowing that they possessed his ashes ? Can it be gratifying to the feelings of his countrymen to pay the sexton of a British abbey a mercenary shilling for permission even to see the gravestone of your parent ? *

"You were deceived by the blandishments of our mortal enemy ; he knew that political idolatry has great power, and excites great influence in nations. The shrine of a patriot has often proved to be the standard of liberty ; and it was, therefore, good policy in a British statesman to suppress our excitements—the bust of Rousseau is immortalised on the Continent ; the tradition of Grattan only will remain to his compatriots.

* I was myself once refused even admittance into Westminster Abbey, wherein his ashes rest !—the sexton affirming that the *proper* hour was past !

“ He lived the life, he died the death, but he does not sleep in the tomb of an Irish patriot ! England has taken away our constitution, and even the relics of its founder are retained through the duplicity of his enemy.

“ You have now my sentiments on the matter, and by frankly expressing them, I have done my duty to you, to myself, and my country.

“ Your ever affectionate and sincere friend,

“ JONAH BARRINGTON.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

LORD ALDBOROUGH.

LORD ALDBOROUGH was an arrogant and ostentatious man ; but these failings were nearly redeemed by his firmness and gallantry in his memorable collision with Lord Chancellor Clare.

Lord Aldborough, who had built a most tasteful and handsome house immediately at the northern extremity of Dublin, had an equity suit with Mr. Beresford, a nephew of Lord Clare, as to certain lots of ground close to his lordship's new mansion, which, among other conveniences, had a chapel on one wing and a theatre on the other, stretching away from the centre in a chaste style of ornamental architecture.

The cause was in Chancery, and was not protracted very long. Lord Aldborough was defeated with full costs—his pride, his purse, and his mansion must all suffer, and meddling with either of these was sufficient to rouse his lordship's spleen. He appealed, therefore, to the House of Peers, where in due season the cause came on for hearing, and where the Chancellor himself presided. The lay lords did not much care to interfere in the matter ; and without loss of time Lord Clare of the House of Peers confirmed the decree of Lord Clare of the Court of Chancery, with full costs against the appellant.

Lord Aldborough had now no redress but to write *at* the Lord Chancellor, and without delay he fell to composing a book against Lord Clare and the system of appellant jurisdiction, stating that it was totally an abuse of justice to be obliged to appeal to a prejudiced man against his own prejudices, and particularly so in the present instance,

Lord Clare being notorious as an unforgiving Chancellor to those who vexed him, and no lords attending to hear the cause, or if they did, not being much wiser for the hearing, it being the province of a counsel to puzzle, not to inform noblemen.

Lord Aldborough in his book humorously enough stated an occurrence that had happened to himself when travelling in Holland. His lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals in a trekschuit, the captain or skipper of which, being a great rogue, extorted from his lordship for his passage much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My lord expostulated with the skipper in vain ; the fellow grew rude ; his lordship persisted ; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord*, and desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry *finger-posts* in his lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand, and on landing went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He was answered at nine next morning. Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt ! for ere he had half finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder, but which his lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper ! decided against him *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court. His lordship, however, said he would *appeal*, and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his lordship's stoicism forsook him, when he again found that the very

same skipper and judge was to decide *the appeal* who had decided *the cause*, so that the learned skipper first cheated and then laughed at him.

The noble writer, having in his book made a very improper and derogatory application of his Dutch precedent to Lord Chancellor Clare and the Irish appellant jurisdiction, was justly considered by his brother peers as having committed a gross breach of their privileges, and was thereupon ordered to attend in his place and defend himself, if any defence he had, from the charge made against him by the Lord Chancellor and the peers of Ireland. Of course, the House of Lords was thronged to excess to hear his lordship's vindication. I went an hour before it met to secure a place behind the throne, where the Commoners were allowed to crowd up as well as they could.

The Chancellor, holding the vicious book in his hand, asked Lord Aldborough if he admitted that it was of his writing and publication? to which his lordship replied that he could admit nothing as written or published by him till every word of it should be first truly read to their lordships aloud in the House. Lord Clare wishing to curtail some parts, began to read it himself; but not being quite near enough to the light, his opponent took a pair of enormous candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately up to the throne, and requested the Chancellor's permission to hold the candles for him whilst he was reading the book! This novel sort of effrontery put the Chancellor completely off his guard—he was outdone, and permitted Lord Aldborough to hold the lights, whilst he perused the libel comparing him to a Dutch skipper, nor did the obsequious author omit to set him right here and there when he omitted a word or proper emphasis. It was ludicrous beyond example, and gratifying to the secret ill-wishers of Lord Clare, who bore no small proportion to the aggregate numbers of the House. The *libel* being duly read through, Lord Ald-

borough at once spiritedly and adroitly said that he avowed every word of it to their lordships ; but that it was not intended as any libel either against the House or the jurisdiction, but as a constitutional and just rebuke to their lordships for not performing their bounden duty in attending the hearing of the appeal ; he being quite certain that if any sensible men had been present, the Lord Chancellor would only have had two lords and two bishops, his own creatures, on his side of the question.

This was considered as an aggravation of the contempt, though some thought it was not very far from the matter-of-fact. The result was, that after a bold speech, delivered with great earnestness, his lordship was voted guilty of a high breach of privilege, and a libel on the Lord Chancellor, as Chairman of the House. He was afterwards ordered to Newgate for six months by the Court of King's Bench, on an information filed against him by the Attorney-General, which sentence, his lordship told them, he considered under the circumstances as a high compliment and honour. In fact, he never was so pleased as when speaking of the incident, and declaring that he expected to have his book recorded on the Journals of the Lords—the Chancellor himself, by applying his anecdote of the Dutch skipper, having construed it into a regular episode on their proceedings.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

THERE have been few public men whose characters have afforded a more ample field for comment than that of Mr. Curran, and there are *very* few who have been more miserably handled by their biographers. Young men who fancied they knew him because they were latterly in his society, in fact, knew him not at all. None but the intimates of his earlier and brighter days, and even among such, those only who had mixed with him in general as well as professional society could possibly estimate the inconsistent qualities of that celebrated orator.

My intimacy with Curran was long and close. I knew every turn of his mind and every point of his capacity. He was not fitted to pursue the niceties of detail ; but his imagination was infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable. There was scarce any species of talent to which he did not possess some pretension. He was gifted by Nature with the faculties of an advocate and a dramatist ; and the lesser but ingenious accomplishment of personification, without mimicry, was equally familiar to him. In the circles of society, where he appeared everybody's superior, nobody ever seemed jealous of the superiority.

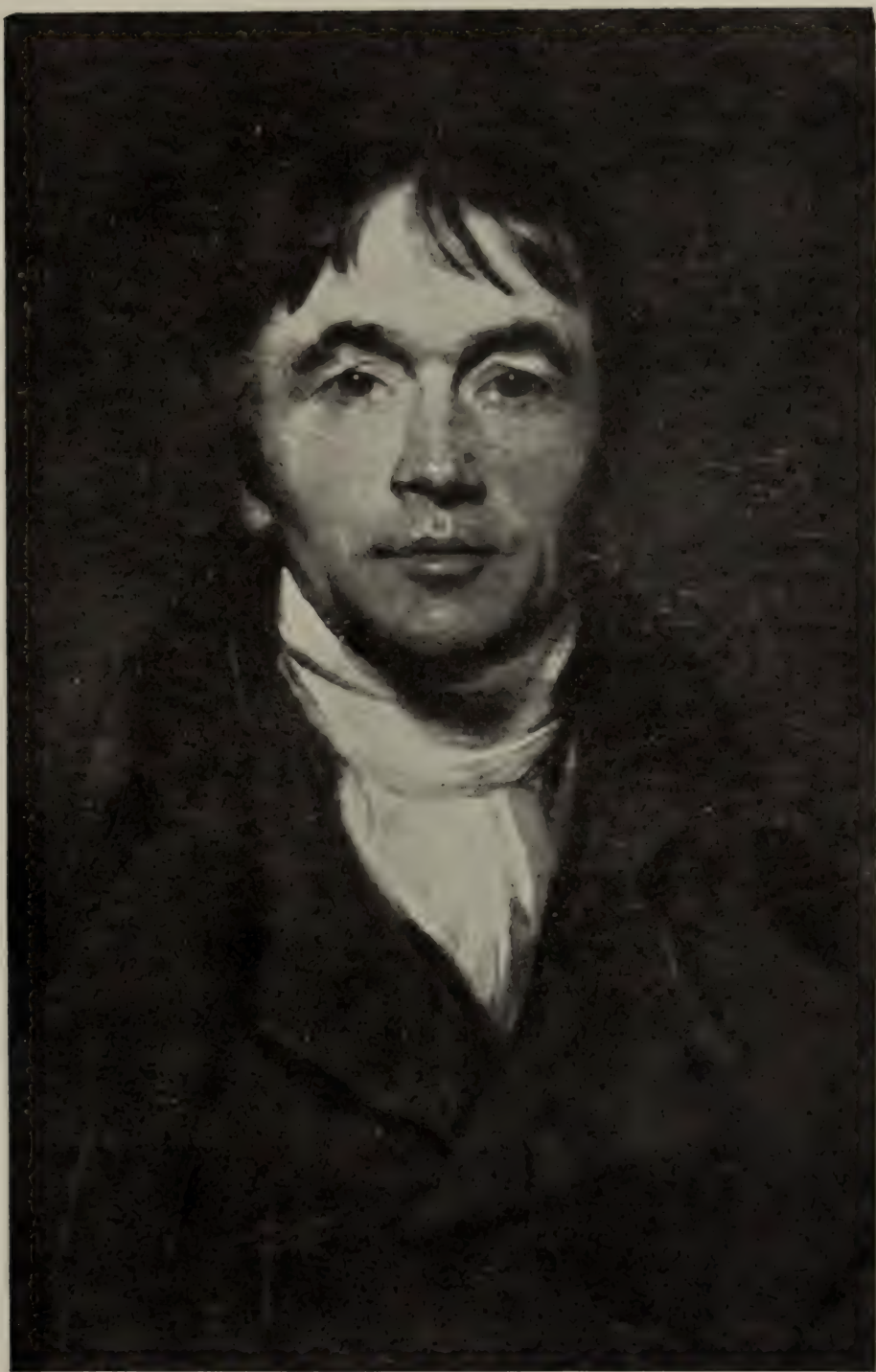
Curran's person was mean and decrepit ; very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it ; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable ; there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eyebrow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the

slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing. He had no vein for poetry ; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses ; he certainly was no musician ; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly ; Nature had denied him a voice, but he thought he could sing ; and in the rich mould of his capabilities the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

It is a curious but a just remark that every slow, *crawling* reptile is in the highest degree disgusting, whilst an insect ten times uglier, if it be sprightly and seems bent upon enjoyment, excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race ; had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements, his fire, his sparkling eye, the fine and varied intonations of his voice, these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with ; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a man being *celebrated*, as regards the patronage of women.

Curran had a perfect *horror* of fleas ; nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to shew him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said that " they always flocked to his bed-chamber when they heard he was to sleep there ! " I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow, and on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, " By Heavens ! madam," cried he, " they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely ! "

Curran and I were in the habit for several years of meet-



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

*From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence
(National Portrait Gallery, Dublin)*

ing, by appointment, in London during the long vacation, and spending a month there together, in the enjoyment of the public amusements, but we were neither extravagant nor dissipated. We had both some propensities in common, and a never-failing amusement was derived from drawing out and remarking upon eccentric characters. Curran played on such people as he would on an instrument, and produced whatever tone he thought proper from them. Thus he always had a good *fiddle* in London, which he occasionally brought to our dining-house for the general entertainment.

We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon Coffee-house, Charing Cross, kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais, where we had a box every day at the end of the room ; and as when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackal* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and as if carelessly the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased until the room at five o'clock was thronged to hear " the Irishmen." One or two days we went elsewhere, and on returning to " the Cannon " our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. " Sir," said he, " I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence." I replied, " Quite the contrary ! "—" Why, sir," rejoined he, " as you did not come the last few days the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of

fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table every day at five o'clock whilst you stay in town, and I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen."

I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word ; the room was filled ; we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused ; however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a £10 note enclosed in a letter, desiring him to give the balance to his waiters.

The present Lord Clancarty was called to the Irish bar. Most men are found to have some predominant quality when it is properly drawn forth ; but in sending Mr. Trench to the bar, his friends found, after a due novitiate, that they were endeavouring to extract the wrong commodity, and that his law would never furnish a sufficient *depot* to recruit his pocket. During the rebellion, however, I discovered that he was a most excellent sergeant of dragoons, in which capacity his lordship was my subaltern in the barristers' cavalry ; and I have the satisfaction of reflecting that a considerable portion of our rank and file were, in a very short time after the Union, metamorphosed into ambassadors, secretaries, judges, noblemen, bishops, and ministers ! What a loss must the empire have sustained if we had been all piked by the rebels !—a result not very improbable, as I am apprehensive we should have proved rather helpless fellows in a general engagement with 20,000 or 30,000 of those desperate gentry ! in which case the whole kingdom of Ireland would have been left with scarcely sufficient professors of the art of litigation to keep that science, as well as the church and state, in preservation till new lawyers could be broke into the harness.

Curran took no part in those fierce military associations, and he was quite right. He was perfectly unadapted either

to command or to obey ; and as he must have done the one or the other, he managed much better by keeping out of the broil altogether ; as he himself said to me—" If I were mounted on ever so good a charger, it is probable I should not stick ten minutes on his back in any kind of battle ; and if my sword was ever so sharp, I should not be able to cut a rebel's head off unless he promised to '*stand easy*' and in a good position for me."

Curran had ordered a new bar wig, and not liking the cut of it, he jestingly said to the peruke-maker, " Mr. Gahan, this wig will not answer me at all ! "

" How so, sir ! " said Gahan—" it seems to fit."

" Ay," replied Curran, " but it is the very worst *speaking* wig I ever had. I can scarcely utter one word of common law in it ; and as for *equity*, it is totally out of the question."

" Well, sir," said Mr. Gahan, the wigmaker, with a serious face, " I hope it may be no loss to me. I daresay it will answer Counsellor Trench."

But Counsellor Trench would not take the wig. He said he could not *hear* a word in it. At length it was sent by Gahan to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who having at that time no pressing occasion for either a speaking or hearing wig in a professional way, and the wig fitting his head, he purchased it from Mr. Gahan, who sold it a bargain on account of its bad character ; though Curran afterwards said, " he admitted that the wig had been grossly calumniated ; for the very same head which Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald then put it on was afterwards stationed at the front of the Irish exchequer, where every one of the king's debtors and farmers were obliged to pay the wigwearer some very handsome and *substantial* compliment !—Mr. Fitzgerald not being necessitated either to *hear* or *speak* one word upon the occasion."

Chief Justice Carleton was a very lugubrious personage. He never ceased complaining of his bad state of health, or rather of his hypochondriasm, and frequently introduced

Lady Carleton into his *Book of Lamentations* : thence it was remarked by Curran to be very extraordinary that the chief justice should appear as plaintiff (*plaintive*) in every cause that happened to come before him !

One *Nisi Prius* day, Lord Carleton came into court looking unusually gloomy. He apologised to the bar for being necessitated to adjourn the court and dismiss the jury for that day, " though," proceeded his lordship, " I am aware that an important issue stands for trial ; but the fact is, I have met with a domestic misfortune, which has altogether deranged my nerves ! Poor Lady Carleton (in a low tone to the bar) has most unfortunately *miscarried*, and "——

" Oh, then, my lord ! " exclaimed Curran, " there was no necessity for your lordship to make any apology, since it now appears that your lordship has *no issue* to try."

The chief justice faintly smiled, and thanked the bar for their consideration.

In 1812 Curran dined at my house in Brook Street, London. He was very dejected ; I did my utmost to rouse him, in vain. He leaned his face on his hand, and was long silent. He looked yellow, wrinkled, and livid ; the dramatic fire had left his eye, the spirit of his wit had fled, his person was shrunken, and his whole demeanour miserable and distressing.

After a long pause, a dubious tear standing in his eye, he on a sudden exclaimed with a sort of desperate composure, " Barrington, I am perishing ! day by day I'm perishing ! I feel it ; you knew me when I *lived*, and you witness my annihilation." He was again silent.

I felt deeply for him. I saw that he spoke truth ; reasoning would have only increased the malady, and, I, therefore, tried another course—*bagatelle*. I jested with him, and reminded him of old anecdotes. He listened—gradually his attention was caught, and at length I excited a smile ; a laugh soon followed, a few glasses of wine brought him to

his natural temperament, and Curran was himself for a great part of the evening. I saw, however, that he would soon relapse, and so it turned out ; he began to talk to me about his family, and that very wildly. He had conceived some strange prejudices on this head, which I disputed with him, until I wearied of the subject.

We supped together, and he sat cheerful enough till I turned him into a coach at one o'clock in the morning. I never saw him after in London.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

IN the early part of my life the Irish press, though supposed to be under due restraint, was, in fact, quite uncontrolled. From the time of Dean Swift and Drapier's *Letters* its freedom had increased at intervals not only as to public but private subjects. This was attributable to several curious causes, which combined to render the law of libel, although stronger in theory, vastly feebler in practice than at the present day ; and whoever takes the trouble of looking into the Irish newspapers about the commencement of the American Revolution, and in 1782, will find therein some of the boldest writing and ablest *libels* in the English language. Junius was the pivot on which the liberty of the press at one time vibrated—liberty was triumphant ; but if that precedent were to prevail to the same extent, I am not sure it would not achieve too much.

The law of libel in England, however railed at, appears to me upon the freest footing that private or public security can possibly admit. The press is not encumbered by any *previous* restraints. Any man may write, print, and publish whatever he pleases, and none but his own peers and equals, in two distinct capacities, can declare his culpability, or enable the law to punish him as a criminal for a breach of it. I cannot conceive what greater liberty or protection the press can require, or ought to enjoy. If a man voluntarily commits an offence against the law of libel with his eyes open, it is only fair that he should abide by the statute that punishes him for doing so. Despotic governments employ a previous censorship, in order to cloak their crimes and establish their tyranny. England, on the other hand,

appoints independent judges and sworn jurors to defend her liberties, and hence is confirmed to the press a wholesome latitude of full and fair discussion on every public man and measure.

The law of libel in Ireland was formerly very loose and badly understood, and the courts there had no particular propensity for multiplying legal difficulties on ticklish subjects.

The judges were then dependent, a circumstance which might have partially accounted for such causes being less frequent than in later times ; but another reason, more extensively operating, was that in those days men who were libelled generally took the law into their own hands, and eased the King's Bench of great trouble by the substitution of a small sword for a declaration, or a case of pistols for a judgment ; and these same articles certainly formed a greater check upon the propagation of libels than the twelve judges and thirty-six jurors altogether at the present day, and gave rise to a code of laws very different from those we call municipal. A third consideration is, that scolding matches and disputes among soldiers were then never made matters of legal inquiry. Military officers are now by statute held unfit to remain such if they fight one another, whilst formerly they were thought unfit to remain in the army if they did not ; formerly they were bound to fight in person, now they can fight by proxy, and in Ireland may lure champions to contest the matter for them every day in the week, Sunday excepted, and so decide their quarrels without the least danger or one drop of bloodshed. A few able lawyers, armed with paper and parchment, will fight for them all day long, and if necessary all night likewise, and that, probably, for only as much recompense as may be sufficient to provide a handsome entertainment to some of the spectators and to their pioneer attorney, who is generally bottleholder on these occasions.

Another curious anomaly is become obvious. If *lawyers* now refuse to pistol each other, they may be scouted out of society, though duelling is *against* the *law* ! but if military officers take a shot at each other, they may be dismissed from the army, though fighting is the essence and object of their profession ; so that a civilian, by the new lights of society, changes places with the soldier—the soldier is bound to be peaceable, and the civilian is forced to be pugnacious—*cedent arma togæ*. It is curious to conjecture what our next metamorphosis may be !

The first publication which gave rise, so far as I can remember, to decided measures for restraining the Irish press was a newspaper called *Hoy's Mercury*, published nearly fifty years ago by Mr. Peter Hoy, a printer in Parliament Street, whom I saw some time since in his shop on Ormond Quay in good health, and who voted for me on the Dublin election of 1803.

In this newspaper Mr. Hoy brought forward two fictitious characters—one called Van Trump, the other Epaphroditus Dodridge. These he represented as standing together in one of the most public promenades of the Irish capital, and the one, on describing the appearance, features, and dress of each passer-by, and asking his companion “ who that was ? ” received in reply a full account of the individual, to such a degree of accuracy as to leave no doubt respecting identity, particularly in a place so contracted as, comparatively speaking, Dublin then was. In this way as much libellous matter was disseminated as would now send a publisher to gaol for half his life ; and the affair was so warmly and generally taken up that the lawyers were set to work, Peter Hoy sadly terrified, and Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge banished from that worthy person's newspaper.

But the most remarkable observation is, that so soon as the Irish judges were, in 1782, made by statute independent of the Crown, the law of libel became more strictly construed,

and the libellers more severely punished. This can only be accounted for by supposing that, while dependent, the judges felt that any peculiar rigour might be attributed, in certain instances, less to their justice than to their policy ; and being thus sensitive, especially in regard to Crown cases, they were chary of pushing their enactments to their full scope. After the provision which rendered them independent of the ruling powers, this delicacy became needless. But, nevertheless, a candid judge will always bear in mind that austerity is no necessary attribute of justice, which is always more efficient in its operation when tempered with mercy. The unsalutary harshness of our penal code has become notorious. True, it is not acted up to ; and this is only another modification of the evil, since it tempts almost every culprit to anticipate his own escape. On the Continent it is different. There the punishment which the law provides is *certainly* inflicted ; and the consequence is, that in France there is not above *one* capital conviction to any *twenty* in England.

The late Lord Clonmell's * heart was nearly broken by vexations connected with his public functions. He had been in the habit of holding parties to excessive bail in libel cases on his own fiat, which method of proceeding was at length regularly challenged and brought forward ; and the matter being discussed with asperity in Parliament, his lordship was, to his great mortification, restrained from pursuing such a course for the future.

He had in the Court of King's Bench used rough language towards Mr. Hackett, a gentleman of the bar, the members of which profession considered themselves as all assailed in the person of a brother barrister. A general meeting

* His lordship's only son, married to a daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury, is now a total absentee, and exhibits another lamentable proof that the children even of men who rose to wealth and title by the favours of the Irish people feel disgusted, and renounce for ever that country to which they are indebted for their bread and their elevation !

was, therefore, called by the father of the bar, a severe condemnation of his lordship's conduct voted, with only one dissentient voice, and an unprecedented resolution entered into, that "until his lordship publicly apologised no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the King's Bench, or sign any pleadings for that court."

This experiment was actually tried. The judges sat, but no counsel appeared, no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their lordships had the court to themselves. There was no alternative ; and next day Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology by advertisement in the newspapers, and with excellent address made it appear as if written on the evening of the offence, and, therefore, voluntary.

This nobleman had built a beautiful house near Dublin, and walled in a deer-park to operate medicinally, by inducing him to use more riding exercise than he otherwise would take. Mr. Magee, printer of the *Dublin Evening Post*, who was what they call a little cracked, but very acute, one of the men whom his lordship had held to excessive bail, had never forgiven it, and purchased a plot of ground under my lord's windows, which he called "Fiat Hill." There he entertained the populace of Dublin once a week with various droll exhibitions and sports—such, for instance, as asses dressed up with wigs and scarlet robes, dancing dogs in gowns and wigs as barristers, soaped pigs, etc. These assemblies, although productive of the greatest annoyance to his lordship, were not sufficiently riotous to be termed a public nuisance, being solely confined to Magee's own field, which his lordship had unfortunately omitted to purchase when he built his house.

The earl, however, expected at length to be clear of his tormentor's feats, at least for a while, as Magee was found guilty on a charge of libel, and Lord Clonmell would have no qualms of conscience in giving *justice* full scope by

keeping him under the eye of the marshal, and consequently an absentee from "Fiat Hill" for a good space of time.

Magee was brought up for judgment, and pleaded himself in mitigation that he was ignorant of the publication, not having been in Dublin when the libel appeared; which fact, he added, Lord Clonmell well knew. He had been indeed entertaining the citizens under the earl's windows, and saw his lordship peeping out from the side of one of them the whole of that day; and the next morning he had overtaken his lordship riding into town. "And by the same token," continued Magee, "your lordship was riding *cheek by jowl* with your own brother, Matthias Scott, the tallow-chandler,* from Waterford, and audibly discussing the price of fat at the very moment I passed you."

There was no standing this, a general laugh was inevitable; and his lordship, with that address for which he was so remarkable, affecting to commune a moment with his brother judges, said, "it was obvious, from the poor man's manner, that he was not just then in a state to receive definitive judgment; that the paroxysm should be permitted to subside before any sentence could be properly pronounced. For the present, therefore, he should only be given into the care of the marshal, till it was ascertained how far the state of his intellect should regulate the court in pronouncing its judgment." The marshal saw the crisis, and hurried away Magee before he had further opportunity of incensing the Chief Justice.

Theophilus Swift, who, though an Irishman, practised at the English bar, gave rise to one of the most curious libel cases that ever occurred in Ireland, and which involved a point of very great interest and importance.

Theophilus had two sons. In point of figure, temper,

* Lord Clonmell and Matthias Scott vied with each other which had the largest and most hanging pair of cheeks—vulgarly called *jowls*. His lordship's chin was a treble one, whilst Matthias's was but doubled, but then it was broader and hung deeper than his brother's.

disposition and propensities, no two brothers in the whole kingdom were so dissimilar. Dean Swift, the eldest, was tall, thin, and gentlemanly, but withal an unqualified reformer and revolutionist ; the second, Edmond, was broad, squat, rough, and as fanatical an ultra-royalist as the king's dominions afforded. Both were clever men in their way.

The father was a freethinker in every respect—fond of his sons, although materially different from either, but agreeing with the younger in being a professed and extravagant loyalist. He was bald-headed, pale, slender, and active, with gray eyes, and a considerable squint ; an excellent classic scholar, and versed likewise in modern literature and *belles lettres*. In short, Theophilus Swift laid claim to the title of a sincere, kind-hearted man ; but was at the same time the most visionary of created beings. He saw everything whimsically, many things erroneously, and nothing like another person. Eternally in motion, either talking, writing, fighting, or whatever occupation came uppermost, he never remained idle one second whilst awake, and I really believe was busily employed even in his slumbers.

His sons, of course, adopted entirely different pursuits ; and though affectionate brothers, *agreed* in nothing save a love for each other and attachment to their father. They were both writers, and good ones ; both speakers, and bad ones.

Military etiquette was formerly very conspicuous on some occasions. I well recollect when a man bearing the king's commission was considered as bound to fight anybody and everybody that gave him the invitation. When the Duke of York was pleased to exchange shots with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, it was considered by our friend Theophilus as a personal offence to every gentlemen in England, civil or military ; and he held that every man who loved the reigning family should challenge Colonel Lennox, until somebody turned up who was good marks-

man enough to penetrate the Colonel, and thus punish his presumption.

Following up his speculative notions, Mr. Swift actually challenged Colonel Lennox for having had the arrogance to fire at the king's son. The Colonel had never seen or even heard of this antagonist ; but learning that he was a barrister and a gentleman, he considered that, as a military man, he was bound to fight him as long as he thought proper. The result, therefore, was a meeting ; and Colonel Lennox shot my friend Theophilus clean through the carcass, so that, as Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan says, " he made his body shine through the sun ! " Swift, according to all precedents on such occasions, first staggered, then fell, was carried home, and given over, made his will, and bequeathed the Duke of York a gold snuff-box ! However, he recovered so completely, that when the Duke of Richmond went to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, I, to my surprise, saw Swift at his Grace's first levee, most anxious for the introduction. His turn came ; and without ceremony he said to the duke, by way of a pun, that " the last time he had the honour of waiting on his grace as Colonel Lennox, he received better entertainment—for that his grace had given him a ball ! "

" True," said the duke smiling ; " and now that I am Lord Lieutenant, the least I can do is to give you a brace of them ! " and in due time he sent Swift two special invitations to the balls, to make these terms consistent with his Excellency's compliments.

Swift, as will hence be inferred, was a romantic personage. In fact, he shewed the most decisive determination not to die in obscurity, by whatever means his celebrity might be acquired.

A savage, justly termed *the monster*, had during Swift's career at the bar practised the most horrid and mysterious crime we have yet heard of—namely, that of stabbing women indiscriminately in the street, deliberately and with-

out cause. He was at length taken and ordered for trial ; but so odious and detestable was his crime that not a gentleman of the bar would act as his advocate. This was enough to induce Swift to accept the office. He argued truly, that every man must be presumed innocent till by legal proof he appears to be guilty, and that there was no reason why the monster should be excepted from the general rule, or that actual guilt should be presumed on the charge against him more than any other charge against any other person ; that prejudice was a *prima facie* injustice, and that the crime of stabbing a lady with a weapon which was only calculated to wound could not be *greater* than that of stabbing her to the heart, and destroying her on the instant ; that if the charge had been cutting the lady's throat, he would have had his choice of advocates. He spoke and published his defence of the monster, who, however, was found guilty, and not half punished for his atrocity.

Theophilus had a competent private fortune ; but as such men as he must somehow be always dabbling in what is called in Ireland " a bit of a lawsuit," a large percentage of his rents never failed to get into the pockets of the attorneys and counsellors ; and after he had recovered from the Duke of Richmond's perforation, and the monster had been incarcerated, he determined to change his site, settle in his native country, and place his second son in the University of Dublin.

Suffice it to say, that he soon commenced a fracas with *all* the fellows of the university, on account of their " not doing justice somehow," as he said, " to the cleverest lad in Ireland ! " and according to his usual habit, he determined at once to punish several of the offenders by penmanship, and regenerate the great university of Ireland by a powerful, pointed, personal, and undisguised libel against its fellows.

Theophilus was not without some plausible grounds to work upon ; but he never considered that a printed libel did

not admit of any legal justification. He at once put half a dozen of the fellows *hors de société*, by proclaiming them to be perjurers, profligates, imposters, etc. ; and printed, published, and circulated this his *eulogium* with all the activity and zeal which belonged to his nature, working hard to give it a greater circulation than almost any libel published in Ireland, and that is saying a great deal ! but the main tenor of his charge was a most serious imputation and a very home one.

By the statutes of the Irish university, strict celibacy is required ; and Mr. Swift stated “ that the fellows of that university, being also clergymen, had sworn on the Holy Evangelists that they would strictly obey and keep sacred these statutes of the university in manner, form, letter, and spirit, as enjoined by their charter from the Virgin Queen. But that notwithstanding such their solemn oath, several of these fellows and clergymen, flying in the face of the Holy Evangelists and of Queen Elizabeth, and forgetful of morality, religion, common decency, and good example, had actually taken to themselves each one woman, at least, who went by the name of *Miss Such-a-one*, but who, in fact, had in many instances undergone, or was supposed to have undergone, the ceremony and consummation of marriage with such and such a perjured fellow and parson of Dublin University ; and that those who had not so married had done worse ! and that thereby they all had so perjured themselves, and held out so vicious a precedent to youth, that he was obliged to take away his son, for fear of contamination, etc.”

It is easy to conceive that this publication from the pen of a very gentlemanly, well-educated barrister, who had defended the monster at the bar and the Duke of York in Hyde Park, and shewed himself ready and willing to write or fight with any man or body of men in Ireland, naturally made no small bustle and fuss amongst a portion of the

university men. Those who had kept out of the scrape were not reported to be in any state of deep mourning on the subject, as their *piety* was the more conspicuous ; and it could not hurt the feelings of any of them to reflect that he might possibly get a step in his promotion, on account of the defection of those seniors whose hearts might be broken or removal made necessary by the never-ending perseverance of this tremendous barrister, who had christened his son Dean Swift, that he might appear a relative of that famous churchman, the patron and idol of the Irish people.

The gentlemen of the long robe were, of course, delighted with the occurrence ; they had not for a long time met with so full and fair an opportunity of expending every sentence of their wit, eloquence, law, and logic, as in taking part in this celebrated controversy. I was greatly rejoiced at finding on my table a retainer against the fellows and parsons of Trinity College, whom I had always considered as a narrow-minded and untalented body of men, getting from £1,000 to £1,500 a year each for teaching several hundred students how to remain ignorant of most of those acquirements that a well-educated gentleman ought to be master of ; it is true, the students had a fair chance of becoming good Latin scholars, of gaining a little Greek and Hebrew, and of understanding several books of Euclid, with three or four chapters of Locke *On the Human Understanding*, and a sixpenny treatise on logic written by a very good divine, one of the body, to prove clearly that sophistry is superior to reason.* This being my opinion of them, I felt no qualms of conscience in undertaking the defence of

* Nothing can so completely stamp the character of the University of Dublin as their suppression of the only school of eloquence in Ireland, " The Historical Society," a school from which arose some of the most distinguished, able, and estimable characters that ever appeared in the forum, or in the Parliament of Ireland : this step was what the blundering Irish would call " advancing backwards."

Theophilus Swift, Esq., though most undoubtedly a libeller. It is only necessary to say that Lord Clonmell, who had been, I believe, a sizar himself in that university, and in truth, all the judges, and with good reason, felt indignant at Theophilus Swift's so violently assailing and disgracing, in the face of the empire, the only university in Ireland, thus attacking the clergy, though he defended a monster.

The trial at length came on, and there were decidedly more parsons present than, I believe, ever appeared in any court of justice of the same dimensions. The court set out full gallop against us ; nevertheless, we worked on—twice twelve judges could not have stopped us ! I examined the most learned man of the whole university, Dr. Barret, a little, greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost ; he knew of nothing on earth, save books and guineas—never went out, held but little intercourse with men, and none at all with women. I worked at him unsuccessfully for more than an hour ; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce ; at length he grew quite tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. “ Indeed ! ” exclaimed he ; “ Oh ! I did not know you were a Christian ! ” At this unexpected repartee the laugh was so strong against me that I found myself muzzled. My colleagues worked as hard as I ; but a seventy horse-power could not have moved the court. It was, however, universally admitted that there was but one little point against us out of a hundred which the other side had urged ; that point, too, had only three letters in it, yet it upset all our arguments—that talismanic word “ law ” was more powerful than two speeches of five hours each ; and by the unanimous concurrence of the court and jury, Theophilus Swift was found guilty of writing, publishing, and undoubtedly *proving* that certain parsons, Fellows of Dublin University, had been living conjugally with certain persons of an entirely different sex ; and in

consequence he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in his majesty's gaol of Newgate, where he took up his residence with nearly two hundred and forty felons and handy pickpockets.

My poor visionary friend was in a sad state of depression ; but Heaven had a banquet in store for him which more than counterbalanced all his discomfitures—an incident that I really think even the oracle of Delphi never would have thought of predicting.

The Rev. Dr. Burrows was of all the most inveterate enemy and active prosecutor of my friend Theophilus. He was one of those who, in despite of God and Queen Elizabeth, had fallen in love, and uniting his fortunes and person with the object of it, thereby got within the circle of Swift's anti-moralists. This reverend person determined to make the public hate Theophilus, if possible, as much as he did himself ; and forgetting in his zeal the doctrine of libel, and the precedent which he had himself just helped to establish, set about to slay the slayer, and write a *quietus* for Theophilus Swift, as he supposed, during the rest of his days ! Thus hugging himself in all the luxury of complete revenge on a fallen foe, Dr. Burrows produced a libel at least as unjustifiable against the prisoner as the prisoner had promulgated against him ; and having printed, published, and circulated the same, his Reverence and Madam conceived they had executed full justice on the enemy of marriage and the clergy. But alas ! they reckoned without their host. No sooner had I received a copy of this redoubtable pamphlet than I hastened to my friend Theophilus, whom, from a state of despondency and unhappiness, I had the pleasure, in half an hour, of seeing at least as happy and more pleased than any king in Europe. It is unnecessary to say more than that I recommended an immediate prosecution of the Rev. Dr. Burrows for a false, gross, and malicious libel against Theophilus Swift, Esq.

Never was any prosecution better founded or more clearly and effectually supported, and it took complete effect. The reverend prosecutor, now culprit in his turn, was sentenced to one-half of Swift's term of imprisonment, and sent off to the same gaol.

The learned fellows were astounded, the university so far disgraced ; and Theophilus Swift immediately published both trials, with observations, notes critical and historical, etc.

But, alas ! the mortification of the reverend fellow did not end here. On arriving at Newgate, as the governor informed me, the doctor desired a room as high up as could be had, that he might not be disturbed whilst remaining in that mansion. The governor informed him, with great regret, that he had not even a pigeon-hole in the gaol unoccupied at the time, there being two hundred and forty prisoners, chiefly pickpockets, many of whom were waiting to be transported, and that till these were got rid of he had no private room that would answer his reverence ; but there was a very neat and good chamber in which were only two beds—one occupied by a respectable and polite gentleman ; and if the doctor could manage in this way meanwhile, he might depend on a preference the moment there should be a vacancy. Necessity has no law, and the doctor, forced to acquiesce, desired to be shewn to the chamber. On entering, the gentleman and he exchanged bows, but in a moment both started involuntarily at sight of each other. On one was to be seen the suppressed smile of mental triumph, and on the other the grin of mortification. But Swift, naturally the *pink* of politeness, gave no reason for an increase of the doctor's chagrin. As the sunbeams put out a fire, so did a sense of his folly flash so strong upon the doctor's reason that it extinguished the blaze of his anger, and the governor having left them, in a short time an *eclaircissement* took place between these two fellow-lodgers in a room fourteen feet by

twelve ! I afterwards learned that they jogged on very well together till the expiration of their sentences, and I never heard of any libel published by either the doctor or Swift afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

I HAVE heard many parsons *attempt* eloquence, but very few of them, in my idea, succeeded. The present Archbishop of Dublin worked hard for the prize, and a good number of the Fellows of Dublin College tried their tongues to little purpose—in truth, the preaching of one minister rendered me extremely fastidious respecting eloquence from the pulpit.

This individual was Dean Kirwan, now no more, who pronounced the most impressive orations I ever heard from the members of any profession at any era. It is true, he spoke for *effect*, and, therefore, directed his flow of eloquence according to its apparent influence. I have listened to this man actually with astonishment! He was a gentleman by birth, had been educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and officiated some time in Ireland in that capacity, but afterwards conformed to the Protestant Church, and was received *ad eundem*. His extraordinary powers soon brought him into notice, and he was promoted by Lord Westmoreland to a living, afterwards became a dean, and would most probably have been a bishop; but he had an intractable turn of mind, entirely repugnant to the usual means of acquiring high preferment. It was much to be lamented that the independence of principle and action which he certainly possessed was not accompanied by any reputation for philanthropic qualities. His justly high opinion of himself seemed unjustly to overwhelm every other consideration.

Dr. Kirwan's figure, and particularly his countenance, were not prepossessing; there was an air of discontent in his

looks, and a sharpness in his features, which, in the aggregate, amounted to something not distant from repulsion. His manner of preaching was of the French school ; he was vehement for a while, and then becoming, or affecting to become, exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face ; a dead silence ensued—he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence—another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The men began to wonder at his eloquence, the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivalled his talent ; and at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a “celestial exhaustion,” as I heard a lady call it, not unfrequently terminated his discourse, in general abruptly. If the subject was charity every purse was laid largely under contribution. In the Church of St. Peter's, where he preached an annual charity sermon, the usual collection, which had been under £200, was raised by the dean to £1,100. I knew a gentleman myself who threw both his purse and watch into the plate !

Yet the oratory of this celebrated preacher would have answered in no other profession than his own, and served to complete my idea of the true distinction between pulpit, bar, and parliamentary eloquence. Kirwan in the pulpit, Curran at the bar, and Sheridan in the senate, were the three most effective orators I ever recollect in their respective departments.

Kirwan's talents seemed to me to be limited entirely to elocution. I had much intercourse with him at the house of Mr. Hely, of Tooke's Court. Whilst residing in Dublin I met him at a variety of places ; and my overwrought expectations, in fact, were a good deal disappointed. His style of address had nothing engaging in it, nothing either dignified or graceful. In his conversation there was neither sameness nor variety—ignorance nor information ; and yet, somehow or other, he avoided insipidity. His *amour propre*

was the most prominent of his superficial qualities ; and a bold, manly independence of mind and feeling the most obvious of his deeper ones. I believe he was a good man, if he could not be termed a very amiable one, and learned, although niggardly in communicating what he knew.

I have remarked thus at large upon Dean Kirwan, because he was by far the most eloquent and effective pulpit orator I ever heard, and because I never met any man whose character I felt more at a loss accurately to pronounce upon. It has been said that his sermons were adroitly extracted from passages in the celebrated discourses of Saurin the Huguenot, who preached at the Hague, grandfather to the late attorney-general of Ireland. It may be so, and in that case all I can say is, that Kirwan was a most judicious selector, and that I doubt if the eloquent writer made a hundredth part of the impression of his eloquent plagiarist.

I should myself be the plagiarist of a hundred writers, if I attempted to descant upon the parliamentary eloquence of Sheridan. It only seems necessary to refer to his speech on Mr. Hastings' trial ; at least, that is sufficient to decide me as to his immense superiority over all his rivals in splendid declamation. I had an opportunity of knowing that Mr. Sheridan was offered £1,000 for that speech by a bookseller the day after it was spoken, provided he would write it out correctly from the notes taken, before the interest had subsided ; and yet, although he certainly had occasion for money at the time, and assented to the proposal, he did not take the trouble of writing a line of it ! The publisher was, of course, displeased, and insisted on his performing his promise ; upon which Sheridan laughingly replied in the vein of Falstaff—" No, Hal ! were I at the strappado, I would do nothing *by compulsion* ! " He did it at length—but too late ! and, as I heard, was, reasonably enough, not paid. Most great men have their individual points of

superiority, and I am sure that Sheridan could not have preached, nor Kirwan have pleaded ; Curran could have done both, Grattan neither ; but in language calculated to rouse a nation, Grattan, whilst young, far exceeded either of them.

I have often met Sheridan, but never knew him intimately. He was my senior and my superior. Whilst he was in high repute, I was at laborious duties ; whilst he was eclipsing everybody in fame in one country, I was labouring hard to gain any in another. He professed Whiggism ; I did not understand it, and I have met very few patriots who appear to have acted even on their own definition thereof.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

I HAVE often mused on the unfortunate history and fate of the late Queen Caroline. It is not for me to discuss the merits or demerits of her case, or to give any opinion on the conduct of the ruling powers in the business. I shall only observe, that though it was not possible to foresee such events as subsequently took place, I had, from the time of my being presented to that princess by Lord Stowell, felt an unaccountable presentiment that her destiny would not be a happy one.

Upon the close of the "delicate investigation," a drawing-room of the most brilliant description was held at St. James's, to witness the Princess's reception by Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. I doubt if a more numerous and sparkling assemblage had ever been collected in that ancient palace; curiosity had no small share in drawing it together.

The sun was that day in one of his more glaring humours, he shone with unusual ardour into the windows of the antique ball-room—seeming as if he wished at the same moment to gild and melt down that mass of beauty and of diamonds, which was exposed to all his fervour. The crowd was immense, the heat insufferable; and the effects resulting therefrom liberally displayed themselves, though in different tinted streams, upon the faces of the natural and aided beauties.

I was necessitated to attend in my official dress; the frizzled peruke, loaded with powder and pomatum, covering at least half the body of the sufferer, was wedged in amongst the gaudy nobles. The dress of every person who was so *fortunate* as to come in contact with the wigs, like the

cameleon, instantly imbibed the colour of the thing it came in collision with ; and after a short intimacy, many a full dress black received a large portion of my silvery hue, and many a splendid manteau participated in the materials which render powder adhesive.

Of all the distressed beings in that heated assembly, I was most amused by Sir Vicary Gibbs, then attorney-general. Hard-featured and impatient, his wig awry, his solids yielding out all their essence ; he appeared as if he had just arisen, though not like Venus, from the sea. Every muscle of his angular features seemed busily employed in forming hieroglyphic imprecations ! Though amused, I never pitied any person more, except myself. Wedged far too tight to permit even a heaving sigh at my own imprisonment, I could only be consoled by a perspective view of the gracious Charlotte, who stood stoutly before the throne like the stump of a baronial castle to which age gives greater dignity. I had, however, in due rotation, the honour of being presented, and of kissing the back of her majesty's hand.

I am, of course, profoundly ignorant of her majesty's manner in her family, but certainly her public receptions were the most gracious in the world ; there could not be a more engaging, kind, and condescending address than that of the Queen of England. It is surprising how different a Queen appears in a drawing-room and in a newspaper.

At length the number of presentations had diminished the pressure, and a general stir in the crowd announced something uncommon about to take place. It was the approach of the Princess of Wales.

Whoever considered the painfully delicate situation in which this lady was then placed could not help feeling a sympathy for her apparent sufferings. Her father, the Duke of Brunswick, had not long before expired of his wounds, received at Jena ; and after her own late trials it was, I thought, most inauspicious that deep mourning should be

her attire on her reception—as if announcing at once the ill-fate of herself and of her parent ; her dress was decked with a multiplicity of black bugles. She entered the drawing-room leaning on the arm of the Duke of Cumberland, and seemed to require the support. To her it must, in truth, have been a most awful moment. The subject of the investigation, the loss of her natural protector, and the doubts she must have felt as to the precise nature of her reception by the Queen, altogether made a deep impression on everyone present. She tottered to the throne ; the spectacle grew interesting in the highest degree. I was not close, but a low buzz ran round the room that she had been received most kindly, and a few moments sufficed to shew that this was her own impression.

After she had passed the ordeal, a circle was formed for her beyond the throne. I wished for an introduction, and Lord Stowell, then Sir William Scott, did me that honour. I had felt in common with everybody for the depression of spirits with which the Princess had approached her Majesty. I, for my part, considered her in consequence as full of sensibility at her own situation ; but so far as her subsequent manner shewed, I was totally deceived. The trial was at an end, the Queen had been kind, and a paroxysm of spirits seemed to succeed and mark a strange contrast to the manner of her entry. I thought it was too *sudden* and too *decisive* : she spoke much, and loud, and rather bold ; it seemed to me as if all recollection of what had passed was rapidly vanishing. So far it pleased me to see returning happiness ; but still the *kind* of thing made no favourable impression on my mind. Her circle was crowded ; the presentations numerous ; but, on the whole, she lost ground in my estimation.

This incident proved to me the palpable distinction between *feeling* and *sensibility*—words which people misconstrue and mingle without discrimination. I then com-

pared the two ladies. The bearing of Queen Charlotte certainly was not that of a heroine in romance ; but she was the best bred and most graceful lady of her age and figure I ever saw ; so kind and conciliating, that one could scarcely believe her capable of anything but benevolence. She appeared plain, old, and of dark complexion ; but she was unaffected, and commanded that respect which private virtues ever will obtain for public character. I liked her vastly better than her daughter-in-law—indeed, I never could reconcile myself in any instance to extra-natural complexions.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH JUDGES.

BEFORE and for some time after I was called to the bar, the bench was in some instances very curiously manned as to judges. The uniform custom had previously been to send over these dignitaries from England, partly with a view to protect the property of absentees, and partly from political considerations ; and the individuals thus sent appeared as if generally selected because they were good for nothing else. In truth, till the judges of Ireland were made independent of the Crown in 1784, no English barrister who could earn his bread at home would accept a precarious office in a strange country, and on a paltry salary. Such Irishmen also as were in those days constituted puisne judges were of the inferior class of practising barristers, on account of the last-mentioned circumstance.

A vulgar idea, most ridiculous in its nature, formerly prevailed in Ireland, of the infallibility of judges. It existed at an early period of my observations, and went so far even as to conceive that an ignorant barrister, whose opinion nobody probably would ask, or, if obtained, would act upon, should he by interest, subserviency, or other fortuitous circumstances, be placed on the judicial bench, immediately changed his character—all the books in his library pouring their information into his head ! The great seal and the king's patent were held to saturate his brain in half an hour with all that wisdom and learning which he had in vain been trying to get even a peep at during the former portion of his life, and the mere dicta of the metamorphosed barrister were set down by reporters as the infallible, but theretofore

inexplicable, law of the land, and as such handed round to other judges under the appellation of precedents, entitled to all possible weight in judicial decisions.

This old doctrine of the infallibility of dicta and precedents, which presented, in fact, an accumulation of enigmas and contradictions, was at one time carried to great lengths, I believe partly from a plausible system of making legal decisions *uniform*, whether right or wrong, and perhaps partly from the inability of the adapters to make any better sort of precedent themselves. A complaisance so ridiculous has of late been much relaxed.

To shew the gradual and great improvement of the Irish bench, and the rapid advance in the administration of justice in the law courts of that country, I will subjoin a few illustrative anecdotes.

Baron Monckton, of the Exchequer, an importation from England, was said to understand *black* letter and *red* wine better than any who had preceded him in that situation. At all events, being often *vino deditus*, he on those occasions described the segment of a circle in making his way to the seat of justice ! This learned baron was longer on the bench than any other in my recollection. I have also in later days enjoyed the intimacy of a very clever, well-informed man, and a sound lawyer, who, like the baron, rather indecorously indulged in the juice of the grape, and whom Lord Clare had made a judge for some services rendered to himself. The newspapers eulogised this gentleman very much for his singular *tender-heartedness*, saying, " So great was the humanity of Judge Boyd, that when he was passing sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, it was observable that his lordship seldom failed to have ' a drop in his eye ! ' "

I remember a barrister being raised to the Irish bench, who had been previously well known by the ingenious surname of Counsellor *Necessity*, because "*necessitas non legem habet*" ; and certainly to do him no more than justice, he

consistently merited the cognomen after his elevation as well as before.

Old Judge Henn, a very excellent private character, was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers, arguing a civil bill upon some trifling subject, repeatedly haranguing the court, and each most positively laying down the "law of the case" in *direct* opposition to his adversary's statement thereupon. The judge listened with great attention until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his lordship to decide the point.

"How, gentlemen," said Judge Henn, "*can* I settle it between you? You, sir, positively say the law is *one way*, and you," turning to the opposite party, "as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris," to his registrar who sat underneath, "I knew what the law *really* was!"

"My lord," replied Billy Harris most sententiously, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance towards the bench, "if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure!"

"Then we'll *save the point*, Billy Harris," exclaimed the judge.

A more modern justice of the Irish King's Bench, in giving his *dictum* on a certain will case, absolutely said, "he thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life-interest* in the estate to *himself*." The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable. "Very true, my lord," said he, "very true! testators generally do secure life-interests to themselves. But in this case I rather think your lordship takes the *will* for the *deed*."

The chief justices were, however, generally accomplished men, and of first-rate talent as lawyers; and the chan-

cellors, with few exceptions, both able and dignified—qualities which Lord Lifford was the last to unite in an eminent degree.

On the subject of judges, I cannot omit a few anecdotes of a very different description from the foregoing, which occurred in my own time.

Baron Power was considered an excellent lawyer, and was altogether one of the most curious characters I have met in the profession. He was a morose, fat fellow, affecting to be genteel ; he was very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious. Unfortunately for himself, Baron Power held the office of usher of the Court of Chancery, which was principally remunerated by fees on moneys lodged in that court. Lord Clare, then chancellor, hated and teased him, because Power was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon. The chancellor had a certain control over the usher, at least he had a sort of license for abusing him by innuendo as an officer of the court, and most unremittingly did he exercise that license. Baron Power had a large private fortune, and always acted in office strictly according to the custom of his predecessors ; but was attacked so virulently and pertinaciously by Lord Clare, that having no redress, it made a deep impression, first on his pride, then on his mind, and at length on his intellect. Lord Clare followed up his blow, as was common with him ; he made incessant attacks on the baron, who chose rather to break than bend ; and who, unable longer to stand this persecution, determined on a prank of all others the most agreeable to his adversary ! The baron walked quietly down early one fine morning to the south wall, which runs into the sea about two miles from Dublin ; there he very deliberately filled his coat-pockets with pebbles ; and having accomplished that business, as deliberately walked into the ocean, which, however, did not retain him long, for his body was thrown ashore with great contempt by the tide. His

estates devolved upon his nephews, two of the most respectable men of their country ; and the lord chancellor enjoyed a double gratification of destroying a baron and recommending a more submissive officer in his place.

Had the matter ended here it might not have been so very remarkable ; but the precedent was too respectable and inviting not to be followed by persons who had any particular reasons for desiring strangulation, as a judge drowning himself gave the thing a sort of dignified legal *éclat* ! It so happened that a Mr. Morgal, then an attorney residing in Dublin, of large dimensions, and with shin bones curved like the segment of a rainbow, had for good and sufficient reasons long appeared rather dissatisfied with himself and other people. But as attorneys were considered much more likely to induce their neighbours to cut their throats than to execute that office upon themselves, nobody ever suspected Morgal of any intention to shorten his days in a voluntary manner.

However, it appeared that the signal success of Baron Power had excited in the attorney a great ambition to get rid of his sensibilities by a similiar exploit. In compliance with such his impression, he adopted the very same preliminaries as the baron had done—walked off by the very same road, to the very same spot ; and having had the advantage of knowing, from the coroner's inquest, that the baron had put pebbles into his pocket with good effect, adopted likewise this judicial precedent, and committed himself in due form into the hands of father Neptune, who took equal care of him as he had done of the baron ; and after having suffocated him so completely as to defy the exertions of the Humane Society, sent his body floating ashore, to the full as bloated and buoyant as Baron Power's had been. This gentleman was father to a lady of rank still living, and whose first husband met a much more disagreeable *finale*, being shot *against* his will by his brother candidate, Mr. Crosby, at

the election of Kerry. She has herself, however, been singularly fortunate throughout life.

As a sequel to this little anecdote of Crosby Morgal, it is worth observing, that though I do not recollect any of the *attorneys* immediately following his example, four or five of his *clients* shortly after started from this world of their own accord, to try, as people then said, if they could any way overtake Crosby, who had left them no conveniences for staying long behind him.*

Mr. William Johnson, the present Judge Johnson, was the only one of my brother barristers whose smiles were not agreeable to me when we went circuits together. I liked his frowns extremely, because *they* were generally *very sincere*, extremely picturesque, and never niggardly bestowed. But as my own smiles had the trouble of mounting up from my heart, whilst he had an assortment ready prepared to take a short cut to his muscles whenever policy required, I found that in this particular we were not equally matched.

When my friend William was angry, I was sure he was in earnest, and that it would not be over too soon ; I there-

* The Irish attorneys had, I believe, then pretty much the same reputation and popularity enjoyed by their tribe throughout the United Kingdom. They have now wisely changed their designation into that of *solicitors*. I recollect one anecdote which will, I think, apply pretty well to the major part of that celebrated profession. Some years ago, a suitor in the Court of Exchequer complained in person to the Chief Baron, that he was quite *ruinated*, and could go on no further ! " Then," said Lord Yelverton, " you had better leave the matter to be decided by reference." " To be sure, I will, my lord," said the plaintiff ; " I've been now at law thirteen years, and can't get on at all ! I'm willing, please your lordship, to leave it all either to *one honest man* or *two attorneys*, whichever your lordship pleases." " You had better toss up for that," said Lord Yelverton, laughing. Two attorneys were, however appointed, and in less than a *year* reported that " they could not agree " ; both parties then declared they would leave the matter to a very honest farmer, a neighbour of theirs. They did so, and in about a *week* came hand-in-hand to the court, thanked his lordship, and told him that their neighbour had settled the whole affair square and straight to their entire satisfaction. Lord Yelverton used to tell the anecdote with great glee.

fore considered it as a proper, steady sort of concern. But his paroxysms of good humour were occasionally so awkward that although they were but transitory, I have frequently begged of him to cheer up our society by getting into a little passion ; nay, have sometimes taken the liberty of putting him into one myself, to make him more agreeable.

Be it remembered, however, that this was before Mr. William Johnson became a judge, and I cannot say what effect an inoculation by Lord Norbury's temperament may have had upon his constitution. But I have frequently told him that either physic or wrangling was indispensably necessary to keep his bile from stagnation ; and I hope my old chum has not suffered himself to sink into any morbid state of mental apathy.

I always promised to give Willaim Johnson a page or two in my *Historic Memoirs of Ireland*—some of his friends have suggested that he would be more appropriately introduced into my *Fragments*. I will adopt their suggestion without abandoning my own purpose, and with the best wishes for his celebrity, bequeath him in *both* works to posterity, which I shall leave to form its own estimate of his merits.

Though divers curious and memorable anecdotes occur to me of my said friend, Judge William Johnson, I do not conceive that many of them can be very interesting out of court, particularly after he becomes defunct, which Nature has certainly set down as a "motion of course." One or two, however, which connect themselves with my egotistical feelings shall not be omitted. At the same time, I assure him that I by no means approve of our late brother Daly's method of reasoning, who, on his speaking rather indecorously of Mr. William Johnson in his absence, at the Bar-mess on circuit, was tartly and very properly asked by the present Mr. Justice Jebb, "Why he would say such things of Mr. Johnson behind his back ?" "Because," replied Mr.

Daly, "I would not *hurt his feelings* by saying them to his *face*."

I often reflect on a most singular circumstance which occurred between Johnson and me, as proving the incalculability of what is called in the world "fortune," which in my mind cannot have a better definition than "The state lottery of Nature." My friend is the son of a respectable apothecary in Fishamble Street, Dublin, and was called to the bar some few years before me ; but the world being blind as to our respective merits, I got immediately into considerable business, and he, though a much wiser man and a much cleverer lawyer, got none at all. Prosperity, in short, deluged me as it were, when suddenly I fell ill of a violent fever on circuit, which nearly ended my career. Under these circumstances Johnson acted by me in a most kindly and friendly manner, and insisted on remaining with me, to the neglect of his own concerns. This I would not allow ; but I never forgot the proffered kindness, and determined, if ever it came within my power, to repay his civility.

The next year I was restored to health, and my career of good fortune started afresh, whilst poor Johnson had still no better luck. He remained assiduous, friendly, and good-natured to me ; but at the same time he drooped, and told me at Wexford, in a state of despondency, that he was determined to quit the bar and go into orders. I endeavoured to dissuade him from this, because I had a presentiment that he would eventually succeed ; and I fairly owned to him that I doubted much if he were *mild* enough for a parson.

In about two years after I was appointed King's Counsel. My stuff gown had been so far the most fortunate one of our profession, and Johnson's the least so. I advised him to get a new gown ; and shortly after, in the whim of the moment, fancying there might be some seeds of good luck

sticking to the folds of my old stuff after I had quitted it for a silken robe, I despatched a humorous note to Johnson, together with the stuff gown, as a mark of my gratitude for his attentions, begging he would accept it from a friend and well-wisher, and try if wearing it would be of equal service to him as to me.

He received my jocose gift very pleasantly, and in good part, and, laughing at my conceit, put on the gown. But whatever may become of prepossessions, certain it is that from that period Johnson prospered, his business gradually grew larger, and in proportion as it increased, he became what they call in Ireland *high enough* to everybody but the attorneys; and thus my friend William Johnson trudged on through thick and thin to the Parliament House, into which Lord Castlereagh stuffed him, as he said himself, "to put an end to it." However, he kept a clear look-out, and now sits in the place his elder brother Judge Robert had occupied, who was rather singularly *unjudged* for having *Cobbettised* Lord Redesdale, as will hereafter appear.

Old Mr. Johnson, the father of these two gentlemen, when upwards of sixty, procured a diploma as physician, to make the family genteeler. He was a decent, orderly, good kind of apothecary, and a very respectable, though somewhat ostentatious, doctor; and, above all, a good orthodox, hard-praying Protestant. I was much amused one day after dinner at Mr. Hobson's, at Bushy, near Dublin, where the doctor, Curran, myself, and many others were in company. The doctor delighted in telling of the success of his sons, Bob, Bill, Gam, and Tom the attorney, as he termed them; he was fond of attributing Bob's advancement rather to the goodness of Providence than that of the Marquess of Downshire; and observed, most parentally, that he had brought up his boys, from their very childhood, with "the fear of God always before their eyes." "Ah! 'twas a fortunate circumstance, indeed, doctor,"

said Curran, "very fortunate, indeed, that you *frightened* them so early."

One of the most honourable and humane judges I ever saw upon the Irish bench was the late Justice Kelly, of the Common Pleas. He acquired professionally a very large fortune, and died at a great age, beloved and regretted by every being who had known him. It was he who tried the cause of Lady M——, and never did I see him chuckle with pleasure and a proper sense of gallantry more than he did at the verdict in that case.

He was no common man. Numerous anecdotes have been told of him—many singular ones I myself can bear witness to, but none which did not do credit to some just or gentlemanly feeling. He had practised several years in the West Indies, and, studying at the Temple on his return, was in due season admitted to the Irish bar, to the head of which he rose with universal approbation.

At the time the Irish insisted on a declaration of their independence, Judge Kelly had attained the high dignity of Prime Serjeant, a law office not known in England; in Ireland the Prime Serjeant had rank and precedence of the attorney and solicitor general. On the government of Ireland first opposing that declaration of independence, Kelly, from his place in Parliament, declared "he should consider it rather a disgrace than an honour to wear the Prime Serjeant's gown under a ministry which resisted the rights of his country!" and immediately sent in his resignation, and retired to the rank of a private barrister.

Among such a people, and in consequence of such conduct, it is useless to attempt describing his popularity. His business rose to an extent beyond his powers. Nobody was satisfied who had not Tom Kelly for his advocate in the courts; no suitor was content who had not Tom Kelly's opinion as to title; all purchasers of property must have Tom Kelly's sanction for their speculations. In a word, he

became both an oracle and a fortune-teller ; his court-bag grew too heavy for his strength, but he got through every cause gallantly and cheerfully ; he was always prepared ; his perseverance never yielded, his arguments seldom failed, his spirits never flagged. This enviable old man lived splendidly, yet saved a large fortune. At length, it was found so unpopular to leave him at the bar, that he was first appointed Solicitor-General, and then mounted on the bench of the Common Pleas, where, having sat many years, he retired to his beautiful country residence near Stradbally, Queen's County, and lived as a country gentleman in hospitable magnificence. He married three of his daughters well, pursued his field-sports to his death, and departed this world to the unanimous regret of all who knew him.

After Judge Kelly had assumed the bench the public began to find out that his legal knowledge had been over-rated ; his opinions were over-ruled, his advice thought scarce worth having, his deductions esteemed illogical ; in short, he lost altogether the character of an infallible lawyer, but had the happiness of thinking he had confirmed his reputation for honour, justice, and integrity. He used to say laughingly, " So they find out now that I am not a very staunch lawyer ; I am heartily glad they did not find it out thirty years ago ! "

He loved the world, and this was only gratitude, for the world loved him ; and nobody ever yet enjoyed his existence with more cheerfulness and composure. " Egad ! " he used to say, " this world is wheeling round and round quite too fast to please me. For my part I'd rather be a *young* shoe-boy than an *old* judge." (Who would not ? says the author.) He always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes. I recollect my friend William Johnson once pressing him very fiercely to a decision in his favour, and stating as an *argument*, in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of, that there could be no doubt on the point—pre-

cedent was imperative in the matter, as his lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before.

"So, Mr. Johnson," said the judge, looking archly, shifting his seat somewhat, and shrugging up his right shoulder, "so ! because I decided *wrong* twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a *third* time ? No, no, Mr. Johnson ! you must excuse me. I'll decide the other way this bout." And so he did.

The anecdotes of his quaint humour are, in fact, innumerable, and some of his charges quite extraordinary. His profile was very like Edmund Burke's ; he had that sharp kind of nose which gives a singular cast to the general contour, but there was always an appearance of drollery lurking in his countenance. No man could more justly boast of carrying about him proofs of nationality, as few ever had the Irish dialect stronger. It was in every word and every motion ! Curran used to say he had the brogue in his *shoulders*. If Judge Kelly conceived he had no grounds to be ashamed of his country, she had still less to be ashamed of him. He was calculated to do credit to any land.

I also had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Arthur Wolfe intimately, afterwards Baron Kilwarden and Chief Justice of Ireland. This gentleman had, previously to his advancement, acquired very high eminence as an equity lawyer ; he was much my senior at the bar.

Wolfe had no natural genius, and but scanty *general* information ; his talents were originally too feeble to raise him by their unassisted efforts into any political importance. Though patronised by the Earl of Tyrone, and supported by the Beresford aristocracy, his rise was slow and gradual, and his promotion to the office of solicitor-general had been long predicted, not from his ability, but in consequence of his reputation as a good-hearted man and a sound lawyer.

On the elevation of Mr. John Fitzgibbon to the seals, Mr.

Wolfe succeeded him as attorney-general, the parliamentary duties of which office were, however, far beyond the reach of his oratory, and altogether too important for his proportion of intellect ; and hence he had to encounter difficulties which he was unable successfully to surmount. The most gifted members of his own profession were, in fact, then linked with the first-rate political talents of the Irish nation, to bear down those measures which it had become Mr. Wolfe's imperative official duty to originate or support.

In the singular character of Mr. Wolfe there were strange diversities of manner and of disposition. On first acquaintance he seldom failed to make an unfavourable impression, but his arrogance was only apparent, his pride innoxious, his haughtiness theoretical. In society he so whimsically mixed and mingled solemn ostentation with playful frivolity, that the man and the boy, the judge and the jester, were generally alternate.

Still Kilwarden's heart was right and his judgment sufficing. In feeling he was quick, in apprehension slow. The union of these qualities engendered a sort of spurious sensibility, which constantly led him to apprehend offence where none was ever intended. He had a constant dread of being thought petulant, and excitement produced by this dread became itself the author of that techy irritation which he so much deprecated. Thus, like certain humorous characters on the stage, he frequently worked himself into silly anger by endeavouring to shew that he was perfectly good-tempered.

Lord Kilwarden, not perceiving the true distinction between pride and dignity, thought he was supporting the appearance of the one, when, in fact, he was only practising the formality of the other ; and after a long intercourse with the world, he every day evinced that he knew every one's else character better than his own. As attorney-general, during a most trying era, his moderation, justice, and dis-

cretion were not less evident than was his strict adherence to official duties, and the peculiarities of his manner were merged in the excellence of his more sterling qualities.

In the celebrated cause of the King against Heavy, in the King's Bench, Mr. Curran and I were Heavy's counsel, and afterwards moved to set aside the verdict on grounds which we considered to form a most important point upon legal principles.

Curran had concluded his speech, and I was stating what I considered to be the law of the case, when Lord Kilwarden, impatient and fidgetty, interrupted me—"God forbid, Mr. Barrington," said he, "that should be the law!"

"God forbid, my lord," answered I, "that it should *not* be the law."

"You are rough, sir," exclaimed he.

"More than one of us have the same infirmity, my lord."

"I was right, sir," said he.

"So was I, my lord," returned I, unbendingly.

He fidgetted again, and looked haughty and sour. I thought he would break out, but he only said, "Go on, sir! go on, sir!" I proceeded, and whilst I was speaking he wrote a note, which was handed to me by the officer; I kept it, as affording a curious trait of human character. It ran thus:

"Barrington,

"You are the most impudent fellow I ever met. Come and dine with me this day at six. You will meet some strangers, so I hope you will behave yourself, though I have no reason to expect it!"

"K."

To conclude this sketch—Lord Kilwarden was in grain one of the best men I ever knew; but to be liked, it was necessary he should be known; and the more intimately known, the more apparent were his good qualities. He had not an error to counterbalance which some merit did not exhibit itself. He had no wit, though he thought he said

good things ; as a specimen of his punning, he used to call *Curran* "*Gooseberry*."

The instability of human affairs was lamentably exemplified in his lordship's catastrophe ; his life was prosperous, and deservedly so ; his death cruel and unmerited. There scarcely exists in record a murder more inhuman or more wanton than that of the Chief Justice.

In 1803, on the evening when the partial but sanguinary insurrection broke out in Dublin, organised by Mr. Emmet, Lord Kilwarden had retired to his country-house near the metropolis, and was tranquilly enjoying the society of his family, when he received an order from Government to repair to town on particular business ; in fact, the police, the secretaries, and all attached to the executive, had continued incredulous and supine, and never believed the probability of a rising until it was at the very point of commencing.

Lord Kilwarden immediately ordered his carriage, and attended only by his nephew, a clergyman, and one of his daughters, proceeded to Dublin without the least suspicion of violence or interruption. His road, however, lay through a wide and long street, wherein the rebels had first assembled ; and previously to Lord Kilwarden's arrival had commenced operations. Before his lordship could conceive, or had time to ask the cause of this assemblage, he was in the midst of their ranks ; hemmed in on every side by masses of armed ruffians, there was no possibility of retreat ; and without being conscious of a crime, he heard the yells of murder and revenge on every side around him, and perceived that he was lost beyond the power of redemption.

A general shout ran amongst the insurgents of "The Chief Justice ! The Chief Justice !" Their crime would have been the same in either case, but it was alleged that they were mistaken as to the person, conceiving it to be Lord Carleton, who, as Justice of the Common Pleas, had some years before rendered himself beyond description obnoxious

to the disaffected of Dublin, in consequence of having been the judge who tried and condemned the two Counsellors Sheers, who were executed for treason, and to whom that nobleman had been testamentary guardian, by the will of their father. The mob thought only of him; and Lord Kilwarden fell a victim to their revenge against Lord Carleton.

The moment the cry went forth, the carriage was stopped, and the door torn open. The clergyman and Miss Wolfe got out and ran; the latter was suffered to escape; but the pikemen pursued, and having come up with Mr. Wolfe, mangled and murdered in a horrid manner as fine and inoffensive a young gentleman as I ever knew.

Hundreds of the murderers now surrounded the carriage, ambitious only who should first spill the blood of a chief justice; a multitude of pikemen at once assailed him, but his wounds proved that he had made many efforts to evade them. His hands were lacerated all over in the act of resistance; but after a long interval of torture, near thirty stabs in various parts of his body incapacitated him from struggling further with his destiny. They dragged him into the street; yet, when conveyed into a house, he was still sensible, and able to speak a few words, but soon after expired, to the great regret of all those who knew him well, as I did, and were able to separate his frivolity from his excellent qualities.

Certain events which arose out of that cruel murder are singular enough. Mr. Emmet, a young gentlemen of great abilities, but of nearly frantic enthusiasm, who had been the organ and leader of that partial insurrection, was son to the State physician of Ireland, Dr. Emmet. Some time after the unfortunate event, he was discovered, arrested, tried, and executed. On his trial, Mr. Plunkett was employed to act for the Crown, with which he had not before been connected, but was soon after appointed solicitor-general. The

circumstances of that trial were printed, and are no novelty ; but the result of it was a paper which appeared in Cobbett against Lord Redesdale, and which was considered a libel. It was traced to Judge Robert Johnson, of the Common Pleas, who was in consequence pursued by the then attorney-general, Mr. O'Grady, as was generally thought by the bar, and as I still think, in a manner contrary to all established principles both of law and justice. The three law courts had the case argued before them ; the judges differed on every point ; however, the result was that Judge Johnson, being kidnapped, was taken over to England, and tried before the King's Bench, at Westminster, for a libel undoubtedly written in Ireland, although published by Cobbett in both countries. He was found guilty ; but, on the terms of his resigning office, judgment was never called for. As, however, Judge Robert Johnson was one of those members of Parliament who had forgotten their patriotism and voted for a Union, the Government could not in reason abandon him altogether. They, therefore, gave him twelve hundred pounds a year for life ; and Robert Johnson, Esq., has lived many years not a bit the worse for Westminster ; whilst his next brother, to whom I have already paid my respects, was made Judge of the Common Pleas, and rules in his stead. This is the Mr. Robert Johnson who, from his having been inducted into two offices, Curran used to style, on alluding to him in the House of Commons, " the *learned* barrackmaster." He was a well-read, entertaining man, extremely acute, an excellent writer, and a trustworthy, agreeable companion.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

It may be objected that anecdotes of duelling have more than their due proportion of space in these sketches, and that no writer should publish feats of that nature, if feats they can be called, especially when performed by persons holding grave offices, or by public functionaries. These are very plausible, rational observations, and are now anticipated for the purpose of being answered.

It might be considered a sufficient excuse that these stories refer to events long past ; that they are amusing, and the more so as being matters of fact, neither romance nor exaggeration, and so various that no two of them are at all similar. But a much better reason can be given—namely, that there is no other species of detail or anecdote which so clearly brings in illustration before a reader's eye the character, genius, and manners of a country, as that which exemplifies the distinguishing propensities of its population for successive ages. Much knowledge will necessarily be gained by possessing such a series of anecdotes, and by then going on to trace the decline of such propensities to the progress of civilisation in that class of society where they had been prevalent.

As to the objection founded on the rank or profession of the parties concerned, it is only necessary to subjoin the following *short* abstract from a long list of official duellists who have figured away in my time, and some of them before my eyes. The number of grave personages who appear to have adopted the national taste, though in most instances it was undoubtedly before their elevation to the bench that they signalised themselves in single combat, removes from

me all imputation of pitching upon and exposing any unusual frailty ; and I think I may challenge any country in Europe to shew such an assemblage of gallant *judicial* and *official* antagonists at fire and sword as is exhibited even in the following list :—

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran.

The Chief Justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawley, a privy counsellor, Lord Llandaff, and two others.

The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the Master of the Rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

A baron of the Exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

The Chief Justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides ; one hit only.

The judge of the Prerogative Court, Dr. Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground.—N.B. The latter case a curious one.

The chief counsel to the revenue, Henry Dean Grady, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell, and others ; all hits.

The Master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, etc.

The provost of the University of Dublin, the Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, Master in Chancery (they went to the plains of Minden to fight), and some others.

The Chief Justice, C. P. Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

The Right Honourable George Ogle, a privy counsellor,

fought Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a papist. They fired eight shots and no hit ; but the second broke his own arm.

Thomas Wallace, K.C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

Counsellor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain ; fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy.

The Collector of the Customs of Dublin, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, fought the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorris.

The reader of this dignified list, which, as I have said, is only an abridgment,* will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations.

However, it must be owned that there were occasionally very peaceable and forgiving instances amongst the barristers. I saw a very brave king's counsel, Mr. Curran, horse-whipped most severely in the public street by a very savage nobleman, Lord Clanmorris, and another barrister was said to have had his eye saluted by a moist messenger from a gentleman's lips, Mr. May's, in the body of the House of Commons. Yet both these little *incivilities* were arranged very amicably in a private manner, and without the aid of any deadly weapon whatsoever, I suppose for variety's sake. But the people of Dublin used to observe that a judgment came upon Counsellor O'Callaghan for having kept Mr. Curran quiet in the horse-whipping affair, inasmuch as his own brains were literally scattered about the ground by an attorney, very soon after he had turned pacificator.

In my time the number of killed and wounded amongst the bar was very considerable. The other learned professions suffered much less.

It is, in fact, incredible what a singular passion the Irish

* Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric.

gentlemen, though in general excellent tempered fellows, formerly had for fighting each other, and immediately making friends again. A duel was indeed considered a necessary piece of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent.

One of the most humane men existing, an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, but who, as the expression then was, had frequently played both "hilt to hilt" and "muzzle to muzzle," was heard endeavouring to keep a little son of his quiet who was crying for something—"Come, now, do be a good boy! Come, now," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come, now, don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning." "Yes! yes! we'll shoot them all in the morning!" responded the child, drying his little eyes and delighted at the notion. I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby, who affected to be a wit, though at best but a humourist and *gourmand*, liken the story of my friend and his son to a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep *his* son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying, "Come, now be a good boy; don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow! now, won't you be good?" "Oh yes! yes," said the child, sobbing; "father, is the *lamb ready*?"

Within my recollection this national propensity for fighting and slaughtering was nearly universal, originating in the spirit and habits of former times. When men had a glowing ambition to excel in all manner of feats and exercises, they naturally conceived that manslaughter in an *honest* way—that is, not knowing *which* would be slaughtered—was the most chivalrous and gentlemanly of all their accomplishments; and this idea gave rise to an assiduous cultivation of the arts of combat, and dictated the wisest laws for carrying them into execution with regularity and honour.

About the year 1777 the *fire-eaters* were in great repute

in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his acquaintances. The first two questions always asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed for a lady-wife, were—"What family is he of?" "Did he ever blaze?"

Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword, Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol; Mayo not amiss at either; Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch of the pastime.

When I was at the University, Jemmy Keogh, Buck English, Cosey Harrison, Crowe Ryan, Reddy Long, Amby Bodkin, Squire Falton, Squire Blake, Amby Fitzgerald, and a few others, were supposed to understand the points of honour better than any men in Ireland, and were constantly referred to.

In the North, the Fallows and the Fentons were the first hands at it; and most counties could have then boasted their regular *point of honour* men. The present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was supposed to have understood the thing as well as any gentleman in Ireland.

In truth, these oracles were in general gentlemen of good connexions and most respectable families, otherwise nobody would fight or consult them.

There was an association in the year 1782, a volunteer corps, which was called the "Independent Light Horse." They were not confined to one district, and none could be admitted but the younger brothers of the most respectable families. They were all both "hilt and muzzle boys"; and that no member should set himself up as greater than another; every individual of the corps was obliged, on reception, to give his honour "that he could cover his fortune with the crown of his hat."

Roscommon and Sligo then furnished some of the finest young fellows, fire-eaters, I ever saw ; their spirit and decorum were equally admirable, and their honour and liberality conspicuous on all occasions.

Every family then had a case of hereditary pistols, which descended as an heir-loom, together with a long silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, denominated *pelters*, were brass—I believe my second brother has them still ; the barrels were very long and *point blankers*. They were included in the armoury of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth—the stocks, locks, and hair triggers were, however, modern—and had descended from father to son from that period ; one of them was named “ sweet lips,” the other “ darling.” The family rapier was called “ skiver the pullet ” by my grand-uncle, Captain Wheeler Barrington, who had fought with it repeatedly, and run through different parts of their persons several Scots officers, who had challenged him all at once for some national reflection. It was a very long, narrow-bladed, straight cut-and-thrust, as sharp as a razor, with a silver hilt, and a guard of buff leather inside it. I kept this rapier as a curiosity for some time ; but it was stolen during my absence at the Temple.

I knew Jemmy Keogh extremely well. He was considered in the main a peacemaker, for he did not like to see anybody fight but himself ; and it was universally admitted that he never killed any man who did not well deserve it. He was a plausible, although black-looking fellow, with remarkably thick, long eyebrows, closing with a tuft over his nose. He unfortunately killed a cripple in the Phoenix Park, which accident did him great mischief. He was land-agent to Bourke of Glinsk, to whom he always officiated as second.

At length, so many quarrels arose without sufficiently *dignified* provocation, and so many things were considered

as quarrels *of course*, which were not quarrels at all, that the principal fire-eaters of the South saw clearly disrepute was likely to be thrown both on the science and its professors, and thought it full time to interfere and arrange matters upon a proper, steady, rational, and moderate footing, and to regulate the time, place, and other circumstances of duelling, so as to govern all Ireland on one principle—thus establishing a uniform, national code of the *lex pugnandi*—proving, as Hugo Grotius did, that it was for the benefit of all belligerents to adopt the same code and regulations.

In furtherance of this object a branch society had been formed in Dublin, termed the “Knights of Tara,” which met once a month at the theatre, Capel Street, gave premiums for fencing, and proceeded in the most laudably systematic manner. The amount of the admission money was laid out on silver cups, and given to the best fencers as prizes, at quarterly exhibitions of pupils and amateurs.

Fencing with the small sword is certainly a most beautiful and noble exercise ; its acquirement confers a fine, bold, manly carriage, a dignified mien, a firm step, and graceful motion. But, alas ! its practisers are now supplanted by contemptible groups of smirking quadrillers with un-weaponed belts, stuffed breasts, and strangled loins—a set of squeaking dandies, whose sex may be readily mistaken, or, I should rather say, is of no consequence.

The theatre of the “Knights of Tara” on these occasions was always overflowing. The combatants were dressed in close cambric jackets, garnished with ribbons, each wearing the favourite colour of his fair one ; bunches of ribbons also dangled at their knees, and roses adorned their morocco slippers, which had buff soles to prevent noise in their lunges. No masks or visors were used as in these more timorous times ; on the contrary, every feature was uncovered, and its inflections all visible. The ladies appeared in full morning dresses, each handing his foil to her cham-

pion for the day, and their presence animating the singular exhibition. From the stage-boxes the prizes likewise were handed to the conquerors by the fair ones, accompanied each with a wreath of laurel, and a smile then more valued than a hundred victories! The tips of the foils were blackened, and, therefore, instantly betrayed the hits on the cambric jacket, and proclaimed without doubt the successful combatant. All was decorum, gallantry, spirit, and good temper.

The "Knights of Tara" also had a select committee to decide on all actual questions of honour referred to them—to reconcile differences, if possible, if not to adjust the terms and continuance of single combat. Doubtful points were solved generally on the peaceable side, provided women were not insulted or defamed; but when that was the case, the knights were obdurate, and blood must be seen. They were constituted by ballot, something in the manner of the Jockey Club, but without the possibility of being dishonourable, or the opportunity of cheating each other.

This most agreeable and useful association did not last above two or three years. I cannot tell why it broke up—I rather think, however, the original fire-eaters thought it frivolous, or did not like their own ascendancy to be rivalled. It was said that they threatened direct hostilities against the knights; and I am the more disposed to believe this, because soon after a comprehensive code of the laws and points of honour was issued from the Southern fire-eaters, with directions that it should be strictly observed by all gentlemen throughout the kingdom, and kept in their pistol-cases that ignorance might never be pleaded. This code was not circulated in print, but very numerous written copies were sent to the different county clubs, etc. My father got one for his sons, and I transcribed most, I believe not all, of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought

the whole business of duelling into a focus, and have been much acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway "the thirty-six commandments."

As far as my copy went, they appear to have run as follows—

The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmell Summer Assizes, 1777, by the gentlemen delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland.

RULES.

1.—The first offence requires the first apology, though the retort may have been more offensive than the insult. Example—A. tells B. he is impertinent, etc.; B. retorts that he lies; yet A. must make the first apology, because he gave the first offence, and then, after one fire, B. may explain away the retort by subsequent apology.

2.—But if the parties would rather fight on, then, after two shots each, but in no case before, B. may explain first and A. apologise afterwards.

N.B.—The above rules apply to all cases of offences in retort not of a stronger class than the example.

3.—If a doubt exist who gave the first offence, the decision rests with the seconds; if they *won't* decide, or *can't* agree, the matter must proceed to two shots, or to a hit, if the challenger require it.

4.—When the *lie direct* is the *first* offence, the aggressor must either beg pardon in express terms, exchange two shots previous to apology, or three shots followed up by explanation, or fire on till a severe hit be received by one party or the other.

5.—As a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances amongst gentlemen, no verbal apology can be received for such an insult ; the alternatives, therefore, are, the offender handing a cane to the injured party, to be used on his own back, at the same time begging pardon ; firing on until one or both is disabled, or exchanging three shots, and then asking pardon, *without* the proffer of the *cane*.

If swords are used, the parties engage till one is well blooded, disabled, or disarmed ; or until, after receiving a wound, and blood being drawn, the aggressor begs pardon.

N.B.—A *disarm* is considered the same as a *disable* ; the disarmer may strictly break his adversary's sword ; but if it be the challenger who is disarmed, it is considered as ungenerous to do so.

In case the challenged be disarmed and refuses to ask pardon or atone, he must not be *killed*, as formerly ; but the challenger may lay his own sword on the aggressor's shoulder then break the aggressor's sword, and say, " I spare your life ! " The challenged can never revive that quarrel—the challenger may.

6.—If A. gives B. the lie, and B. retorts by a blow, being the two greatest offences, no reconciliation *can* take place till after two discharges each, or a severe hit ; *after* which B. may beg A.'s pardon humbly for the blow, and then A. may explain simply for the lie ; because a blow is *never* allowable, and the offence of the lie, therefore, merges in it. (See preceding rule.)

N.B.—Challenges for undivulged causes may be reconciled on the ground, after one shot. An explanation or the slightest hit should be sufficient in such cases, because no personal offence transpired.

7.—But no apology can be received in any case after the parties have actually taken their ground, *without* exchange of fires.

8.—In the above case no challenger is obliged to divulge his cause of challenge, if private, unless required by the challenged so to do *before* their meeting.

9.—All imputations of cheating at play, races, etc., to be considered equivalent to a blow ; but may be reconciled after one shot, on admitting their falsehood, and begging pardon publicly.

10.—Any insult to a lady under a gentleman's care or protection, to be considered as, by one degree, a greater offence than if given to the gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly.

11.—Offences originating or accruing from the support of ladies' reputation, to be considered as less unjustifiable than any others of the same class, and as admitting of slighter apologies by the aggressor—this to be determined by the circumstances of the case, but *always* favourable to the lady.

12.—In simple unpremeditated *rencontres* with the small sword, or *couteau-de-chasse*, the rule is—first draw, first sheathe ; unless blood be drawn, then both sheathe, and proceed to investigation.

13.—No dumb-shooting or firing in the air admissible *in any case*. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence ; and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground ; therefore, *children's play* must be dishonourable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

14.—Seconds to be of equal rank in society with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may either choose or chance to become a principal, and equality is indispensable.

15.—Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged intends leaving the place of

offence before morning ; for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.

16.—The challenged has the right to choose his own weapon, unless the challenger gives his honour he is no swordsman ; after which, however, he cannot decline any *second* species of weapon proposed by the challenged.

17.—The challenged chooses his ground ; the challenger chooses his distance ; the seconds fix the time and terms of firing.

18.—The seconds load in presence of each other, unless they give their mutual honours they have charged smooth and single, which should be held sufficient.

19.—Firing may be regulated—first, by signal ; secondly, by word of command ; or thirdly, at pleasure, as may be agreeable to the parties. In the latter case the parties may fire at their reasonable leisure, but *second presents* and *rests* are strictly prohibited.

20.—In all cases a miss-fire is equivalent to a shot, and a *snap* or a *non-cock* is to be considered as a miss-fire.

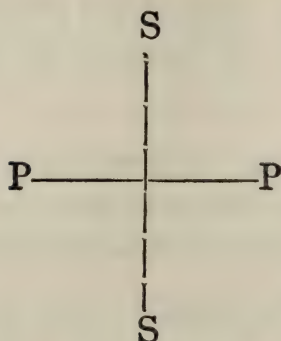
21.—Seconds are bound to attempt a reconciliation *before* the meeting takes place, or *after* sufficient firing or hits, as specified.

22.—Any wound sufficient to agitate the nerves and necessarily make the hand shake, must end the business for *that day*.

23.—If the cause of meeting be of such a nature that no apology or explanation can or will be received, the challenged takes his ground, and calls on the challenger to proceed as he chooses ; in such cases firing at pleasure is the usual practice, but may be varied by agreement.

24.—In slight cases the second hands his principal but one pistol, but in gross cases two, holding another case ready-charged in reserve.

25.—Where seconds disagree, and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the same time and at right angles with their principals, thus :—



If with swords, side by side with five paces interval.

N.B.—All matters and doubts not herein mentioned will be explained and cleared up by application to the committee, who meet alternately at Clonmell and Galway, at the quarter sessions, for that purpose.

CROW RYAN, *President.*

JAMES KEOGH, }
 AMBY BODKIN, } *Secretaries.*

ADDITIONAL GALWAY ARTICLES.

1.—No party can be allowed to bend his knee or cover his side with his left hand ; but may present at any level from the hip to the eye.

2.—None can either advance or retreat if the ground be measured. If no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure, even to touch muzzle ; but neither

can advance on his adversary after the fire, unless the adversary steps forward on him.

N.B.—The seconds on both sides stand responsible for this last rule being *strictly* observed, bad cases having accrued from neglecting of it.

These rules and resolutions of the “ Fire-eaters ” and “ Knights of Tara ” were the more deeply impressed on my mind from my having run a great chance of losing my life, when a member of the university, in consequence of the strict observance of one of them. A young gentleman of Galway, Mr. Richard Daly, then a Templar, had the greatest predilection for single combat of any person, not a society fire-eater, I ever recollect ; he had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years—three with swords and thirteen with pistols—yet with so little skill or so much good fortune that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole. This gentleman afterwards figured for many years as patentee of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and had the credit of first introducing that superior woman and actress, Mrs. Jordan, when Miss Francis, on the Dublin boards.

I was surprised one winter’s evening at college by receiving a written challenge in the nature of an *invitation* from Mr. Daly to fight him early the ensuing morning. I never had spoken a word to him in my life, and scarcely *of* him, and no possible cause of quarrel that I could guess existed between us. However, it being then a decided opinion that a first overture of that nature could *never* be declined, I accepted the *invitation* without any inquiry—writing in reply that, as to place, I chose the field of Donnybrook fair as the fittest spot for *all* sorts of *encounters*. I had then to look out for a second, and resorted to a person with whom I was very intimate, and who, as he was a curious character, may be worth noticing. He was brother to the unfortunate

Sir Edward Crosby, Bart., who was *murdered* by a court-martial at Carlow, May, 1798. My friend was afterwards called "Balloon Crosby," being the first aeronaut who constructed an Hibernian balloon, and ventured to take a journey into the sky from Ireland. And a most unfortunate journey it was for the spectators ! The ascent was from the Duke of Leinster's lawn, Merrion Square ; the crowds outside were immense, and so many squeezed together and leaned against a thick parapet wall fronting the street, that it yielded to the weight and pressure, and the spectators and parapet wall came tumbling down together a great depth. Several were killed and many disabled ; whilst Crosby sailed quietly over their heads, in all human probability to be drowned before an hour had expired.

Crosby was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high ; he had a comely-looking, fat, ruddy face, and was, beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or a trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at college were like a general workshop for all kinds of artizans. He was very good-tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion, but as dogged as a mule. Nothing could change a resolution of his when once made, and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. He highly approved of my promptness in accepting Daly's invitation ; but I told him that I unluckily had no pistols, and did not know where to procure any against the next morning. This puzzled him ; but on recollection he said he had no complete pistols neither, but he had some *old locks, barrels, and stocks*, which, as they did not originally belong to each other, he should find it very difficult to make anything of ; nevertheless, he would fall to work directly. He kept me up till late at night in his chambers to help him in filing the old locks and barrels, and endeavouring to

patch up two or three of them so as to go off and answer that individual job. Various trials were made ; much filing, drilling, and scanning were necessary. However, by two o'clock in the morning we had completed three entire pistols, which, though certainly of various lengths and of the most ludicrous workmanship, struck their fire *right well*, and that was all we wanted of them—symmetry, as he remarked, being of no great value upon *these* occasions.

It was before seven o'clock on the twentieth of March, with a cold wind and a sleety atmosphere, that we set out on foot for the field of Donnybrook fair, after having taken some good chocolate and a plentiful draught of cherry brandy, to keep the cold wind out. On arriving, we saw my antagonist and his friend, Jack Patterson, nephew to the chief justice, already on the ground. I shall never forget Daly's figure. He was a very fine looking young fellow, but with such a squint that it was totally impossible to say what he looked at, except his nose, of which he never lost sight. His dress—they had come in a coach—made me ashamed of my own ; he wore a pea-green coat, a large tucker with a diamond brooch stuck in it, a three-cocked hat with a gold button-loop and tassels, and silk stockings, and a *couteau-de-chasse* hung gracefully dangling from his thigh. In fact, he looked as if already standing in a state of triumph, after having vanquished and trampled on his antagonist. I did not half-like his steady position, showy surface, and mysterious squint ; and I certainly would rather have exchanged *two* shots with his slovenly friend, Jack Patterson, than *one* with so magnificent and overbearing an adversary.

My friend Crosby, without any sort of salutation or prologue, immediately cried out, "Ground, gentlemen ! ground, ground, ground ! damn measurement !" and placing me on his selected spot, whispered into my ear, "*Medio tutissimus ibis* : never look at the head or the heels ; *hip* the maccaroni ! the hip for ever, my boy ! hip, hip !" —

when my antagonist's second, advancing and accosting mine, said Mr. Daly could not think of going any further with the business ; that he found it was totally a mistake on his part, originating through misrepresentation, and that he begged to say he was extremely sorry for having given Mr. Barrington and his friend the trouble of coming out, hoping they would excuse it and shake hands with him. To this arrangement I certainly had no sort of objection ; but Crosby, without hesitation, said, " We cannot do that *yet*, sir ; I'll *show* you we *can't*," taking a little manuscript book out of his breeches pocket, " there's the *rules* ! look at that, sir," continued he, " see No. 7 : ' no apology can be received *after* the parties meet, *without a fire*.' You see, there's the rule," pursued Crosby, with infinite self-satisfaction ; " and a young man on his *first blood* cannot break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed ! proceed ! "

Daly appeared much displeased, but took his ground, without speaking a word, about nine paces from me. He presented his pistol instantly, but gave me most gallantly a full front.

It being, as Crosby said, my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay, and without taking aim ; Daly staggered back two or three steps, put his hand to his breast, cried, " I'm hit, sir ! " and did not fire. Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers. We got round him ; his waistcoat was opened, and a black spot about the size of a crown-piece, with a little blood, appeared directly on his breast-bone. I was greatly shocked ; fortunately, however, the ball had not penetrated ; but his brooch had been broken, and a piece of the setting was sticking fast in the bone. Crosby stamped, cursed the damp powder or under-loading, and calmly pulled out the brooch ; Daly said not a word, put his cambric handkerchief doubled

to his breast, and bowed. I returned the salute, extremely glad to get out of the scrape, and so we parted without conversation or ceremony, save that when I expressed my wish to know the cause of his challenging me, Daly replied that he would *now* give no such explanation ; and *his* friend then produced his book of rules, quoting No 8 : " If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterwards."

My friend Crosby, as I have mentioned, afterwards attempted to go off from Dublin to England in a balloon of his own making, and dropped between Dublin and Holyhead into the sea, but was saved. The poor fellow, however, died far too early in life for the arts and sciences, and for friendship, which he was eminently capable of exciting. I never saw two persons in face and figure more alike than Crosby and my friend Daniel O'Connell ; but Crosby was the taller by two inches, and it was not *so* easy to discover that he was an Irishman.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

OUR elections were more prolific in duels than any other public meetings ; they very seldom originated at a horse-race, cock-fight, hunt, or at any place of amusement ; folks then had pleasure in view, and " something else to do " than to quarrel ; but at all elections, or at assizes, or, in fact, at any place of business, almost every man, without any very particular or assignable reason, immediately became a violent partisan, and frequently a furious enemy to somebody else ; and gentlemen often got themselves shot before they could tell what they were fighting about.

At an election for Queen's County, between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton, of Garryhinch, about the year 1783, took place the most curious duel of any which have occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, one of the half-mounted gentlemen described in the early part of this volume, a boisterous, joking, fat young fellow, was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt-end of a horse-whip down his throat the night before whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and, would, therefore, make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight ; he said " he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol ball ; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have ? " We told him jocosely to give the

exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the townspeople went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured, and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments ; he changed colour, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them—"Blaze away, boys !"

Skelton now recollected his instructions, and *lost no time* ; he cocked *both* his pistols at once, and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Holloa !" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by Jasus !"

"The devil's cure to you !" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming "Holloa ! holloa ! you blood-thirsty villain ! do you want to take my life ?"

"Why, to be sure I do !" said Skelton. "Ha ! ha ! have I *stiffened* you, my lad ?" Wisely judging, however, that if he staid till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd

shouted ; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked " Why he ran away from the exciseman ? "

" Ough thunther ! " said Skelton, with his chastest brogue, " how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcass ? Would you have me stop to make a *riddle* of him, Jemmy ? "

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done *all* that *honour* required. The second called him " a *coward* ! "

" By my sowl," returned he, " my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so ! you may call me a coward, if you please ; but I did it all for *the best*."

" The *best* ! you blackguard ? "

" Yes," said Frank ; " sure it's better to be a *coward* than a *corpse* ! and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them."

However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton ; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home ; his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg ; but neither proved at all dangerous.

The exciseman, determined on *haling* Frank, as he called it, on his recovery, challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, but said he was *tould* he had a right to choose his own weapons. The exciseman knowing that such was the law, and that Skelton was no swordsman, and

not anticipating any new invention, acquiesced. "Then," said Skelton, "for my weapons I choose my *fists* ; and by the powers, you gauger, I'll give you such a *basting* that your nearest relations shan't know you." Skelton insisted on his right, and the exciseman not approving of this species of combat, got nothing by his challenge ; the affair dropped, and Skelton triumphed.

The only modern instance I recollect to have heard of as applicable to No. 25 (refer to the regulations detailed in last sketch), was that of old John Bourke, of Glinsk, and Mr. Amby Bodkin. They fought near Glinsk, and the old family steward and other servants brought out the present Sir John, then a child, and held him upon a man's shoulder to see papa fight. On that occasion both principals and seconds engaged ; they stood at right angles, ten paces distant, and all began firing together on the signal of a pistol discharged by an umpire. At the first volley the two principals were touched, though very slightly. The second volley told better ; both the seconds, and Amby Bodkin, Esq., staggered out of their places ; they were well hit, but no lives lost. It was, according to custom, an election squabble.

The Galway Rule No. 2 was well exemplified in a duel between a friend of mine, the present first counsel to the Commissioners of Ireland, and a Counsellor O'Maher. O'Maher was the challenger ; no ground was measured ; they fired *ad libitum*. G—y, never at a loss upon such occasions, took his ground at once, and kept it steadily ; O'Maher began his career at a hundred paces distance, advancing obliquely and gradually contracting his circle round his opponent, who continued changing his front by corresponding movements ; both parties now and then aiming, as feints, then taking down their pistols. This *pas de deux* lasted more than half an hour, as I have been informed ; at length, when the assailant had contracted his circle

to firing distance, G—y cried out, suddenly and loudly, O'Maher obeyed the signal, and instantly fired, G—y returned the shot, and the challenger reeled back *hors de combat*.

On the same occasion, Mr. O'Maher's second said to G—y's, the famous Counsellor Ned Lysight: "Mr. Lysight take care, your pistol is cocked!" "Well, then," said Lysight, "cock yours, and let me take a slap at you as we are idle!" However, this proposition was not acceded to.

There could not be a greater *game-cock*, the Irish expression, than G—y. He was not only spirited himself, but the cause of infusing spirit into others. It will appear from the following friendly letter which I received from him during my contested election for Maryborough that Lord Castlecoote, the returning officer, had a tolerable chance of becoming acquainted with my friend's *reporters*, the pet name for *hair triggers*, which he was so good as to send me for the occasion. His lordship, however, declined the introduction.

"Dublin, Jan. 29th, 1800.

"My dear Jonah,

"I have this moment sent to the mail coach-office two bullet-moulds, not being certain which of them belongs to the reporters; suspecting, however, that you may not have time to melt the lead, I also send half a dozen bullets, merely to keep you going while others are preparing.

"I lament much that my situation and political feeling prevent me from seeing you *exhibit* at Maryborough.

"Be bold, wicked, steady, and *fear nought*!

"Give a line to yours truly,

"H. D. G."

"Jonah Barrington, Esq."

My friend G—y did not get off so well in a little affair which he had in Hyde Park in the night on which occasion

I was his guardian ; a Counsellor Campbell happened to be a better shot than my friend, and the moon brought the unpleasant view of his discomfiture—he got what they call a *crack* ; however, it did not matter much, and in a few days G—y was on his legs again.

There could not be a better elucidation of Rule No. 5, of the code of honour, than an anecdote of Barry Yelverton, second son of Lord Avonmore, Baron of the Exchequer. Barry was rather too odd a fellow to have been accounted at all times perfectly *compos mentis*. He was a barrister. In a ball-room on circuit, where the officers of a newly arrived regiment had come to amuse themselves and set the Munster lasses agog, Barry having made too many libations, let out his natural dislike to the military, and most grossly insulted several of the officers—abusing one, treading on the toes of another, jostling a third, and so forth, till he had got through the whole regiment. Respect for the women, and the not choosing to commit themselves with the black gowns on the first day of their arrival, induced the insulted parties to content themselves with only requiring Barry's address, and his hour of being seen the next morning. Barry, with great satisfaction, gave each of them his card, but informed them that sending to him was unnecessary—that he was *his own second*, and would meet every man of them at eight o'clock next morning in the ball-room, concluding by desiring them to bring their swords, as that was always his weapon. Though this was rather a curious rendezvous, yet the challenged having the right to choose his weapon, and the place being *à propos*, the officers all attended next day punctually with the surgeon of the regiment and a due proportion of small swords, fully expecting that some of his brother gownsmen would join in the *rencontre*. On their arrival, Barry requested to know how many gentlemen had done him the honour of giving him the invitation, and was told their names, amounting to nine. “ Very well, gentle-

men," said Yelverton, " I am well aware I abused some of you, and gave others an offence equivalent to a blow, which latter being the greatest insult, we'll dispose of those cases first, and I shall return in a few minutes fully prepared."

They conceived he had gone for his sword and friends. But Barry soon after returned alone, and resumed thus :— " Now, gentlemen, those to each of whom I gave an equivalent to a blow will please step forward." Four of them accordingly did so, when Barry took from under his coat a bundle of switches, and addressed them as follows :— " Gentlemen, permit me to have the honour of handing each of you a switch—according to the Rule No. 5 of the Tipperary Resolutions—wherewith to return the blow, if you feel any particular desire to put that extremity into practice. I fancy, gentlemen, that settles *four* of you ; and as to the rest, here," handing one of his cards to each, with *I beg your pardon* written above his name, " that's agreeable to No. 1," reading the rule. " Now, I fancy *all* your cases are disposed of ; and having done my duty according to the Tipperary Resolutions, which I will never swerve from, if, gentlemen, you are not satisfied, I shall be on the bridge to-morrow morning with a case of *barking-irons*." The officers stared, first at him, then at each other ; the honest, jolly countenance and drollery of Barry were quite irresistible ; first a smile of surprise, and then a general laugh took place, and the catastrophe was their asking Barry to dine with them at the mess, where his eccentricity and good humour delighted the whole regiment. The poor fellow grew quite deranged at last, and died, I believe, in rather unpleasant circumstances.

The late Lord Mount Garret, afterwards Earl of Kilkenny, had for several years a great number of lawsuits at once on his hands, particularly with some insolvent tenants, whose causes had been gratuitously taken up by Mr. Ball, an attorney, Mr. William Johnson, the barrister, and seven or

eight others of the circuit. His lordship was dreadfully tormented. He was naturally a very clever man, and devised a new mode of carrying on his lawsuits. He engaged a clientless attorney, named Egan, as his working solicitor, at a very liberal yearly stipend, upon the express terms of his undertaking *no other business*, and holding his office solely in his lordship's own house and under his own eye and direction. His lordship applied to Mr. Fletcher, afterwards judge, and myself, requesting an interview, upon which he informed us of his situation ; that there were generally *ten* counsel pitted against him, but that he would have much more reliance on the advice and punctual attendance of *two* steady than of *ten* straggling gentlemen ; and that under the full conviction that one of us would always attend the courts when his causes were called on, and not leave him in the lurch as he had been left, he had directed his attorneys to mark on our two briefs *ten times* the amount of fees paid to each on the other side : " Because," said his lordship, " if you won't surely attend, I must engage ten counsel, as well as my opponents, and perhaps not be attended to after all." The singularity of the proposal set us laughing, in which his lordship joined.

Fletcher and I accepted the offer, and did most punctually attend his numerous trials—were most liberally feed—but most unsuccessful in our efforts ; for we never were able to gain a single cause or verdict for our client.

The principle of strict justice certainly was with his lordship, but certain formalities of the law were decidedly against him ; thus perceiving himself likely to be foiled, he determined to take another course, quite our of our line, and a course whereby no suit is decided in modern days—namely, to *fight it out*, muzzle to muzzle, with the attorney and *all* the counsel on the other side.

The first procedure on this determination was a direct challenge from his lordship to the attorney, Mr. Ball ; it was

accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which his lordship got the worst of it. He was wounded by the attorney at each shot, the first having taken place in his lordship's right arm, which probably saved the solicitor, as his lordship was a most accurate marksman. The noble challenger received the second bullet in his side, but the wound was not dangerous.

My lord and the attorney having been thus disposed of, the Honourable Somerset Butler, his lordship's son, now took the field, and proceeded, according to due form, by a challenge to Mr. Peter Burrowes, the first of the adversaries' counsel, now Judge Commissioner of Insolvents. The invitation not being refused, the combat took place, one cold, frosty morning, near Kilkenny. Somerset knew his business well; but Peter had had no practice whatever in that line of litigation.

Few persons feel too warm on such occasions, and Peter formed no exception to the general rule. An old woman who sold spiced gingerbread nuts in the street he passed through, accosted him, extolling her nuts to the very skies, as being well spiced, and fit to expel the wind and to warm any gentleman's stomach as well as a dram. Peter bought a pennyworth on the advice of his second, Dick Waddy, an attorney, and duly received the change of a sixpenny-piece, put the coppers and nuts into his *waistcoat pocket*, and marched off to the scene of action.

Preliminaries being soon arranged, the pistols given, ten steps measured, the flints hammered, and the feather-springs set, Somerset, a fine dashing young fellow, full of spirit, activity, and animation, gave elderly Peter, who was no posture-master, but little time to take his fighting position; in fact, he had scarcely raised his pistol to a wabbling level before Somerset's ball came *crack dash* against Peter's body! The halfpence rattled in his pocket; Peter dropped flat, Somerset fled, Dick Waddy roared "murder," and called

out to Surgeon Pack. Peter's clothes were ripped up ; and Pack, *secundum artem*, examined the wound ; a black hole designated the spot where the lead had penetrated Peter's abdomen. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced but one short word, "*mortal !*"—it was, however, more expressive than a long speech. Peter groaned, and tried to recollect some prayer, if possible, or a scrap of his catechism ; his friend Waddy began to think about the coroner ; his brother barristers sighed heavily, and Peter was supposed to be fast departing this world, but, as they all endeavoured to persuade him *for a better*, when Surgeon Pack, after another exclamation, taking leave of Peter, and leaning his hand on the grass to assist him in rising, felt something hard, took it up and looked at it curiously ; the spectators closed in the circle to see Peter die ; the patient turned his expiring eyes towards Surgeon Pack, as much as to ask, "Is there no hope ?"—when lo ! the doctor held up to the astonished assembly the *identical bullet*, which, having rattled amongst the heads and harps and gingerbread nuts in Peter's waistcoat pocket, had flattened its own body on the surface of a preserving copper, and left His Majesty's bust distinctly imprinted and accurately designated, in black and blue shading, on his subject's carcass ! Peter's heart beat high ; he stopped his prayers ; and finding that his Gracious Sovereign and the gingerbread nuts had saved his life, lost as little time as possible in rising from the sod on which he had lain extended ; a bandage was applied round his body, and in a short time Peter was *able*, though, of course, he had no reason to be *overwilling*, to begin the combat anew.

His lordship having now on his part recovered from the attorney's wound, considered it high time to recommence hostilities according to his original plan of the campaign ; and the engagement immediately succeeding was between him and the present Counsellor John Byrne, king's counsel, and next in rotation of his learned adversaries.

His lordship was much pleased with the spot upon which his son had chosen to hit Counsellor Peter, and resolved to select the same for a hit on Counsellor John. The decision appeared to be judicious, and, as if the pistol itself could not be ignorant of its direction, and had been gratified at its own previous accuracy and success, for it was the same, it sent a bullet in the identical level, and Counsellor John Byrne's carcass received a precisely similar compliment with Counsellor Peter Burrowes's, with this difference, that the former had bought no gingerbread nuts, and the matter consequently appeared more serious. I asked him during his illness how he felt when he received the *crack*?—he answered just as if he had been punched by the mainmast of a man of war!—certainly a grand simile; but how far my friend Byrne was enabled to form the comparison he never divulged to me.

My lord having got through two of them, and his son a third, it became the duty of Captain Pierce Butler, brother to Somerset, to take his turn in the lists. The barristers now began not much to relish this species of argument, and a gentleman who followed next but one on the list owned fairly to me that he would rather be on *our* side of the question; but it was determined by our noble client, so soon as the first series of combats should be finished, to begin a new one, till he and *the lads* had tried the mettle or "touched the inside" of the remaining barristers. Mr. Dicky Guinness, a little dapper, popular, lisping, jesting pleader, was the next on the list; and the Honourable Pierce Butler, his intended slaughterer, was advised, for variety's sake, to put what is called the *onus* on that little gentleman, and thereby force *him* to become the challenger.

Dick's friends kindly and candidly informed him that he could have but little chance, the Honourable Pierce being one of the most resolute of a courageous family, and quite an undeviating marksman: that he had besides a hot,

persevering, thirsty spirit, which a little fighting would never satisfy ; and as Dicky was secretly informed that he would to a certainty be forced to battle, it being his turn, and as his speedy dissolution was nearly as certain, he was recommended to settle all his worldly concerns without delay.

But it was otherwise decided. Providence took Dick's part ; the Honourable Pierce injudiciously put his *onus*, and rather a wicked one, on Dick in open court before the judge ; an uproar ensued, and the Honourable Pierce hid himself under the table. However, the sheriff lugged him out, and prevented that encounter effectually ; Pierce with great difficulty escaping from incarceration on giving his honour not to meddle with Dicky. At length, his lordship, finding that neither the laws of the land nor those of battle were likely to adjust affairs to his satisfaction, suffered them to be terminated by the three duels and as many wounds.

Leonard M'Nally, well known both at the English and Irish bars, and in the dramatic circles, as the author of that popular little piece *Robin Hood*, etc., was one of the strangest fellows in the world. His figure was ludicrous ; he was very short, and nearly as broad as long ; his legs were of unequal length, and he had a face which no washing could clean ; he wanted one thumb, the absence of which gave rise to numerous expedients on his part ; and he took great care to have no nails, as he regularly ate every morning the growth of the preceding day ; he never wore a glove, lest he should appear to be guilty of affectation in concealing his deformity. When in a hurry he generally took two thumping steps with the short leg to bring up the space made by the long one, and the bar, who never missed a favourable opportunity of nicknaming, called him accordingly " one *pound* two." He possessed, however, a fine eye, and by no means an ugly countenance, a great deal of middling intellect, a shrill, full, good bar voice, great quickness at cross examination, with sufficient adroitness at defence, and in Ireland

was the very staff and standing-dish of the criminal jurisdictions. In a word, M'Nally was a good-natured, hospitable, talented, dirty fellow, and had by the latter qualification so disgusted the circuit bar that they refused to receive him at their mess, a cruelty I set my face against, and every summer circuit endeavoured to vote him into the mess, but always ineffectually, his neglect of his person, the shrillness of his voice, and his frequenting low company being assigned as reasons which never could be set aside.

M'Nally had done something in the great cause of Napper and Dutton, which brought him into still further disrepute with the bar. Anxious to regain his station by some act equalising him with his brethren, he determined to offend or challenge some of the most respectable members of the profession, who, however, shewed no inclination to oblige him in that way. He first tried his hand with Counsellor Henry Deane Grady, a veteran, but who upon this occasion refused the combat. M'Nally, who was as intrepid as possible, by no means despaired ; he was so obliging as to honour me with the next chance, and in furtherance thereof, on very little provocation, gave me the retort *not* courteous in the court of King's Bench.

I was well aware of his object, and not feeling very comfortable under the insult, told him, taking out my watch, " M'Nally, you shall meet me in the park in an hour."

The little fellow's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the invitation, and he instantly replied, " In *half an hour*, if you please," comparing at the same moment his watch with mine. " I hope you won't disappoint me," continued he, " as that—Grady did."

" Never fear, Mac," answered I ; " there's not a gentleman at the bar but will fight you *to-morrow*, provided you live so long, which I can't promise."

We had no time to spare, so parted to get ready. The first man I met was Mr. Henry Harding, a huge, wicked,

fighting King's County attorney. I asked him to come out with me. To him it was fine sport. I also summoned Rice Gibbon, a surgeon, who, being the most ostentatious fellow imaginable, brought an immense bag of surgical instruments, etc., from Mercer's Hospital. In forty-five minutes we were regularly posted in the middle of the review ground in the Phoenix Park; and the whole scene to any person not so seriously implicated must have been irresistibly ludicrous. The sun shone brightly, and Surgeon Gibbon, to lose no time in case of a hit, spread out all his polished instruments on the grass, glittering in the light on one side of me. My second having stepped nine paces, then stood at the other side, handed me a case of pistols, and desired me to "*work away by J—s.*" M'Nally stood before me, very like a beer-barrel on its stilling, and by his side were ranged three unfortunate barristers, who were all soon afterwards hanged and beheaded for high treason—namely, John Sheers, who was his second, and had given him his *point-blanks*, with Henry Sheers and Bagenal Harvey, who came as amateurs. Both of the latter, I believe, were amicably disposed, but a negotiation could not be admitted, and to it we went. M'Nally presented so coolly that I could plainly see I had but little chance of being missed, so I thought it best to lose no time on my part. The poor fellow staggered, and cried out, "I am hit!" and I found some twitch myself at the moment which I could not at the time account for. Never did I experience so miserable a feeling. He had received my ball directly in the curtain of his side. My doctor rushed at him with the zeal and activity of a dissecting surgeon, and in one moment, with a long knife, which he thrust into his waist-band, ripped up his clothes, and exposed his naked carcass to the bright sun.

The ball appeared to have hit the buckle of his gallows (yclept suspenders), by which it had been partially impeded, and had turned round instead of entering his body. Whilst

I was still in dread as to the result, my second, after seeing that he had been so far protected by the suspenders, inhumanly exclaimed, "By J——s, Mac! you are the only rogue I ever knew that was *saved* by the *gallows*."

On returning home, I found I had not got off quite so well as I had thought; the skirt of my coat was perforated on both sides, and a scratch, just enough to break the skin, had taken place on both my thighs. I did not know this whilst on the ground, but it accounts for the *twitch* I spoke of.

My opponent soon recovered, and after the *precedent* of being wounded by a King's Counsel, no barrister could afterwards decently refuse to give him satisfaction. He was, therefore, no longer insulted, and the poor fellow has often told me since that my shot was his salvation. He subsequently got Curran to bring us together at his house, and a more zealous friendly partisan I never had than M'Nally proved himself on my contest for the city of Dublin.

Leonard was a great poetaster; and having fallen in love with a Miss Janson, daughter of a very rich attorney, of Bedford Row, London, he wrote on her the celebrated song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill"—her father had a lodge there. She could not withstand this, and returned his flame. This young lady was absolutely beautiful, but quite a slattern in her person. She likewise had a turn for versifying, and was, therefore, altogether well adapted to her lame lover, particularly as she never could spare time from her poetry to wash her hands—a circumstance in which M'Nally was sympathetic. The father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent; and, consequently, M'Nally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge by adopting the precedent of Barnaby Rudge, and bribed a barber to lather old Janson's eyes as well as his *chin*, and with something rather sharper too than Windsor soap. Slipping out of the

room whilst her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho, with her limping Phaon, escaped, and were united in the holy bands of matrimony the same evening ; and she continued making and M'Nally correcting verses, till it pleased God to call them away. This curious couple conducted themselves, both generally and towards each other, extremely well after their union. Old Janson partly forgave them, and made some settlement upon their children.

The ancient mode of duelling in Ireland was generally on horseback. The combatants were to gallop past each other at a distance marked out by posts, which prevented a nearer approach ; they were at liberty to fire at any time from the commencement to the end of their course ; but it must be at a hand-gallop ; their pistols were previously charged alike with a certain number of balls, slugs, or whatever was most convenient, as agreed upon.

There had been from time immemorial a spot marked out on level ground near the Down of Clapook, Queen's County, on the estate of my granduncle, Sir John Byrne, which I have often visited as *classic ground*. It was beautifully situated near Stradbally, and here, according to tradition and legendary tales, the old captains and chieftans used to meet and decide their differences. Often did I walk it over, measuring its dimensions step by step. The bounds of it are still palpable, about sixty or seventy steps long, and about thirty or forty wide ; large stones remain on the spot where, I suppose, the posts originally stood to divide the combatants, which posts were about eight or nine yards asunder, being the nearest point from which they were to fire. The time of firing was voluntary, so as it occurred during their course, and, as before stated, in a hand-gallop. If the quarrel was not terminated in one course, the combatants proceeded to a second ; and if it was decided to go on after their pistols had been discharged, they then either

finished with short broadswords on horseback or with small swords on foot ; but the tradition ran that when they fought with small swords, they always adjourned to the rock of Donamese, the ancient fortress of the O'Moors and the Princes of Offaly. This is the most beautiful of the inland ruins I have seen in Ireland. There, in the centre of the old fort, on a flat, green sod, are still visible the deep indentures of the feet both of principals who have fought with small rapiers and their seconds ; every modern visitor naturally stepping into the same marks, the indentures are consequently kept up, and it is probable that they will be deeper one hundred years hence than they were a year ago.

My grandfather, Colonel Jonah Barrington, of Cullenaghmore, had a great passion for hearing and telling stories as to old events, and particularly as to duels and battles fought in his own neighbourhood or by his relatives ; and as these were just adapted to make impression on a very young curious mind like mine, at the moment nearly a *carte blanche* (the *Arabian Nights*, for instance, read by a child are never forgotten by him), I remember, as if they were told yesterday, many of his recitals and traditionary tales, particularly those he could himself attest ; and his face bore, to the day of his death, ample proof that he had not been idle amongst the combatants of his own era. The battle I remember best, because I heard it oftenest and through a variety of channels, was one of my grandfather's about the year 1759. He and a Mr. Gilbert had an irreconcilable grudge ; I forget the cause, but I believe it was a very silly one. It increased, however, every day, and the relatives of both parties found it must inevitably end in a combat, which, were it postponed till the sons of each grew up, might be enlarged perhaps from an individual into a regular family engagement. It was, therefore, thought better that the business should be ended at once, and it was decided that they should fight on horseback on the green of Mary-

borough ; that the ground should be one hundred yards of race and eight of distance ; the weapons of each, two holster pistols, a broad-bladed but not very long sword—I have often seen my grandfather's, with basket handle, and a skeen or long broad-bladed dagger ; the pistols to be charged with one ball and swan-drops.

The entire country for miles round attended to see the combat, which had been six months settled and publicly announced, and the county trumpeter who attended the judges at the assizes was on the ground. My grandfather's second was a Mr. Lewis Moore, of Cremorgan, whom I well recollect ; Gilbert's was one of his own name and family—a captain of cavalry.

All due preliminaries being arranged, the country collected and placed as at a horse-race, and the ground kept free by the gamekeepers and huntsmen mounted, the combatants started and galloped towards each other. Both fired before they reached the nearest spot, and missed. The second course was not so lucky. My grandfather received many of Gilbert's shot full in his face ; the swan-drops penetrated no deeper than his temple and cheek-bones ; the large bullet fortunately passed him. The wounds, not being dangerous, only enraged old Jonah Barrington, and the other being equally willing to continue the conflict, a fierce battle hand to hand ensued ; but I should think they did not close too nearly, or how could they have escaped with life ?

My grandfather got three cuts, which he used to exhibit with great glee—one on the thick of the right arm, a second on his bridle-arm, and the third on the inside of the left hand. His hat, which he kept to the day of his death, was also sliced in several places ; but both had iron skull-caps under their hats, which probably saved their brains from remaining upon the green of Maryborough.

Gilbert had received two pokes from my grandfather on his thigh and his side, but neither dangerous. I fancy he

had the better of the battle, being as strong as and less irritable than my grandfather, who, I suspect, grew towards the last a little ticklish on the subject ; for he rushed headlong at Gilbert, and instead of striking at his person, thrust his broadsword into the horse's body as often as he could, until the beast dropped with his rider underneath him ; my grandfather then leaped off his horse, threw away his sword, and putting his keen or broad dagger to the throat of Gilbert, told him to ask his life or die, as he must do either one or the other in half a minute. Gilbert said he would ask his life only upon the terms that, without apology or conversation, they should shake hands heartily and be future friends and companions, and not leave the youths of two old families to revenge their quarrel by slaughtering each other. These terms being quite agreeable to my grandfather, as they breathed good sense, intrepidity, and good heart, he acquiesced, and from that time they were the most intimately attached and joyous friends and companions of the county they resided in.

My grandfather afterwards fought at Clapook a Mr. Fitzgerald, who was badly shot. On this occasion old Gilbert was my grandfather's second. I remember well seeing him, as I do also the late chief justice, then Serjeant Pattison, who had come down to Cullenaghmore to visit my grandfather, and, as I afterwards discovered, to cheat him. Gilbert brought me a great many sweet things ; and I heard that evening so many stories of fights at Clapook, and on the ridge of Maryborough, that I never forgot them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HAMILTON ROWAN AND THE BAR.

THERE were few persons whose history was connected with that of Ireland during my time, who excited my interest in a greater degree than Mr. Hamilton Rowan. The dark points of this gentleman's character have been assiduously exhibited by persons who knew little or nothing of his life, and that, too, long after he had ceased to be an obnoxious character. I will endeavour to shew the obverse of the medal ; and I claim the meed of perfect disinterestedness, which will, I think, be awarded, when I state that I never had the least social intercourse with Mr. Rowan, whose line of politics was always decidedly opposed to my own.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan, I believe he still lives, is a gentleman of most respectable family and of ample fortune ; considered merely as a private character, I fancy there are few who will not give him full credit for every quality which does honour to that station in society. As a philanthropist he certainly carried his ideas even beyond reason, and to a degree of excess which I really think laid in his mind the foundation of all his enthusiastic proceedings, both in common life and in politics.

The first interview I had with this gentleman did not occupy more than a few minutes ; but it was of a most impressive nature, and though now eight-and-thirty years back, appears as fresh to my eye as if it took place yesterday ; in truth, I believe it must be equally present to every individual of the company who survives, and is not too old to remember anything.

There is generally in every metropolis some temporary incident which serves as a common subject of conversation—something which *nominally* excites interest, but which in fact nobody cares a *sou* about, though for the day it sells all the newspapers, and gives employment to every tongue, till some new occurrence happens to work up curiosity and change the topic.

In 1788, a very young girl, of the name of Mary Neil, had been ill-treated by a person unknown, aided by a woman. The late Lord Carhampton was supposed to be the transgressor, but without any proof whatsoever of his lordship's culpability. The humour of Hamilton Rowan, which had a sort of Quixotic tendency to resist all oppression and to redress every species of wrong, led him to take up the cause of Mary Neil with a zeal and enthusiastic perseverance which nobody but the knight of La Mancha could have exceeded. Day and night the ill-treatment of this girl was the subject of his thoughts, his actions, his dreams ; he even went about preaching a kind of crusade in her favour, and succeeded in gaining a great many partisans among the citizens ; and, in short, he eventually obtained a conviction of the woman as accessory to a crime, the perpetrator whereof remained undiscovered, and she accordingly received sentence of death. Still Mary Neil was not bettered by this conviction ; she was utterly unprovided for, had suffered much, and seemed quite wretched. Yet there were not wanting persons who doubted her truth, decried her former character, and represented her story as that of an imposter ; this not only hurt the feelings and philanthropy, but the pride of Hamilton Rowan ; and he vowed personal vengeance against all her calumniators, high and low.

At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner club in Dublin. We had taken large apartments for the purpose, and, as we were not yet troubled with *too much* business, were in the habit

of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.*

There never existed a more cheerful nor half so cheap a dinner club. One day, whilst dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted *for a moment*. We considered it to be some brother barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shewn up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself!—a man who might have served as model for a Hercules, his gigantic limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength; his shoulders, arms, and broad chest were the very emblems of muscular energy, and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigour and fortitude, completed one of the finest, yet most formidable, figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed; close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach. As he entered, indeed, he alternately looked at us and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist; he had also a long small-sword by his side.

This apparition walked deliberately up to the table, and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he looked round on all the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill-calculated to set our minds at ease either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions.

* One of us, Counsellor Townley Fitgate, afterwards chairman of Wicklow County, having a pleasure cutter of his own in the harbour of Dublin, used to send her to smuggle claret for us from the Isle of Man; he made a friend of one of the tide-waiters, and we consequently had the very best wines on the cheapest possible terms.

“Gentlemen !” at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so mild and courteous, nay, so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to his gigantic and threatening figure ; “Gentlemen ! I have heard with very great regret that some members of this club have been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own. If any present has done so, I doubt not he will now have the candour and courage to avow it. *Who* avows it ?” The dog looked up at him again ; he returned the glance, but contented himself for the present with patting the animal’s head, and was silent ; so were we.

The extreme surprise, indeed, with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question, and never did I see the old axiom that “what is everybody’s business is nobody’s business” more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered each his neighbour, and I perceived one or two steal a fruit-knife under the table-cloth, in case of extremities, but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number, and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant’s single query, and I fancy some of us *could not* have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

He repeated his demand, elevating his tone each time, thrice : “Does any gentleman avow it ?” A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no *answer* whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence. At length our visitor said with a loud voice that he must suppose if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil’s character, he would have had the *courage* and spirit to avow it ; “therefore,” continued he, “I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous, and, in that point of view, I regret

having *alarmed* your society." And without another word he bowed three times very low, and retired backwards toward the door, his dog also backing out with equal politeness, where, with a salaam doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence, which bowing on both sides was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window to be *sure* that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory *denouement* been ascertained than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways. The whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question, "Which had behaved the *politest* upon the occasion?" but not one word was uttered as to which had behaved the *stoutest*.

This spirit of false chivalry which took such entire possession of Hamilton Rowan's understanding was soon diverted into the channels of political theory, and from the discussion of general politics he advanced to the contemplation of sedition. His career in this respect was short; he was tried and convicted of circulating a factious paper, and sentenced to a heavy fine and a long imprisonment, during which political charges of a much more serious nature were arrayed against him. He fortunately escaped from prison to the house of Mr. Evans, of Portrenne, near Dublin, and got off in a fishing-boat to France, where, after numerous dangers, he at length arrived safely. Rowan subsequently resided some years in America, in which country he had leisure for reflection, and saw plainly the folly and mischief of his former conduct. The Government found that his contrition was sincere; he eventually received His Majesty's free pardon, and I have since seen him and his family at the

Castle drawing-rooms in dresses singularly splendid, where they were well received by the Viceroy and by many of the nobility and gentry ; and people should consider that His Majesty's free pardon for political offences is always meant to *wipe away* every injurious feeling from his subjects' recollection.

The mention of Mr. Rowan reminds me of an anecdote of a singular nature, extremely affecting, and which at the time was the subject of much conversation ; and as a connection was alleged to exist between him and the unfortunate gentleman to whom it relates, which connection had nearly proved fatal to Mr. Rowan, I consider this not an inappropriate place to allude to the circumstance.

Mr. Jackson, an English clergyman who had come over to assist in organising a revolution in Ireland, had been arrested in that country, tried, and found guilty of high treason in corresponding with the enemy in France. I was in court when Mr. Jackson was brought up to receive sentence of death ; and I believe whoever was present must recollect it as one of the most touching and uncommon scenes which appeared during that eventful period.

He was conducted into the usual place where prisoners stand to receive sentence. He was obviously much affected as he entered ; his limbs seemed to totter, and large drops of perspiration rolled down his face. He was supposed to *fear death*, and to be in great terror. The judge began the usual admonition before he pronounced sentence ; the prisoner seemed to regard it but little, appearing abstracted by internal agony. This was still attributed to apprehension ; he covered his face, and seemed sinking ; the judge paused, the crowd evinced surprise, and the sheriff, on examination, declared the prisoner was *too ill* to *hear* his sentence. Meanwhile, the wretched culprit continued to droop, and at length his limbs giving way, he fell ! A visitation so unexampled created a great sensation in the

court ; a physician was immediately summoned, but too late ; Jackson had eluded his denouncers, and was no more.

It was discovered that previous to his coming into court he had taken a large quantity of arsenic and aquafortis mixed in tea. No judgment, of course, was pronounced against him. He had a splendid funeral ; and to the astonishment of Dublin it was attended by several members of parliament and barristers !—Mr. Tighe and Counsellor Richard Guinness were amongst them.

It is worthy of observation that I was always on friendly, nay intimate, terms with many leading persons of the two most hostile and intolerant political bodies that could possibly exist together in one country ; and in the midst of the most tumultuous and bloody scenes, I did not find that I had one enemy. It is singular, but true, that my attachment to the Government, and my activity in support of it, yet placed me in no danger from its inveterate enemies ; and in several instances I was sought as mediator between the rebels and Lord Kilwarden, then attorney-general,* of whom, now he is no more, it is but justice to say, that of all the law officers and official servants of the Crown I ever had communication with, the most kind-hearted, clement, and honourable was one whose manners and whose name conveyed a very different reputation. I know that he had been solicited to take some harsh measures as to the barristers who attended Jackson's funeral ; and though he might have been justified in doing so, he said " that both the honour of his profession and the feelings of his own mind prevented him from giving publicity to or stamping as a crime what he was sure in its nature could only be inadvertency."

* He was at that time Mr. Wolfe. An information *ex-officio* had been filed against a printer in Cork for a seditious newspaper ; it turned out that the two Counsellor Sheers were the real editors. They begged of me to mediate with the attorney-general. He had always a strong feeling for the honour and character of his profession, and forgave all parties on conditions which I all but vouched for, but to which they certainly did not adhere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FATHER O'LEARY.

I FREQUENTLY had an opportunity of meeting at my father-in-law's, Mr. Grogan's, where he often dined, a most worthy priest, Father O'Leary, and have listened frequently with great zest to anecdotes which he used to tell with a quaint yet spirited humour quite unique. His manner, his air, his countenance, all bespoke wit, talent, and a good heart. I liked his company excessively, and have often regretted I did not cultivate his acquaintance more, or recollect his witticisms better. It was singular, but it was fact, that even before Father O'Leary opened his lips, a stranger would say, "That is an Irishman," and at the same time guess him to be a priest.

One anecdote in particular I remember. Coming from St. Omer, he told us he stopped a few days to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity which all the people were running to see—a curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck ; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of lingo which they called *patois*, but which nobody understood.

O'Leary gave his six *sous* to see the wonder which was shewn at the port by candlelight, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky ; the keeper, however, with a short spike at the end of a pole made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was with his paw, and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way ; in

fact, our priest was quite diverted. The beast at length grew tired, the keeper hit him with the pole, he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen ; his master coaxed him—no, he would not work ! At length the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and rising on his hind legs, swore at his tormentor in very good native Irish. O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguards of fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear-skin, and were shewing him for six *sous* ! The civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend ; at last O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival the bear was still upon duty ; and O'Leary, stepping up to him, says, "*Cionnas ta tú a Pháid ?*" (How do you do, Pat ?) "*Slán go raibh, maith agat,*" (Pretty well, thank'ee), says the bear. The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke ; but the mayor directly ordered him to be ripped up ; and after some opposition and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth, stark naked, out of the bear-skin, wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off, the men stood astonished, and the mayor ordered the keepers to be put in gaol unless they *satisfied* him ; but that was presently done. The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing, only they worked him too hard. The fishermen had found him at sea on a hen-coop, which had saved him from going to the bottom with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvan, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before. The fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavoured to repay themselves by shewing him as a curiosity.

O'Leary's mode of telling this story was quite admirable.

I never heard any anecdote—and I believe this one to have been true—related with so much genuine drollery, which was enhanced by his not changing a muscle himself while every one of his hearers was in a paroxysm of laughter.

Another anecdote he used to tell with incomparable dramatic humour. By-the-bye, all his stories were in some way national ; and this gives me occasion to remark that I think Ireland is at this moment nearly as little known on many parts of the Continent as it seems to have been then. I have myself heard it more than once spoken of as an *English town*.

At Nancy, where Father O'Leary was travelling, his native country happened to be mentioned ; when one of the *société*, a quiet French farmer, of Burgundy, asked in an unassuming tone, " If Ireland stood *encore* ? " "*Encore !*" said an astonished John Bull, a courier coming from Germany, "*encore !* to be sure she does ; we have her yet, I assure you, Monsieur." " Though neither very safe nor very sound," interposed an officer of the Irish brigade, who happened to be present, looking over significantly at O'Leary, and not very complacently at the courier. " And pray, Monsieur," rejoined the John Bull to the Frenchman, " why *encore* ? " " Pardon, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, " I heard it had been worn out (*fatigué*) long ago by the great number of people that were living in it ! "

The fact is, the Frenchman had been told, and really understood, that Ireland was a large house where the English were wont to send their idle vagabonds, and from whence they were drawn out again as they were wanted to fill the ranks of the army ; and, I speak from my own personal knowledge, in some interior parts of the Continent the existence of Ireland *as a nation* is totally unknown, or it is at best considered as about a match for Jersey, etc. On the sea coasts they are better informed. This need not surprise us, when we have heard of a native of St. Helena

formerly, who never had been out of the island, who seriously asked an English officer "if there were many *landing-places* in *England*?"

Some ideas of the common Irish are so strange, and uttered so unconsciously, that in the mouths of any other people they might be justly considered profane. In those of my countrymen, however, such expressions are idiomatic, and certainly spoken without the least idea of profanity.

The present Lord Ventry was considered, before his father's death, the oldest heir-apparent in the Irish Peerage, to which his father had been raised in 1800, in consequence of an arrangement made with Lord Castlereagh at the time of the Union. He had for many years been bed-ridden, and had advanced to a very great age latterly without any corresponding utility; yet little apprehensions were entertained of his speedy dissolution.

A tenant on the estate, the stability of whose lease depended entirely on the son surviving the father, and who was beginning to doubt which of them might die of *old age* first, said seriously to the heir-apparent, but without the slightest idea of any sort of impropriety either as respected God or man:

"Ah, then, Master Squire Mullins, isn't it mighty strange that my poor ould landlord, Heaven preserve his noble lordship! shou'd lie covered up in the bed all this time past?—I think, plase your honour, that it wou'd be well done to take his lordship, Lord bless his honour, up to the tip-top of Croagh Patrick, and hold him up there as high as could be, just to shew his lordship a bit to the Virgin. For I'm sure, plase your honour, if God Almighty hadn't quite forgot his lordship, he would have taken him home to himself long and many a day ago."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEATH OF LORD ROSSMORE.

THE omnipotence of the Deity in our creation and destruction—in the union and separation of our bodies and souls—and in rendering the latter responsible for the acts of the former, no Christian denies ; and if the Deity be thus omnipotent in forming, destroying, uniting, separating, and judging, He must be equally omnipotent in *reproducing* that spirit and that form which He created, and which remains subject to His will, and always in His power.

It follows, therefore, that the Omnipotent Creator may at will reproduce that spirit which He reserves for future judgment, or the semblance of that body which once contained the undecaying soul. The smallest atom which floats in the sunbeam cannot, as everybody knows, from the nature of matter, be actually *annihilated* ; death consequently only decomposes the materials whereof our bodies are formed, which materials are obviously susceptible of being recombined. The Christian tenets maintain that the soul and body must appear *for* judgment, and why not *before* judgment—if so willed by the Almighty ? The main argument which I have heard against such appearances tends nearly as much to mislead as a general disbelief or denial of Omnipotence—namely, that though this power *may* exist in the Deity, He never *would permit* such spectacles on the earth, to terrify the timorous, and give occasion to paltering with the credulity of His creatures.

It is truly surprising how rational men can resort to these methods of reasoning. When we admit the Omnipotence, we are bound likewise to admit the Omniscience of the Deity ; and presumptuous, indeed, must that man be who

overlooks the contractedness of his own intellectual vision, or asserts that because he cannot see a reason for a supernatural interference, none, therefore, can exist in the eye of the Supreme.

The objects of God are inscrutable ; an appearance of the departed upon earth may have consequences which none—not even those who are affected by it—can either discover or suppose. Nothing in print places my theory in so distinct, clear, and pleasing a point of view as Parnell's *Hermit*, a strong, moral, and impressive tale : beautiful in poetry, and abounding in instruction. There the Omniscience of God is exemplified by human incidents, and the mysterious causes of His actions brought home to the commonest capacity. The moral of that short and simple tale says more than a hundred volumes of dogmatic controversies ! The following couplets appear to me extremely impressive :

The Maker justly claims that world He made :
In this the right of Providence is laid :
Its sacred majesty, through all, depends
On using second means to work its ends.

What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck the wondering eyes ?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just ;
And where you can't *unriddle*, learn to *trust*.

Can any human wisdom presume to divine why man was originally created at all ? why one man is cut short in high blooming health and youth, and another lingers long in age and decrepitude ? why the best of men are frequently the most unfortunate, and the greatest villains the most prosperous ? why the heinous criminal escapes in triumph, and the innocent being is destroyed by torture ? And is the production of a supernatural appearance, for the inscrutable purposes of God, more extraordinary, or less credible, than these other ordinations of the Deity, or than all those unaccountable phenomena of Nature, which are

only, as the rising and setting sun, disregarded by common minds from the frequency of their occurrence ?

This is a subject whereon I feel strongly and seriously, and hence it is that I have been led into so long an exordium. I regard the belief in supernatural apparitions as inseparable from my Christian faith and my view of Divine Omnipotence ; and however good and learned individuals may possibly impugn my reasoning, I have the consolation of knowing that the very best and wisest doctors in divinity and masters of arts in the British empire can have no better or *truer* information upon the subject than myself ; that I am as much in my senses as many of them ; and that the Deity has made no sort of distinction between the intellectual capacity of a bishop and a judge ; the secrets of Heaven are not divulged to either of them. The judge does justice to other people, and the bishop does justice to himself ; both are equally ignorant of the mysteries of futurity, and must alike wait until they pass the dim boundary of the grave to gain any *practical* information. When a military captain is ordained a clergyman, as is somewhat the fashion during the peace establishment, does he become one atom wiser or more knowing as to the next world than when he was in the army ? Probably, on the other hand, he thinks much less about the matter than when standing upon the field of battle.

I would not have the reader imagine that I should be found ready to receive an idle ghost story which might be told me. So far contrary, I have always been of opinion that no incident or appearance (and I have expressed as much before in this work), however strange, should be considered as supernatural which could *anyhow* be otherwise accounted for, or referred to natural or human agency.

I will proceed at once to the little narrative thus importantly prefaced. The circumstances will, I think, be admitted as of an extraordinary nature ; they were not connected

with the workings of imagination—depended not on the fancy of a single individual. The occurrence was altogether, both in its character and in its possible application, far beyond the speculations of man. But let me endeavour to soften and prepare my mind for the strange recital by some more pleasing recollections connected with the principal subject of it.

Immediately after the rebellion of 1798, the Countess Dowager of Mayo discovered a man concealed under her bed, and was so terrified that she instantly fled from her country residence in the most beautiful part of County Wicklow ; she departed for Dublin, whence she immediately sailed for England, and never after returned. Her ladyship directed her agent, Mr. Davis, immediately to dispose of her residence, demesne, and everything within the house and on the grounds for whatever they might bring. All property in the disturbed districts being then of small comparative value, and there having been a battle fought at Mount Kennedy, near her house, a short time previous, I purchased the whole estate as it stood, at a very moderate price, and on the ensuing day was put into possession of my new mansion. I found a house not large, but very neat and in good order, with a considerable quantity of furniture, some excellent wines, etc., and the lands in full produce. The demesne was not extensive, but delightfully situated in a district which, I believe, for the union of rural beauties and mild uniformity of climate, few spots can excel.

I have already disclaimed all pretensions as a writer to the power of scenic description or imaginary landscape. though no person existing is more gratified than myself with the contemplation of splendid scenery. In saying this, however, I do not mean that savage sublimity of landscape—that majestic assemblage of stupendous mountain and roaring cataract—of colossal rocks and innumerable precipices—where Nature appears to designate to the bear and

the eagle, to the boar or chamois—those tracts which she originally created for their peculiar accommodation. To the enthusiastic sketcher and the high-wrought tourist I yield an exclusive right to those interesting regions, which are far too sublime for my ordinary pencil. I own that I prefer that luxurious scenery where the art and industry of man go hand in hand with the embellishments of Nature, and where Providence smiling combines her *blessings* with her *beauties*.

Were I asked to exemplify my ideas of rural, animated, cheering landscape, I should say—"My friend, travel! Visit that narrow region which we call the *golden belt of Ireland*.* Explore every league from the Metropolis to the Meeting of the Waters. Journey which way you please, you will find the native myrtle and indigenous arbutus glowing throughout the severest winter, and forming the ordinary cottage fence."

The scenery of Wicklow is doubtless on a very minor scale, quite unable to compete with the grandeur and immensity of continental landscape. Even to our own Killarney it is not comparable; but it possesses a genial, glowing luxury, whereof more elevated scenery is often destitute. It is, besides, in the world; its beauties seem *alive*. It blooms, it blossoms; the mellow climate extracts from every shrub a tribute of fragrance wherewith the atmosphere is saturated, and through such a medium does the refreshing rain descend to brighten the hues of the ever-greens!

I frankly admit myself an enthusiast as to that lovely district. In truth, I fear I should have been enthusiastic on

* That lovely district extends about thirty miles in length, and from four to seven in breadth. It commences near Dublin, and ends at a short distance beyond Avondale. The soil is generally a warm gravel, with verdant valleys, bounded by mountains arable to their summits on one side, and by the sea upon the other. The gold mine is on a frontier of this district, and it is perhaps the most congenial to the growth of trees and shrubs of any spot in the British dominions.

many points, had not law, the most powerful antidote to that feeling, interposed to check its growth.

The site of my sylvan residence, Dunran, was nearly in the centre of the golden belt, about fifteen miles from the capital ; but owing to the varied nature of the country, it appeared far more distant. Bounded by the beautiful Glen of the Downs, at the foot of the magnificent Bellevue, and the more distant sugar-loaf mountain called the Dangle, together with Tynnehinch—less celebrated for its unrivalled scenery than as the residence of Ireland's first patriot—the dark, deep glen, the black lake, and mystic vale of Lugalough, contrasted quite magically with the highly cultivated beauties of Dunran—the parks, and wilds, and sublime cascade of Powerscourt, and the newly-created magnificence of Mount Kennedy, abundantly prove that perfection itself may exist in contrasts. In fine, I found myself enveloped by the hundred beauties of that enchanting district, which, though of one family, were rendered yet more attractive by the variety of their features ; and had I not been tied to laborious duties, I should infallibly have sought refuge there altogether from the cares of the world.

One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed whilst resident at Dunran was the near abode of the late Lord Rossmore, at that time commander-in-chief in Ireland. His lordship knew my father, and from my commencement in public life had been my friend, and a sincere one. He was a Scotsman born, but had come to Ireland when very young, as page to the Lord Lieutenant. He had married an heiress, had purchased the estate of Mount Kennedy, built a noble mansion, laid out some of the finest gardens in Ireland, and, in fact, improved the demesne as far as taste, skill, and money could accomplish. He was what may be called a remarkably fine old man, quite the gentleman, and when at Mount Kennedy quite the *country* gentleman. He lived in a style few people can attain to ; his table, supplied by his own

farms, was adapted to the Viceroy himself, yet was ever spread for his neighbours ; in a word, no man ever kept a more even hand in society than Lord Rossmore, and no man was ever better repaid by universal esteem. Had his connexions possessed his understanding, and practised his habits, they would probably have found more friends when they wanted them.

This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence, an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore in his green old age the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company.

"My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him that come he *must*!" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve, and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened ; it occurred first at short intervals ; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument, it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly ; the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air, when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed

its tone ; it seemed *descending*. I felt every nerve tremble ; it was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came.

At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself ; she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp ; but to that instrument it bore no similitude—it was altogether a different *character of sound*. My wife at first appeared less affected than I, but subsequently she was more so.

We now went to a large window in our bedroom which looked directly upon a small garden underneath ; the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued ; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of “ Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore ! ” I will not attempt to describe my own feelings, indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed ; in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so *superstitious* as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered *laughing-stocks*. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber.

About seven the ensuing morning a strong rap at my chamber-door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light ; I went to the door, when my faithful servant,

Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, "O Lord, sir!" "What is the matter?" said I, hurriedly. "O sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about *half-after two* this morning his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed—he slept in the same room—went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants all was over!"

I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of *fact*. Lord Rossmore was *absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced*. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes *may* be assigned; but I am totally unequal to the task.

Atheism may ridicule me, Orthodoxy may despise me, Bigotry may lecture me, Fanaticism might *burn* me, yet in my very faith I would seek consolation. It is, in my mind, better to believe *too much* than *too little*, and that is the only theological crime of which I can be fairly accused.

CHAPTER XL.

THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

FROM my youth I was attached to theatrical representations, and have still a clear recollection of many of the eminent performers of my early days. My grandmother, with whom I resided for many years, had silver tickets of admission to Crow Street Theatre, whither I was very frequently sent.

The playhouses in Dublin were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer ; and two soldiers with fixed bayonets always stood like statues on each side of the stage, close to the boxes, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very *droll*. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes always went dressed out nearly as for Court ; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle ; whilst the pit, as being full of critics and wise men, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the university occasionally forced themselves in to revenge some insult, real or imagined, to a member of their body—on which occasions all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat or turn out the residue of the audience, and to break everything that came within their reach. These exploits were by no means uncommon ; and the number and rank of the young culprits were so great that, coupled with the impossibility of selecting the guilty, the college would have been nearly depopulated and many of the great families in Ireland enraged beyond measure, had the students been expelled, or even rusticated.

I had the honour of being frequently present, and (as far

as in *melée*) giving a helping hand to our encounters both in the playhouses and streets. We were in the habit of going about the latter on dark nights in coaches, and by flinging out halfpence, breaking the windows of all the houses we rapidly drove by, to the astonishment and terror of the proprietors. At other times we used to convey gunpowder squibs into all the lamps in several streets at once, and by longer or shorter fusees contrive to have them all burst about the same time, breaking every lamp to shivers, and leaving whole streets in utter darkness. Occasionally we threw large crackers into the china and glass shops, and delighted to see the terrified shopkeepers trampling on their own porcelain and cut glass for fear of an explosion. By way of a treat, we used sometimes to pay the watchmen to lend us their cloaks and rattles ; by virtue whereof we broke into the low prohibited gambling houses, knocked out the lights, drove the gamblers down stairs, and then gave all their stakes to the watchmen. The whole body of watchmen belonging to one parish (that of the round church) were our sworn friends, and would take our part against any other watchmen in Dublin. We made a permanent subscription, and paid each of these regularly seven shillings a week for his *patronage*. I mention these trifles out of a thousand odd pranks, as a part of my plan, to shew, from a comparison of the past with the present state of society in the Irish metropolis, the extraordinary improvement which has taken place in point of decorum within the last half century. The young gentlemen of the university then were in a state of great insubordination—not as to their learning, but their wild habits ; indeed, the singular feats of some of them would be scarcely credible now, and they were so linked together that an offence to one was an offence to all. There were several noblemen's sons with their gold-laced, and elder sons of baronets with their silver-laced gowns, who used to accompany us with their gowns turned inside out ; yet our freaks

arose merely from the fire and natural vivacity of uncontrolled youth ; no calm, deliberate vices—no low meannesses—were ever committed. That class of young men now termed dandies we then called macaronies, and we made it a standing rule to thrash them whenever we got a fair opportunity. Such also as had been long tied to their “ mother’s apron-strings ” we made no small sport with when we got them clear inside the college ; we called them *milk-sops*, and if they declined drinking as much wine as ordered, we always dosed them, as in duty bound, with tumblers of salt and water, till they came to their *feeding*, as we called it. Thus generally commenced a young man of fashion’s novitiate above fifty years ago. However, our wildness, instead of increasing as we advanced in our college courses, certainly diminished, and often left behind it the elements of much talent and virtue. Indeed, I believe there were to the full as good scholars, and certainly to the full as high gentlemen, educated in the Dublin University then as in this wiser and more cold-blooded era.

I remember, even before that period, seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of Cato at one of the Dublin theatres, I do not recollect which ; but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armour under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge white, bushy, well-powdered wig (like Dr. Johnson’s), over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could kill himself without stripping off the armour before he performed that operation ! I also recollect him particularly (even as if before my eyes now) playing Alexander the Great, and throwing the javelin at Clytus, whom happening to miss, he hit the cupbearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fotterel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit *designedly*, and that it was some *new light* of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cupbearer in preference to his friend Clytus (which certainly would have been a less

unjustifiable manslaughter), and that, therefore, he ought to tumble and make a painful end, according to dramatic custom time immemorial. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death* ; but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands most immoderately ; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of exquisite torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralysed even the people in the galleries, whilst the ladies believed that he was really killed, and cried aloud.

Though then very young, I was myself so terrified in the pit that I never shall forget it. However, Jemmy Fottrel was in the end more clapped than any Clytus had ever been, and even the murderer himself could not help laughing most heartily at the incident.

The actresses both of tragedy and genteel comedy formerly wore large hoops, and whenever they made a speech walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus veering backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock during the entire performance. This custom partially prevailed in the continental theatres till *very* lately.

I recollect Mr. Barry, who was really a remarkably handsome man, and his lady, formerly Mrs. Dancer, also Mr. Digges, who used to play the Ghost in *Hamlet*. One night, in doubling that part with Polonius, Digges forgot, on appearing as the Ghost, previously to rub off the bright red paint with which his face had been daubed for the other character. A spirit with a large red nose and vermilioned cheeks was extremely novel and much applauded. There was also a famous actor who used to play the Cock that crew to call off the Ghost when Hamlet had done with him ;

this performer did his part so well that everybody used to say he was the best Cock that ever had been heard at Smock Alley, and six or eight other gentry of the dunghill species were generally brought behind the scenes, who, on hearing him, mistook him for a brother cock, and set up their pipes all together ; and thus, by the infinity of crowing at the same moment, the hour was the better marked, and the Ghost glided back to the other world in the midst of a perfect chorus of cocks, to the no small admiration of the audience.

Of the distinguishing merits of the old actors, or indeed of many of the more modern ones, I profess myself but a very moderate judge. One thing, however, I am sure of, that, man or boy, I never admired tragedy, however well personated. Lofty feelings and strong passions may be admirably mimicked therein, but the ranting, whining, obviously premeditated starting, disciplined gesticulation, etc., the committing of suicide in mellifluous blank verse and rhyming when in the agonies of death, stretch away so *very* far from nature as to destroy all that illusion whereon the effect of dramatic exhibition in my mind entirely depends. Unless occasionally to witness some very celebrated new actor, I have not attended a tragedy these forty years, nor have I ever yet seen any tragedian on the British stage who made so decided an impression on my feelings as Mr. Kean in some of his characters has done. When I have seen other celebrated men enact the same parts I have remained quite tranquil, however my judgment may have been satisfied ; but he has made me *shudder*, and that, in my estimation, is the grand triumph of the actor's art. I have seldom sat out the last murder scene of any play except *Tom Thumb*, or *Chrononhotonthologos*, which certainly are no burlesques on some of our standard tragedies.

Kean's Shylock and Sir Giles Overreach seemed to me neither more nor less than actual *identification* of those

portraits ; so much so, in fact, that I told him myself, after seeing him perform the first-mentioned part, that I could have found it in my heart to knock his brains out the moment he had finished his performance. Nothing could be more truly disgusting than the circumstance of the most ruffianly parts of the London population, under the general appellation of a *British audience*, assuming to themselves the feelings of virtue, delicacy, decorum, morals, and modesty, for the sole purpose of driving into exile one of the first performers that ever trod the stage of England ! and that for an offence which, though abstractedly unjustifiable, a great number of the gentry, not a few of the nobility, and even members of the holy church militant, are constantly committing and daily detected in ; which commission and detection by no means seem to have diminished their popularity, or caused their reception to be less cordial amongst the saints, methodists, legal authorities, and justices of the quorum.

The virtuous sentence of transportation passed against Mr. Kean by the mob of London certainly began a *new series* of British morality, and the laudable societies for the suppression of vice may shortly be eased of a great proportion of their labours by more active moralists, culled from High Street, St. Giles's, the Israelites of Rag Fair, and the Houses of Correction. Hogarth has, in his print of "Evening," immortalised the happy state of the horned citizens at his period.

Two errors, however, that great actor has in a remarkable degree : some of his *pauses* are so long that he appears to have forgotten himself, and he *pats his breast* so often that it really reminds one of a nurse patting her infant to keep it from squalling. It is a pity he is not aware of these imperfections.

If, however, I have been always inclined to undervalue tragedy, on the other hand, *all* the comic performers of my

time in Ireland I perfectly recollect. I allude to the days of Ryder, O'Keeffe, Wilks, Wilder, Vandermere, etc.

The effect produced by even one actor, or one trivial incident, is sometimes surprising. The dramatic trifle called *Paul Pry* has had a greater run, I believe, than any piece of the kind ever exhibited in London. I went to see it, and was greatly amused, not altogether by the piece, but by the ultra oddity of one performer. Put any handsome or even human-looking person in Liston's place, and take away his umbrella, and Paul Pry would scarcely bring another audience. His countenance certainly presents the drollest set of stationary features I ever saw, and has the uncommon merit of being exquisitely comic *per se*, without the slightest distortion ; no *artificial* grimace, indeed, could improve his *natural*. I remember O'Keeffe, justly the delight of Dublin ; and Ryder, the best Sir John Brute, Ranger, Marplot, etc., in the world. The prologue of *Bucks have at ye All !* was repeated by him four hundred and twenty-four times. O'Keeffe's Tony Lumpkin, Vandermere's Skirmish, Wilder's Colonel Oldboy, etc., came as near nature as acting and mimicry could possibly approach. There was also a first edition of Liston as to drollery on the Dublin stage, usually called Old Sparkes. He was very tall and of a very large size, with heavy-hanging jaws, gouty ankles, big paunch, and sluggish motion, but his comic face and natural drollery were irresistible. He was a most excellent actor in everything he could personate ; his grotesque figure, however, rendered these parts but few. Peachum in the *Beggar's Opera*, Caliban, with *his own* additions, in *The Tempest*, and all bulky, droll, low characters he did to the greatest perfection. At one time, when the audiences of Smock Alley were beginning to flag, Old Sparkes told Ryder if he would bring out the after-piece of *The Padlock*, and permit him to manage it, he would ensure him a succession of good nights. Ryder gave him his way, and the bills

announced a first appearance in the part of Leonora. The *débutante* was reported to be a Spanish lady. The public curiosity was excited, and youth, beauty, and tremulous modesty were all anticipated. The house overflowed. Impatience was unbounded. The play ended in confusion, and the overture of *The Padlock* was received with rapture. Leonora at length appeared. The clapping was like thunder, to give courage to the *débutante*, who had a handsome face, and was very beautifully dressed as a Spanish Donna, which it was supposed she really was. Her gigantic size, it is true, rather astonished the audience. However, they willingly took for granted that the Spaniards were an immense people, and it was observed that England must have had a great escape of the Spanish Armada, if the men were proportionably gigantic to the ladies. Her voice, too, was rather of the hoarsest, but that was accounted for by the sudden change of climate. At last Leonora began her song of "Sweet Robin,"—

Say, little foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah ! whither would you wing ?

And at the same moment Leonora's mask falling off, Old Sparkes stood confessed, with an immense gander which he brought from under his cloak, and which he had trained to stand on his hand and screech to his voice, and in chorus with himself. The whim took. The roar of laughter was quite inconceivable. He had also got Mungo played by a *real* black. And the whole was so extravagantly ludicrous, and so entirely to the taste of the Irish galleries at that time, that his "Sweet Robin" was encored, and the frequent repetition of the piece replenished poor Ryder's treasury for the residue of the season.

I think about that time Mr. John Johnstone was a dragoon. His mother was a very good sort of woman, whom I remember extremely well. Between fifty and sixty years ago she gave me a little book, entitled *The History of*

the Seven Champions of Christendom, which I have, with several other books of my childhood, to this day. She used to call at my grandmother's to sell run muslins, etc., which she carried about her hips in great wallets, passing them off for a hoop. She was called by the old women, in pleasantry, "Mull and Jaconot"; sold great bargains, and was a universal favourite with the ladies. Young Johnstone was a remarkably genteel, well-looking lad. He used to bring presents of trout to my grandmother, which he caught in the great canal then going on close to Dublin. He soon went into the army; but having a weakness in his legs, he procured a speedy discharge, and acquired eminence on the Irish stage.

I never happened to encounter Mr. Johnstone in private society till we met at dinner at Lord Barrymore's in 1812, where Colonel Bloomfield, my friend Mr. Richard Martin, now justly called *Humanity Martin*, and others, were assembled. I was glad to meet the distinguished comedian, and mentioned some circumstances to him which proved the extent of my memory. He sang that night as sweetly as ever I heard him on the stage, and that is saying much.

Mr. Johnstone was a truly excellent performer of the more refined species of Irish characters; but Nature had not given him enough of that original *shoulder-twist*, and what they call the *potheen-twang*, which so strongly characterise the genuine national *vis comica* of the lower orders of Irish. In this respect, perhaps, Owenson was superior to him—of whom the reader will find a more detailed account in a future page.

No modern comedy, in my mind, equals those of the old writers. The former are altogether devoid of that high-bred, witty playfulness of dialogue so conspicuous in the works of the latter. Gaudy spectacle, commonplace clap-traps, and bad puns, together with forced or mongrel sentiment, have been substituted to "make the unskilful laugh," and to the

manifest sorrow of the "judicious." Perhaps so much the better ; as, although there are now most excellent scene-painters and fire-workers, the London stage appears to be almost destitute of competent performers in the parts of genuine comedy ; and the present London audiences seem to prefer gunpowder, resin, brimstone, musquetry, burning castles, and dancing ponies, to any human or Christian entertainments, evidently despising all those high-finished comic characters which satisfy the understanding and owe nothing to the scenery.

There is another species of theatrical representation extant in France, namely, scriptural pieces—half burlesque, half melodrama. These are undoubtedly among the drollest things imaginable ; mixing up in one unconnected mass tragedy, comedy, and farce, painting, music, scenery, dress and undress, decency and indecency. *Sampson pulling down the Hall of the Philistines* is the very finest piece of *spectacle* that can be conceived. *Susannah and the Elders* is rather too naked a concern for the English ladies to look at, unless through their fans. Transparent ones have lately been invented to save the expense of blushes at the theatres, etc. But the most whimsical of their scriptural dramas is the exhibition of Noah as a *shipbuilder*, preparatory to the deluge. He is assisted by large gangs of angels working as his *journeymen*, whose great solicitude is to keep their wings clear out of the way of their hatchets, etc. At length the whole of them *strike* and turn out for wages, till the arrival of a body of *gendarmes* immediately brings them to order, by whom they are threatened to be sent back to heaven if they do not *behave themselves*.

I have seen many admirable comedians on the Continent. Nothing can possibly exceed Mademoiselle Mars, for instance, in many characters ; but the French are all actors and actresses from their cradles ; and a great number of performers, even at the minor theatres, seem to me to *forget*

that they are playing, and at times nearly make the audience forget it too. Their spectacle is admirably good, their dancing excellent, and their dresses beautiful. Their orchestras are *well filled* in every sense of the word, and the level of musical composition not so low as *some* of Mr. Bishop's effusions. Their singing, however, is execrable ; their tragedy rant ; but their *prose* comedy very nature itself.

In short, the French beyond doubt exceed all other people in the world with regard to theatrical matters ; and as every man, woman, and child in Paris is equally attached to *spectacle*, every house is full, every company encouraged, all tastes find some gratification. An Englishman can scarcely quit a Parisian theatre without having seen himself or some of his family characteristically and *capitally* represented. The *Anglais* supply certainly an inexhaustible source of French mimicry ; and as we cannot help it, do what we will, our countrymen now begin to practise the good sense of laughing at it themselves. John Bull thinks that roast beef is the finest dish in the whole world, and that the finest fellow in Europe is the man that eats it. On both points the Frenchman begs leave, *tout à fait*, to differ with John ; and nothing can be sillier than to oppose opinions with a positive people in their own country, and who never yet, right or wrong, gave up an argument.

CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. JORDAN.

THE foregoing short and superficial sketches of the Dublin stage in my juvenile days bring me to a subject more recent and much more interesting to my feelings. I touch it, nevertheless, with pain, and must ever deeply regret the untimely catastrophe of a lady who was at once the highest surviving prop of her profession and a genuine sample of intrinsic excellence. Had her fate descended whilst filling her proper station and in her own country, or had not the circumstances which attended some parts of that lady's career been entirely mistaken—had not the cause of her miseries been grossly misrepresented, and the story of her desertion and embarrassed state at the time of her dissolution altogether false—I probably should never have done more, under the impression of its being intrusive, perhaps indelicate, than mention her personal excellences.

But so much of that lady's life, and so much relating to her death also, has been mis-stated in the public prints (not for the purpose of doing her justice, but of doing another injustice), that I feel myself warranted in sketching some traits and incidents of Mrs. Jordan's character and life, all of which I know to be true, and a great proportion whereof I was personally acquainted with. Some degree of mystery has doubtless rested, and will probably continue to rest, on the causes which led that lady to repair to a foreign country, where she perished. All I shall say, however, on that score is, that these causes have never yet been known except to a very limited number of individuals, and never had, in any shape or in any degree, bearing or connexion with her former situation. The reports current on this head I know



MRS. JORDAN AS "THE ROMP"

After the painting by Romney

to be utterly unfounded, and many of them I believe to be altogether malicious.

I am not Mrs. Jordan's biographer ; my observations only apply to abstract portions of her conduct and abstract periods of her life. I had the gratification of knowing intimately that amiable woman and justly celebrated performer. Her public talents are recorded ; her private merits are known to few. I enjoyed a portion of her confidence on several very particular subjects, and had full opportunity of appreciating her character.

It was not by a cursory acquaintance that Mrs. Jordan could be known. Unreserved confidence alone could develop her qualities, and none of them escaped my observation. I have known her when in the busy, bustling exercise of her profession ; I have known her when in the tranquil lap of ease, of luxury, and of magnificence. I have seen her in a theatre, surrounded by a crowd of adulating dramatists ; I have seen her in a palace, surrounded by a numerous, interesting, and beloved offspring. I have seen her happy ; I have seen her, alas ! *miserable* ; and I could not help participating in all her feelings.

At the point of time when I first saw Mrs. Jordan she could not be much more, I think, than sixteen years of age, and was making her *début* as Miss Francis at the Dublin Theatre. It is worthy of observation that her early appearances in Dublin were not in any of those characters (save one) wherein she afterwards so eminently excelled, but such as, being more girlish, were better suited to her spirits and her age. I was then, of course, less competent than now to exercise the critical art, yet could not but observe that in these parts she was *perfect* even on her first appearance ; she had no art, in fact, to study. Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingeniously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance

was all expression, without being all beauty ; her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement, impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances.

Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonised blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual *sympathy* ; and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease ; and when exerted in song, its gentle, flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering *bravura*. She was throughout the untutored child of Nature ; she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments, and whoever heard her “ Dead of the Night ” and her “ Sweet Bird,” either in public or private, if they had any soul must have surrendered at discretion.

In genuine playful comic characters, such as Belinda, etc., she was unique ; but in the *formal, dignified, high-bred* parts of genteel comedy, her superiority, although great, was not so decided. Her line, indeed, was distinctly marked out, but within its extent she stood altogether unrivalled, nay, unapproached.

At the commencement of Mrs. Jordan's theatrical career she had difficulties to encounter which nothing but superiority of talent could so suddenly have surmounted. Both of the Dublin theatres were filled with performers of high popular reputation, and thus every important part in her line of acting was ably pre-occupied. The talent of the female performers, matured by experience and disciplined by practice, must yet have yielded to the fascinating powers of her natural genius, had it been suffered fairly to expand. But the jealousy which never fails to pervade all professions was

powerfully excited to restrain the development of her mimic powers ; and it was reserved for English audiences to give full play and credit to that extraordinary comic genius which soon raised her to the highest pitch at once of popular and critical estimation.

Mrs. Daly, formerly Miss Barsanti, was foremost among the successful occupants of those buoyant characters to which Miss Francis was peculiarly adapted. Other actresses had long filled the remaining parts to which she aspired, and thus scarcely one was left open to engage her talents.

Mr. Daly about this time resorted to a singular species of theatrical entertainment, by the novelty whereof he proposed to rival his competitors of Smock Alley—namely, that of *reversing characters*, the men performing the female and the females the male parts in comedy and opera. The opera of *The Governess* was played in this way for several nights, the part of Lopez by Miss Francis. In this singular and unimportant character the versatility of her talent rendered the piece attractive, and the season concluded with a strong anticipation of her future celebrity.

The company then proceeded to perform in the provinces, and at Waterford occurred the first grave incident in the life of Mrs. Jordan. Lieutenant Charles Doyne, of the 3rd regiment of Heavy Horse (Greens), was then quartered in that city ; and struck with the *naïveté* and almost irresistible attractions of the young performer, his heart yielded, and he became seriously and honourably attached to her. Lieutenant Doyne was not handsome, but he was a gentleman and a worthy man, and had been my friend and companion some years at the university. I knew him intimately, and he entrusted me with his passion. Miss Francis's mother was then alive, and sedulously attended her. Full of ardour and thoughtlessness myself, I advised him, if he could win the young lady, to marry her, adding that no doubt fortune must smile on so disinterested a union. Her mother, how-

ever, was of a different opinion ; and as she had no fortune but her talent, the exercise of which was to be relinquished with the name of Francis, it became a matter of serious consideration from what source they were to draw their support—with the probability too of a family ! His commission was altogether inadequate, and his private fortune very small. This obstacle, in short, was insurmountable. Mrs. Francis, anticipating the future celebrity of her child, and unwilling to extinguish in obscurity all chance of fame and fortune by means of the profession she had adopted, worked upon her daughter to decline the proposal. The treaty accordingly ended, and Lieutenant Doyne appeared to me for a little time almost inconsolable. Miss Francis, accompanied by her mother, soon after went over to England, and for nearly twenty years I never saw that unrivalled performer.

Mr. Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan, was at that time highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters, and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height, remarkably handsome and brave-looking, vigorous and well-shaped, he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be *out of character* : never did I see any actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those parts he assumed. In the higher class of Irish characters—old officers, etc.—he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient dignity ; and in the *lowest*, his humour was scarcely quaint and original enough ; but in what might be termed the *middle class of Paddies*, no man ever combined the look and the manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing is not an Irish quality ; and he sang well enough. I have heard Jack Johnstone warble so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of first-rate education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking ; that was not the

case with Owenson ; he acted as if he had not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody had instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich. His last friend was old Fontaine, a very celebrated Irish dancing-master, many years domiciliated and highly esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family whilst he had means to do so, and they both died nearly at the same time—instances of talent and improvidence.

This digression I have ventured on, because in the first place it harmonises with the theatrical nature of my subject, and may be interesting because it relates to the father of an eminent and amiable woman ; and most particularly because I was informed that Mr. Owenson took a warm interest in the welfare of Miss Francis, and was the principal adviser of her mother in rejecting Mr. Doyme's addresses.

After a lapse of many years I chanced to acquire the honour of a very favourable introduction to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who became the efficient friend of me and of my family—not with that high and frigid mien which so often renders ungracious the favours of authorities in the British Government, but with the frankness and sincerity of a prince. He received and educated my only son with his own, and sent him, as lieutenant of the 5th Dragoon Guards, to make his campaigns in the Peninsula. This introduction to his Royal Highness and his family gave me full and unerring opportunities of knowing, of appreciating, and valuing Mrs. Jordan. In her there was no guile ; her heart was conspicuous in every word—her feelings in every action ; and never did I find in any character a more complete concentration of every quality that should distinguish a mother, a friend, and a gentlewoman.

The outlines of Mrs. Jordan's public life, after her connexion of twenty-three years with that royal personage, are too well known to require recital here. But with respect to

her more private memoirs, so much falsehood and exaggeration have gone abroad—so many circumstances have been distorted, and so many *facts* invented, some of the latter possessing sufficient plausibility to deceive even the most wary—that, if not a duty, it appears at least praiseworthy to aim at the refutation of such calumnies.

I have ever felt a great abhorrence of the system of defamation on hearsay. Public men, *as such*, may properly be commented on. It is the birthright of the British people to speak fairly their sentiments of those who rule them ; but libel on private reputation is a disgusting excrescence upon the body of political freedom, and has latterly grown to an extent so dangerous to individuals, and so disgraceful to the press at large, that it may hereafter afford plausible pretences for curtailing the liberty of that organ—the pure and legal exercise of which is the proudest and surest guardian of British freedom. The present lax, unrestrained, and vicious exuberance of the periodical press stamps the United Kingdom as the very focus of libel and defamation in all their ramifications. No reputation, no rank, no character, public or private, neither the living nor the dead, can escape from its licentiousness. One comfort may be drawn from the reflection, that it can proceed no further ; its next movement must be a retrograde one, and I trust the legislature will not permit this retrogression to be long deferred.

That spirit of licentiousness I have been endeavouring to stigmatise was never more clearly instanced than by the indefatigable and reiterated attempts, for several years persevered in, to disparage the private reputation of a royal personage, whose domestic habits and whose wise and commendable abstinence from political party and conflicting factions should have exempted him from the pen and from the tongue of misrepresentation, and rendered sacred a character which only requires development to stand as high in the estimation of every man who regards the general

happiness and power of the empire as that of any member of the illustrious house from which its owner springs. On this point I speak not lightly ; that which I state is neither the mere effusion of gratitude nor the meanness of adulation. The royal personage I allude to would not commend me for the one, nor would I demean myself by the other.

I cannot conclude this digression without reprobating in no measured terms that most dangerous of all calumnious tendencies which endeavours systematically to drag down the highest ranks to the level of the lowest, and by labouring to excite a democratic contempt of royal personages, gradually saps the very foundation of constitutional allegiance. Such, however, has been a practice of the day, exercised with all the rancour, but without any portion of the ability of Junius.

It is deeply to be lamented that this system has been exemplified by some individuals whose literary celebrity might have well afforded them the means of creditable subsistence without endeavouring to force into circulation works of mercenary penmanship by wanton slander of the very highest personage in the united empire. I specify no name, I designate no facts ; if they exist not, it is unimportant ; if they are notorious, the application will not be difficult. It is true that a libeller cannot fully atone, yet he may repent ; and even that mortification would be a better penance to any calumniator of distinguished talent than to run the risk of being swamped between the Scylla and Charybdis of frivolity and disaffection.

But to return to the accomplished subject of my sketch. I have seen her, as she called it, *on a cruise*—that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool)—having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose ; she was not then in high spirits ; indeed, her tone in this respect was not uniform ; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed, at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then

reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

I once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool. Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant, but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis. The sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous. She walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent ; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards her spirit seemed to be regenerated. She cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished. The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeded anything I could conceive.

Mrs. Jordan delighted in talking over past events. She had strong impressions of everything, and I could perceive was often influenced rather by her feelings than her judgment.

“ How happens it,” said I to her, when last in Dublin, “ that you still exceed all your profession, even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you ? How do you contrive to be so buoyant, nay, so childish on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits and degenerate into gravity the moment you are off it ? ”

“ Old habits,” replied Mrs. Jordan, “ old habits. Had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me. So, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at *her* service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features. To her I left the whole matter. I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further

myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself. They laughed again, so did I ; and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation.

“ The best rule for a performer is to forget, if possible, that any audience is listening. We perform best of all in our closets, and next best to crowded houses. But I scarcely ever saw a good performer who was always eyeing the audience. “ If,” continued she, “ half the gesticulation, half the wit, drollery, and anecdote which I heard amongst you all at Curran’s Priory, at Grattan’s Cottage, and at your house, had been displayed before an audience *without your knowing that anybody was listening to you*, the performance would have been cheered as one of the finest pieces of comic acting possible, though, in fact, your only *plot* was endeavouring to get tipsy as agreeably as you could.”

The last visit of Mrs. Jordan to the Irish capital took place in the year 1809, and afforded me a still better opportunity of eliciting any trait of her nature or disposition. She was greeted in that metropolis with all the acclamations that her reputation and talent so fully merited. She was well received also amongst some of the best society in Dublin, whose curiosity was excited beyond measure to converse with her in private. Here, however, she disappointed all ; and the animated, lively, brilliant mimic on the boards was, in the saloon, retiring, quiet, nay, almost reserved. Mrs. Jordan, in fact, seldom spoke much in company ; but then she spoke well. She made no exertion to appear distinguished, and became more so by the absence of effort. The performer was wholly merged in the gentlewoman ; and thus, although on her entrance this celebrated person failed to *impress* the company, she *never* failed to retire in possession of their respect.

On that tour she told me she was very ill-treated by the

manager. The understanding was, that Mrs. Jordan was to receive half the profits ; yet, although the houses were invariably crowded, the receipts were quite inadequate. Many of the performers who had been appointed to act with her were below mediocrity, and her presence alone saved them from being scouted. One was forgetful, another drunk. I confess I never myself saw such a crew. All this rendered Mrs. Jordan miserable, and she sought relief in the exercise of her benevolent feelings. Among other objects of her bounty was an old actor called Barrett, who had played on the night of her *début*, and was then in most indigent circumstances. Him she made comfortable, and gave efficient assistance to several others whom she had known in former years.

The managers, I know not why, acted to her without the respect which *everybody*, except themselves, had shewn that most amiable of human beings. She had found it absolutely necessary to refuse acting with one or two vulgar, drunken fellows, belonging to the set whom they had selected to *sustain* her ; and she quitted the country at length, having formed a fixed determination never to repeat any engagement with the persons who then *managed* the theatricals of Dublin.

She had scarcely arrived in England when some of the parties, including one Mr. Dwyer, a player, quarrelled ; and actions for defamation were brought forward amongst them. A man of the name of Corri also published periodical libels, in one of which he paid Mrs. Jordan the compliment of associating her with the Duchess of Gordon. I and my family had likewise the honour of partaking in the abuse of that libel, and I prosecuted the printer. On the trial of the cause one of the counsel, Mr. Thomas (now Serjeant) Gold, thought proper to indulge himself in language and statements respecting Mrs. Jordan neither founded in fact nor delicate in a gentleman. In cross-examining me as a

witness on the prosecution of the printer, he essayed a line of interrogation disparaging to the character of that lady ; but that learned person always took care not to go too far with me, or to risk offending me in my presence. A monosyllable, or an intimation even, I ever found quite sufficient to check the exuberance of “ my learned friend ” ; and on this occasion he was not backward in taking my hint. He grew tame. The libeller was found guilty, and justly sentenced to a protracted imprisonment.

I never knew Mrs. Jordan feel so much as at the wanton conduct of Mr. Thomas Gold on that occasion. His speech, as it appeared in the newspapers, was too gross even for the vulgarest declaimer ; but when Mrs. Jordan’s situation, her family, and her merits were considered, it was altogether inexcusable. I do not state this feeling of Mrs. Jordan solely from my own impression. I received from her a letter indicative of the anguish which that gentleman had excited in her feelings, and I should do injustice to her memory if I did not publish her justification :

“ Bushy House, Wednesday.

“ My dear Sir,

“ Not having the least suspicion of the business in Dublin, it shocked and grieved me very much, not only on my own account, but I regret that I should have been the involuntary cause of anything painful to you or to your amiable family. But of Mr. Jones I can think anything ; and I beg you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not selfish. Why, indeed, should *I* expect to escape their infamous calumnies ? Truth, however, will force its way, and justice exterminate that nest of vipers. I wanted nothing from Mr. Crompton’s generosity, but I had a claim on his justice, his *honour* * * *

“ During the two representations of *The Inconstant*, I represented to him the state Mr. Dwyer was in, and im-

plored him, out of respect to the audience, if not in pity to my terrors, to change the play. As to the libel on Mr. Dwyer, charged to me by Mr. Gold, I never directly or indirectly, by words or by writing, demeaned myself by interfering in the most remote degree with so wretched a concern. I knew no editor—I read no newspapers whilst in Dublin. The charge is false and libellous on me, published, I presume, through Mr. Gold's assistance. Under that view of the case he will feel himself rather unpleasantly circumstanced, should I call upon him either to *prove* or *disavow* his assertions. To be introduced any way into such a business shocks and grieves me. He might have pleaded for his companions without calumniating me; but for the present I shall drop an irksome subject, which has already given me more than ordinary uneasiness.—Yours, etc.,

“DORA JORDAN.”

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She requested my advice as to bringing an action for defamation. My reply was one that I had heard most adroitly given by Sir John Doyle upon another occasion: “If you wrestle with a chimney-sweeper, it is true you may throw your antagonist, but your own coat will certainly be dirtied by the encounter.”

Never was there a better aphorism. Mrs. Jordan took my advice, and satisfied herself with despising instead of punishing her calumniators.

I have seen this accomplished woman at Bushy in the midst of one of the finest families in England, surrounded by splendour, beloved, respected, and treated with all the deference paid to a member of high life. I could perceive, indeed, no offset to her comforts and gratification. She was in my hearing frequently solicited by the royal personage to retire from her profession; she was *urged* to forego all further emoluments from its pursuit; and this single fact gives the

contradiction direct to reports which I should feel it improper even to allude to further. Her constant reply was that she would retire when Mrs. Siddons did ; but that her losses by the fire at Covent Garden, together with other incidental outgoings, had been so extensive as to induce her continuance of the profession to replace her finances. Her promise to retire with Mrs. Siddons, however, she did not act up to, but continued to gratify the public, with enormous profit to herself, down to the very last year she remained in England. It is matter of fact, too, though perhaps here out of place, that, so far from a desertion of this lady by that royal personage, as falsely reported, to the last hour of her life his solicitude was undiminished ; and though separated by her own desire, for causes not discreditable to either, he never lost sight of her interest or her comforts. It was not the nature of His Royal Highness—he was incapable of that little less than *crime* towards Mrs. Jordan, which had indeed no foundation, save in the vicious representation of hungry or avaricious editors, or in the scurrility of those hackneyed and indiscriminate enemies of rank and reputation, whose aspersions are equally a disgrace and an injury to the country wherein they are tolerated.

To contribute towards the prevention of all further doubt as to Mrs. Jordan's unmixed happiness at the period of her residence at Bushy, as well as to exhibit the benevolence of her heart and the warmth of her attachments, I will introduce at this point extracts from some other letters addressed to myself :

“ Bushy.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I cannot resist the pleasure of informing you that your dear boy has not only passed, but passed with great credit, at the Military College. It gives us all the highest satisfaction. My two beloved boys are now at home ; they have both gone to South-Hill to see your Edward. We

shall have a full and merry house at Christmas ; 'tis what the dear duke delights in—a happier set, when altogether, I believe never yet existed. The ill-natured parts of the world never can enjoy the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness.

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“ I have made two most lucrative trips since I saw you. Adkinson came to see me at Liverpool—quite as poetical as ever, and the best-natured *poet* I believe in the world.

“ Yours, ever truly,

“ DORA JORDAN.”

“ Bushy.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have returned here on the 7th inst., after a very fatiguing, though very prosperous, *cruise* of five weeks, and found all as well as I could wish. Your Edward left us this morning for Marlow ; I found him improved in everything. I never saw the duke enjoy anything more than the poultry you sent us ; they were delicious ; he desires me to offer his best regards to yourself and your ladies. Lucy is gone on a visit to Lady De Ross.

“ Yours, most truly,

“ DORA JORDAN.”

“ Bushy.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have returned here ; but, alas ! the happiness I had promised to myself has met a cruel check at finding the good duke very unwell. You can scarcely conceive my misery at the cause of such a disappointment, but there is every appearance of a favourable result not being very distant. 'Tis his old periodical attack, but not near so severe as I have seen it. I shall not write to you as I

intended till I can announce His Royal Highness's recovery. I shall have neither head nor nerves to write, or even to think, till I am able to contribute to your pleasure by announcing my own happiness and his recovery.

" etc.,

" DORA JORDAN.

" Sir J. Barrington,
" Merrion Square, Dublin."

" Bushy.

" We have just returned from Maidenhead, and I postponed writing to you till I could give you an account of Edward, who, with Colonel Butler, dined with us there. He looks wonderfully well, and the uniform becomes him extremely. On the ladies leaving the room Colonel Butler gave the duke a very favourable account of him, and I trust it will give you and Lady Barrington the more satisfaction when I assure you that it is by no means a partial account.

" I am sure you will be pleased to hear that your young friend Lucy is about to be married, much to my satisfaction, to Colonel Hawker, of the 14th Dragoons. He is a most excellent man, and has a very good private property. She will make the best of wives ; a better girl never yet lived ; it makes me quite happy, and I intend to give her the value of £10,000.

" etc.,

" DORA JORDAN."

The days of Mrs. Jordan continued to pass on alternately in the exercise of a lucrative profession and the domestic enjoyment of an adoring family, when circumstances (which, because *mysterious*, the public construed necessarily to imply culpability somewhere or other) occasioned a separation, certainly an event most unexpected by those who had previously known the happy state of her connexion. In me it would be worse than presumption to enter into any detail on

a subject at once so private, so delicate, and so interesting. Suffice it to say, that of all the accounts and surmises as to that event in which the public prints were pleased to indulge themselves, not one that came under my eye was true ; indeed, there was scarcely a single incident whereto that separation was publicly attributed that had any degree of foundation whatsoever. Such circumstances should ever remain known only to those who feel the impropriety of amusing the readers at a news-room with subjects of domestic pain and family importance. I will, however, repeat that the separation took effect from causes no way dishonourable to either party ; that it was not sought for by the royal personage, nor necessary on the part of the lady. It was too hasty to be discreet, and too much influenced by feelings of the moment to be hearty. Though not unacquainted with those circumstances, I never presumed to make an observation upon the subject, save to contradict, in direct terms, statements which, at the time I heard them, I knew to be totally unfounded ; and never was the British press more prostituted than in the malicious colouring given upon that occasion to the conduct of His Royal Highness.

General Hawker, one of the late king's aids-de-camp, had married Miss Jordan ; and in the punctilious honour and integrity of this gentleman everybody who knew and knows him did and does rely with unmixed confidence. Such reliance His Royal Highness evinced by sending, through him, *carte blanche* to Mrs. Jordan when the separation had been determined on, enabling her to dictate whatever she conceived would be fully adequate to her maintenance, without recurrence to her profession, in all the comforts and luxuries to which she had been so long accustomed ; and everything she wished for was arranged to her satisfaction. Still, however, infatuated with attachment to theatrical pursuits, she continued to accept of temporary engagements, to her great profit ; and it will perhaps scarcely be credited

that so unsated were British audiences with Mrs. Jordan's unrivalled performances, that even at her time of life, with certainly diminished powers and an altered person, the very last year she remained in England brought her a clear profit of near £7,000. I *cannot* be mistaken in this statement, for my authority could not err on that point. The malicious representations, therefore, of her having been left straitened in pecuniary circumstances were literally *fabulous* ; for to the very moment of her death she remained in full possession of all the means of comfort—nay, if she chose it, of *luxury and splendour*. Why, therefore, she emigrated, pined away, and expired in a foreign country, of whose language she was ignorant, and in whose habits she was wholly unversed, with every *appearance* of necessity, is also considered a mystery by those unacquainted with the cruel and disastrous circumstances which caused that unfortunate catastrophe. It is not by my pen that miserable story shall be told. It was a transaction wherein her royal friend had, *directly or indirectly*, no concern, nor did it in any way spring out of that connexion. She had, in fact, only to *accuse* herself of benevolence, confidence, and honour ; to those *demerits*, and to the worse than ingratitude of others, she fell a lingering, broken-hearted victim.

When His Royal Highness was informed of the determination that Mrs. Jordan should take up a temporary residence on the Continent, he insisted on her retaining the attendance of Miss Ketchley, who for many years had been attached to the establishment at Bushy, and was superintendent and governess of the duke's children. This lady, therefore, whose sincere attachment had been so long and truly proved, accompanied Mrs. Jordan as her companion, and to the time of her death continued to administer to her comforts, endeavouring, so far as in her lay, by her society and attentions, to solace the mental misery which pressed upon her friend's health and had extinguished her spirits. She was

also accompanied by Colonel Hawker, the general's brother ; but as she wished during her residence in France to be totally retired, she took no suite. She selected Boulogne as a place of convenient proximity to England ; and in a cottage about half a mile from that town awaited with indescribable anxiety the completion of those affairs which had occasioned her departure, rapturously anticipating the happiness of embracing her children afresh after a painful absence.

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS. JORDAN IN FRANCE.

SUCH was the nature of the circumstances which impelled Mrs. Jordan to repair to the Continent ; and after what has been said, the reader will not think it extraordinary that a deep impression was made upon her health—not, indeed, in the shape of actual disease, but by the workings of a troubled spirit, pondering and drooping over exaggerated misfortunes, and encountering obstacle after obstacle. Estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession, the resort to which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy, mental malady soon communicated its contagion to the physical organisation, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of that lamented lady.

We have seen that she established herself in the first place at Boulogne-sur-Mer. A cottage was selected by her at Marquetra, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. Often have I since, as if on classic ground, strolled down the little garden which had been there her greatest solace. The cottage is very small, but neat, commodious, and of a cheerful aspect. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock, comprising less than half an acre, formed her demesne. In an adjoining cottage resided her old landlady, Madame Ducamp, who was in a state of competence, and altogether an original. She had married a gardener, much younger and of humbler birth than herself. I think she had been once handsome. Her story I never heard fully, but it appeared that she had flourished during the Revolution. She spoke English well when she pleased ; and, like most Frenchwoman, when

d'âge mur, was querulous, intrusive, and curious *beyond limitation*, with as much *professed* good-nature as would serve at least fifty of our old English gentlewomen. She was not, in good truth, devoid of the reality as well as the semblance of that quality ; but she *overacted* the philanthropist, and consequently did not deceive those accustomed to look lower than the surface. This good lady is still *in statu quo*, and most likely to remain so.

Under colour of taking her vacant cottage for a friend, a party of us went to Marquetra, to learn what we could respecting Mrs. Jordan's residence there. The old lady recognised her name, but pronounced it in a way which it was scarcely possible for *us* to recognise. A long conversation ensued, in some parts as deeply interesting, and in others nearly as ludicrous as the subject could admit of. Madame Ducamp repeated to us a hundred times in five minutes that she had "*beaucoup, beaucoup de vénération pour cette chère, chère malheureuse dame Anglaise !*" whom she assured us with a deep sigh was "*sans doute un ange supérieur !*" She was proceeding to tell us everything she knew, or I suppose could invent, when, perceiving a child in the garden pulling the flowers, she abruptly discontinued her eulogium, and ran off to drive away the intruder—having done which, she returned to resume ; but too late ! in her absence her place had been fully and fairly occupied by Agnes, an ordinary French girl, Madame Ducamp's *bonne* (servant of *all work*), whom we soon found was likely to prove a much more truth-telling person than her mistress.

Agnes informed us with great feeling that "the economy of that charming lady was very strict : *nécessairement je crains,*" she added, with a slow movement of her head and a truly eloquent look. They had found out, she said, that their lodger had been once *riche et magnifique*, but when there she was *very, very* poor indeed. "But," exclaimed the

poor girl, her eye brightening up and her tone becoming firmer, "that could make no difference to me! *si j'aime, j'aime! J'ai servi cette pauvre dame avec le même zèle (peut-être encore plus) que si elle eut été une princesse!*"

This frank-hearted display of poor Agnes's sentiments was, however, not in fact called for in speaking of Mrs. Jordan, since she might have commanded, during the whole period of her continental residence, any sums she thought proper. She had money in the bank, in the funds, and in miscellaneous property, and had just before received several thousands. But she was become nearly careless as well of pecuniary as other matters, and took up a whim (for it was nothing more) to affect poverty, thus deceiving the world, and giving herself a vantage-ground to the gossiping and censorious.

Agnes's information went on to shew that Mrs. Jordan's whole time was passed in anxious expectation of letters from England, and on the English post-days she was peculiarly miserable. We collected from the girl that her garden and guitar were her only resources against that consuming melancholy which steals away even the elements of existence, and plunges both body and mind into a state of morbid languor—the fruitful parent of disease, insanity, and death.

At this point of the story Madame Ducamp would no longer be restrained, and returned to the charge with redoubled assertions of her own friendship to "the poor lady," and *bonne nature* in general.

"Did you know her, Monsieur?" said she; "alas! she nearly broke *my* heart by trying to break *her own*."

"I have heard of her since I arrived here, madame," replied I, cautiously.

"Ah! Monsieur, Monsieur," rejoined Madame Ducamp, "if you had known her as well as Agnes and I did, you would have loved her just as much. I am sure she had been accustomed to grandeur, though I could never clearly make

out the cause of her reverses. Ah ! ” pursued Madame, “ she was *aimable et honnête* beyond description ; and though so very poor, paid her *louage* like a goddess.” At this moment some other matter, perhaps suggested by the word *louage*, came across the old woman’s brain, and she again trotted off. The remaining intelligence which we gathered from Agnes related chiefly to Mrs. Jordan’s fondness for music and perpetual indulgence therein ; and to her own little achievements in the musical way, whereby, she told us, with infinite *naïveté*, she had frequently experienced the gratification of playing and singing *madame to sleep* ! She said that there was some little mutual difficulty in the first place as to understanding each other, since the stranger was ignorant of the French language, and she herself “ had not the honour ” to speak English. “ However,” continued Agnes, “ we formed a sort of language of our own, consisting of looks and signs, and in these *madame* was more eloquent than any other person I had ever known.” Here the girl’s recollections seemed fairly to overcome her ; and with that apparently exaggerated sensibility which is, nevertheless, *natural* to the character of her country, she burst into tears, exclaiming, “ *Oh ciel ! oh ciel !—elle est morte ! elle est morte !* ”

I cannot help thinking that the deep and indelible impression thus made by Mrs. Jordan upon an humble unsophisticated servant girl exemplifies her kind and winning manners better than would the most laboured harangues of a whole host of biographers.

Madame Ducamp meanwhile had been fidgetting about and arranging everything to shew off her cottage to the greatest advantage ; and without further conversation, except as to the price of the tenement, we parted with mutual “ assurances of the highest consideration.”

I renewed my visits to the old woman ; but her stories were either so fabulous or disconnected, and those of Agnes

so unvaried, that I saw no probability of acquiring further information, and lost sight of Mrs. Jordan's situation for a considerable time after her departure from Boulogne. I thought it, by-the-bye, very extraordinary that neither the mistress nor maid said a word about any attendant of Mrs. Jordan, even although it was not till long after that I heard of Colonel Hawker and Miss Ketchley having accompanied her from England. After Mrs. Jordan had left Boulogne, it appears that she repaired to Versailles, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, *totally* secluded and under the name of Johnson, she continued to await, in a state of extreme depression and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the Continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which, by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature.

I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the Bois de Boulogne. Not a mile intervened between us ; yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighbourhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion ; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her, that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness, so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we were told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome !

The apartments she occupied at St. Cloud were in a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient, just the sort of place which would tell in description in a romance. In fact, it looked to

me almost in a state of dilapidation. I could not, I am sure, wander over it at night without a superstitious feeling. The rooms were very numerous, but small ; the furniture scanty, old, and tattered. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman, and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby ; no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments ! In her little drawing-room a small old sofa was the best-looking piece of furniture. On this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired.*

The account given to us of her last moments by the master of the house was very affecting. He likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was, of course, declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had also with her, as I heard, many other valuable trinkets ; and on her death seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir.

From the time of her arrival at St. Cloud, it appears Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Every post gave rise to increased solicitude, and every letter she received seemed to have a different effect on her feelings. Latterly she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual ; her uneasiness increased

* When I saw Mrs. Jordan's abode at St. Cloud first, it was on a dismal and chilly day, and I was myself in corresponding mood. Hence perhaps every cheerless object was exaggerated, and I wrote on the spot the above description. I have again viewed the place ; again beheld with melancholy interest the sofa on which Mrs. Jordan breathed her last. There it still, I believe, remains ; but the whole premises have been repaired, and an English family now has one wing, together with an excellent garden, before overgrown with weeds. The two melancholy cypress-trees I first saw there yet remain. The surrounding prospect is undoubtedly very fine ; but I would not, even were I made a present of that mansion, consent to reside in it one month.

almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discoloured. From morning till night she lay sighing upon her sofa.

At length an interval of some posts occurred during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful ; her eyes were now restless, now fixed, her motion rapid and unmeaning, and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C——, *before* the usual hour of delivery, to go for her letters to the post. On his return she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her *there were none*. She stood a moment motionless, looked towards him with a vacant stare, held out her hand again, as if by an involuntary action, instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who, however, had gone out, and Mr. C—— returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him ; she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed ; her face was one moment flushed and another livid ; she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C—— stood uncertain what to do ; but in a minute he heard her breath drawn more hardly, and, as it were, sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified ; he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more !

Thus terminated the worldly career of a woman at the very head of her profession, and one of the best-hearted of her sex ! Thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and

magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart ! She was buried by Mr. Forster, now chaplain to the ambassador.

Our informant told this little story with a feeling which evidently was not affected. The French have a mode of narrating even trivial matters with gesticulation and detail, whereby they are impressed on your memory. The slightest incident they repeat with emphasis ; and on this occasion Mr. C—— completed his account without any of those digressions in which his countrymen so frequently indulge.

Several English friends at Paris a few years ago entered into a determination to remove Mrs. Jordan's body to Père le Chaise, and place a marble over her grave. The subscription, had the plan been proceeded in, would have been ample ; but some, I think rather mistaken, ideas of delicacy at that time suspended its execution. As it is, I believe I may say, " Not a stone tells where she lies ! " But, spirit of a gentle, affectionate, and excellent human being ! receive, if permitted, the aspirations breathed by one who knew thy virtues, and who regrets, while he bows to the mysterious Providence which doomed them to so sad an extinction, for thy eternal repose and happiness !

CHAPTER XLIII.

SCENES AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

ON the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1814, my curiosity was greatly excited to view the alteration which different revolutions, a military government, and a long-protracted warfare must necessarily have made in the manners, habits, and appearance of the French people. My ardent desire to see the Emperor himself had been defeated by his abdication, and no hope remained to me of ever enjoying that pleasure.

The Royal Family of France I had the honour of meeting often in society during the long visit with which they favoured the British nation; the last time was at Earl Moira's, one of their most zealous friends. My curiosity on that score was, therefore, quite satisfied. I had also known many, and had formed a very decisive opinion as to most of their countrymen who had like themselves emigrated to England; nor has the experience acquired during my residence in France at all tended to alter the nature of that opinion. Some of these men have, I fear, the *worst memories* of any people existing! indeed, it should seem that since their return home they must have drunk most plentifully of Lethe.

I was extremely desirous also to see the persons who had rendered themselves so conspicuous during the long and mighty struggle wherein the destinies of Europe were all at stake—the great heroes both of the field and cabinet; and therefore, upon the restoration of King Louis, I determined to visit Paris, the rather as my family were infected with the same curiosity as myself.

Accordingly we set out on our journey, taking Havre de Grace in our route to the metropolis. I was then in a very

declining state of health, and consequently unnerved and incapable of much energy either mental or corporeal. On arriving at Havre, I was so captivated by the fine air and beautiful situation of the Coteau d'Ingouville, rising immediately over the town, that we determined to tarry there a few months and visit Paris in the spring, when my health and strength should be renovated ; and never did any person recover both so rapidly as I did during the short period of my sojourn on that spot.

Doctor Sorerie, the first physician at Havre, told me that he divided the hill of Ingouville into three medical compartments : " the summit," said he, " never requires the aid of a physician, the middle portion only twice a year, the base *always*." His fanciful estimate, he assured me, was a perfectly true one ; and on the strength of that assurance I rented the beautiful cottage on the summit of the hill, called the *Pavillon Poulet*, now occupied, I believe, by the American consul. All around was new to me ; of course, I was the more observing ; and the result of my observations was that I considered Havre, even in 1815, as being at least a hundred years behind England in everything. Tea was only sold there as a species of medicine at the apothecaries' shops, and articles of cotton manufacture were in general more than double the price of silk fabrics. The market was very good and very moderate, the hotels most execrable. But the most provoking of all things which I found at Havre was the rate of *exchange* : the utmost I could get for a one-pound Bank of England note was sixteen francs, or for an accepted banker's bill sixteen francs and a half to the pound, about fourteen shillings for my twenty. This kind of thing, in profound peace, surprised me, and the more particularly as the English *guinea* was at a premium, and the smooth English shilling at a *high* premium.

A visit paid to the Continent after so very long an exclusion really made one feel as if about to explore a kind of *terra*

incognita, and gave everything a novel and perhaps over-important character to the traveller. In a country altogether strange ordinary occurrences often assume the dignity of adventures, and incidents which at home would scarcely have been noticed become invested on the sudden with an air of interest. Our fellow-countrymen are too apt to undervalue everything which differs from their own established ways, either of acting or thinking. For this overbearing spirit they have been and are plentifully and justly quizzed by the natives of other countries. Yet they exhibit few signs of amendment. An Englishman seems to think it matter of course that he must be lord of the ascendant wherever he travels, and is sometimes reminded of his mistake in a manner anything but gentle. The impatience he constantly manifests of any foreign trait, whether of habit or character, is really quite amusing. If Sterne's Maria had figured away at Manchester, or his Monk at Liverpool, both the one and the other would have been deemed fit objects either for a madhouse or house of correction; probably the girl would have been committed by his worship the mayor to Bedlam, and the old man to the treadmill. In fact, Yorick's refined sentiment in France would be gross nonsense at Birmingham, and La Fleur's letter to the corporal's wife be considered as decided evidence of *crim. con.* by an alderman of Cripplegate.

As for myself, I have of late felt a sort of medium sensation. As men become stricken in years, a species of venerable insipidity insinuates itself amongst their feelings. A great proportion of mine had turned sour by long keeping, and I set out on my travels without one quarter of the good nature which I had possessed thirty years before. My palate was admirably disposed at the time to feast upon novelties, of which I had made up my mind to take a full meal, and thought I should be all the better prepared by a few months of salubrious air and rural tranquillity.

The interval, however, which I had thus devoted to quiet

and thorough reinstatement of health upon the breezy and delightful Coteau d'Ingouville, and which I expected would flow on smoothly for some months, without the shadow of an adventure, or indeed anything calculated to interfere with my perfect composure, turned out to be one filled with the most extraordinary occurrences which have ever marked the history of Europe.

The sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, and the speedy flight of the French king and royal family from the Tuileries, without a single effort being made to defend them, appeared to me at the time of all possible incidents the most extraordinary and the least expected. The important events which followed in rapid and perplexing succession afforded me scope for extensive observation, whereof I did not fail to take advantage. My opportunities were indeed great and peculiar ; but few comparatively of my fellow-countrymen had as yet ventured into France ; those who did avail themselves of the conclusion of peace in 1814 fled the country in dismay on the return of " the child and champion of Jacobinism," whilst I, by staying there throughout his brief second reign, was enabled to ascertain facts known to very few in England, and hitherto not published by any.

At Havre it appeared clearly to me that Napoleon, during his absence, was anything but forgotten or disesteemed. The Empress, when there, had become surprisingly popular amongst all classes of people, and the misfortunes of her husband had only served to render his memory more dear to his brother-soldiers, by whom he was evidently still regarded as their general and their prince. In truth, not only by the soldiers, but generally by the civic ranks, Louis, rather than Napoleon, was looked on as the usurper.

There were two regiments of the line at Havre, the officers of which made no great secret of their sentiments, whilst the men appeared to me inclined for anything but obedience to the Bourbon dynasty. The spirit which I could not help

seeing in full activity here, it was rational to conclude, operated in other parts of the kingdom, and the justice of this inference was suddenly manifested by the course of events.

We were well acquainted with the colonel and superior officers of one of the regiments then in garrison. The colonel, a very fine soldier-like man, about forty-five, with the reputation of being a brave officer and an individual at once candid, liberal, and decided, was singularly frank in giving his opinions on all public subjects. He made no attempt to conceal his indestructible attachment to Napoleon, and I should think (for his tendencies must necessarily have been reported to the Government) that he was continued in command only from a consciousness on their part that, if they removed him, they must at the same moment have disarmed and disbanded the regiment—a measure which the Bourbon family was then by no means strong enough to hazard.

On one occasion the colonel, in speaking to me whilst company was sitting around us, observed, with a sardonic smile, that his *master*, Louis, was not quite so firmly seated as his *émigrés* seemed to think. “The puissant allies,” continued he, sneering as he spoke, “may change a *king*, but (and his voice rose the while) they cannot change a *people*.”

Circumstances, in fact, daily conspired to prove to me that the army was still Napoleon’s. The surgeon of that same regiment was an Italian, accounted very clever in his profession, good-natured, intelligent, and obliging, but so careless of his dress that he was generally called by us the “dirty doctor.” This person was less anxious even than his comrades to conceal his sentiments of men and things, both politically and generally, never failing, whether in public or private, to declare his opinion and his attachment to “the exile.”

A great ball and supper was given by the prefects and

other authorities of Havre in honour of *Louis le Désiré's* restoration. The affair was very splendid. We were invited, and went accordingly. I there perceived our dirty doctor, dressed most gorgeously in military uniform, but *not that of his regiment*. I asked him to what corps it appertained ; he put his hand to his mouth, and whispered me, "C'est l'uniforme de mon cœur !" (" 'Tis the uniform of my heart ! ") It was the dress uniform of Napoleon's Old Guard, in which the doctor had served. The incident spoke a volume, and as to the sentiments of its wearer was decisive.

About six weeks after that incident two small parties of soldiers of the garrison passed repeatedly through the market-place, on a market-day, with drawn swords, flourishing them in the air, and crying incessantly, "Vive Napoleon ! vive l'Empereur !" but they did not manifest the slightest disposition towards riot or disturbance, and nobody appeared either to be surprised at or to mind them much. I was speaking to a French officer at the time, and he, like the rest of the spectators, shewed no wish to interfere with these men, or to prohibit the continuance of their exclamations, nor did he remark in any way upon the circumstance. I hence naturally enough inferred the state of public feeling, and the very slight hold which *Louis le Désiré* then had upon the crown of his ancestors.

A much more curious occurrence took place when a small detachment of Russian cavalry, which had remained in France from the termination of the campaign, were sent down to Havre, there to sell their horses and embark for their native country. The visit appeared to me to be a most unwelcome one to the inhabitants of the place, and still more so, as might be expected, to the military stationed there. The Russians were very fine-looking fellows, of large size, but with a want of flexibility in their limbs and motions, and were thence contrasted rather unfavourably with the alert

French soldiery, who, in manœuvring and rapid firing, must have a great advantage over the northern stiffness.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted at Havre with Mr. Wright, a very respectable gentleman, and I believe, by affinity, a nephew of Mr. Windham. We had been in a café together, and were returning to our hotel about ten o'clock at night, when we saw a small assemblage of people collected at the church-door in the main street. There were some women amongst them, and they seemed earnestly employed on some business, which the total darkness of the night prevented us from seeing. There was, in fact, no light around save one glimmering lamp in the porch of the church door, where the people appeared fairly knotted together. There was scarcely any noise made above a sort of buzz, or, as it were, rather a *suppression* of voices. Mr. Wright remained stationary whilst I went across the street to reconnoitre; and after a good deal of peeping over shoulders and under arms, I could perceive that the mob was in the act of deliberately cutting off the ears of two powerful-looking Russian soldiers, who were held so fast by many men that they had not the least capability of resistance. They seemed to bear the application of the blunt knives of their assailants with considerable fortitude, and the women were preparing to complete the *trimming* with scissors, but one glance was quite enough for me! I got away as quick as thought, and as the circumstance of Mr. Wright wearing moustaches might possibly cost him his ears, I advised him to get into a house as soon as possible. He took to his heels on the suggestion, and I was not slow in following. The next day I saw one of the Russians in the street with a guard to protect him, his head tied up with bloody cloths, and cutting altogether a most frightful figure. All the French seemed highly diverted, and shouted out their congratulations to the Russian, who, however, took no manner of notice of the compliment.

I believe the authorities did all they could in this affair to apprehend the trimmers, but unsuccessfully. Some individuals were, it is true, taken up on suspicion ; but as soon as the Russians were embarked they were liberated. In fact, the local dignitaries knew that they were not as yet sufficiently strong to enforce punishment for *carving* a Russian.

I often received great entertainment from sounding many of the most respectable Frenchmen, whose acquaintance I made at Havre, with regard to their political tendencies ; and the result as well of my queries as of my observations led me to perceive that there were not wanting numerous persons by whom the return of Bonaparte, sooner or later, was looked forward to as an occurrence by no means either violently improbable or undesirable.

Nevertheless, no very deep impression was made on my mind as to these matters, until one morning Lady Barrington, returning from Havre, brought me a small printed paper, announcing the emperor's actual return from Elba, and that he was on his route for Paris. I believed the evidence of my eyesight on reading the paper ; but I certainly did not believe its contents. I went off immediately to my landlord, Mr. Poulet, a great royalist, and his countenance explained circumstances sufficiently before I asked a single question. The sub-prefect soon left the town ; but the intelligence was scarcely credited, and not at all to its full extent. I went into every café and public place, and through every street. In all directions I saw groups of people, anxious and busily engaged in converse. I was much amused by observing the various effects of the intelligence on persons of different opinions, and by contrasting the countenances of those who thronged the thoroughfares.

I did not myself give credence to the latter part of this intelligence—namely, that Bonaparte was on his way to Paris. I could not suppose that the king had found it

impracticable to command the services of a single regiment ; and it must be confessed that His Majesty, a man of excellent sense, had, under all the circumstances, made a very bad use of his time in acquiring popularity, either civil or military. Notwithstanding the addition of *Désiré* to his Christian name (wherewith it had been graced by *Messieurs les émigrés*), it is self-evident that outward demonstrations alone had been conceded to him of respect and attachment. I never heard that nickname appropriated to him at Havre, by-the-bye, except by the prefects and revenue officers.

The dismal faces of the Bourbonites, the grinning ones of the Bonapartists, and the puzzled countenances of the neutrals were mingled together in the oddest combinations ; throughout the town everybody seemed to be talking at once, and the scene was undoubtedly of the strangest character, in all its varieties. Joy, grief, fear, courage, self-interest, love of peace, and love of battle—each had its votaries. Merchants, priests, *douaniers*, military officers, were strolling about, each apparently influenced by some distinctive grade of feeling ; one sensation alone seemed common to all—that of astonishment.

The singularity of the scene every moment increased. On the day immediately ensuing fugitives from Paris, full of news of all descriptions, came in as quick as horses and cabriolets could bring them. Bulletin after bulletin arrived—messenger after messenger ! But all the dispatches in any shape official combined in making light of the matter. The intelligence communicated by private individuals, however, was very contradictory. One, for instance, stated positively that the army had declared *against* Napoleon ; another that it had declared *for* him ; a third that it had not declared at all ! One said that Napoleon was *surrounded*. “ Yes,” returned a bystander, “ but it is by his friends ! ” Towards evening every group seemed to be quite busy making up their minds as to the news of the day, and the part they

might think it advisable to take. As for the English, they were frightened out of their wits, and the women had no doubt they should all be committed to jail before next morning.

I observed, however, that amidst all this bustle and mass of conflicting opinions scarce a single priest was visible ; these cunning gentry had (to use a significant expression) determined, if possible, " not to play their cards till they were sure what was *trumps*." On the preceding Sunday they had throughout the entire day been chanting benedictions on Louis le Désiré, and on St. Louis, his great-grandfather. But on the Sabbath which followed, if they chanted at all (as they were bound to do), they would necessarily run a great risk of chanting for the last time in their lives if they left out Napoleon ; and inasmuch as they were unable to string together Louis le Désiré, Napoleon, and St. Louis in one *benedicite*, a most distressing dilemma became inevitable amongst the clergy ! Common sense, however, soon pointed out their safest course ; a plea of *compulsion* operating on the meek resignation of their holy trade might serve as an excellent apology on the part of an ecclesiastical family in the presumption of Louis's becoming victor ; but in the emperor they had to deal with a different sort of person, as they well knew—with a man who would not be put off with unmeaning excuses, and in due homage to whom it would be dangerous to fail. Under all circumstances, therefore, they took up a line of conduct which I cannot but think was very wise and discreet, proceeding as it did upon the principle " of two evils choose the least." Their loyalty was decided by their fears, which sufficed to stimulate the whole body of priests and curés at Havre, old and young, to uplift their voices with becoming enthusiasm in benediction of " Napoleon le Grand ! " Indeed, they seemed to be of opinion that, having taken their ground, it would be as well to appear in earnest ; and never did they

work harder than in chanting a *Te Deum laudamus* in honour of their old master's return. To be serious, I believe they *durst* not have done otherwise ; for I heard some of the military say very decidedly that if the priests played any tricks upon the occasion they would *hash* them !

The observation which surprised me most of all was, that though the two parties had declared themselves, and the *fleur-de-lis* and eagle were displayed in direct opposition to each other throughout the town—though the sub-prefect had run away, whilst the tricoloured flag was floating in one place and the white one in another—no *practical* animosity or ill blood whatsoever broke out amongst the respective partisans. The bustle somewhat resembled that of an English election, but had none of the violence or dissipation, and only half the noise, which circulate on those august occasions. On the contrary, civility was maintained by everyone ; the soldiers were very properly kept in their barracks ; and an Englishman could scarcely conceive so polite, peaceable, temperate, and cheerful a *revolution*—more particularly as neither party could tell on which side the *treason* would ultimately rest.

At length orders came from Napoleon at Lyons that the imperial army should be recruited ; whilst, at the very moment this order arrived, some of the merchants and officers of the National Guards were actually beating up for the royal armament. The drums of the respective partisans rattled away through every street, and the recruiters often passed each other with the utmost courtesy ; not one man was seen in a state of intoxication on either side. Meanwhile there was no lack of recruits to range themselves under either standard ; and it was most curious to observe that these men very frequently changed their opinions and their party before sunset ! I think most recruits joined the king's party ; his sergeants had plenty of money, whilst Napoleon's had none ; and this was a most tempting

distinction—far better than any abstract consideration of political benefit. Many of the recruits managed matters even better than the priests, for they took the king's money in the morning, and the emperor's cockade in the afternoon ; so that they could not be accused on either side of *unqualified* partiality. The votaries of *le Désiré* and *le Grand* were indeed so jumbled and shuffled together (like a pack of cards when on the point of being dealt) that nobody could possibly decipher which had the best chance of succeeding.

The English alone cast a dark and gloomy shade over the gay scene that surrounded them ; their lengthened visages, sunken eyes, and hanging features proclaiming their terror and despondency. Everyone fancied he should be incarcerated for life if he could not escape before Napoleon arrived at Paris, which seemed extremely problematical ; and I really think I never saw a set of men in better humour for suicide than my fellow-countrymen, who stalked like ghosts along the pier and seaside.

The British Consul, Mr. Stuart (a *litterateur* and a gentleman, but whose wine generally regulated his nerves, whilst his nerves governed his understanding), as good-natured a person as could possibly be—about a *couple of bottles* after dinner (for so he counted his time—a mode of computation in which he certainly was as regular as clockwork)—called a general meeting of all the British subjects in Havre, at his apartments ; and after each had taken a bumper of Madeira to George the Third, he opened the business in as long and flowery an harangue, in English and Latin, as the grape of Midi and its derivative distillations could possibly dictate.

“ My friends and countrymen,” said Mr. Stuart, “ I have good *Consular* reasons for telling you all that if Bonaparte gets into Paris he will order every mother's babe of you—men, women, and children, *et cetera*—into gaol for ten or twelve years at the least computation ! and I, therefore,

advise you all, *magnus, major, maximus*, to take yourselves off without any delay, great or small, and thereby *save your bacon* whilst you have the power of doing so. Don't wait to take care of your property ; *nulla bona* is better than *nulla libertas*. As for me, I am bound *ex-officio* to devote myself for my country ! I will risk my life (and here he looked sentimental) to protect your property. I will remain behind ! ”

The conclusion of the consul's speech was a signal for the simultaneous uplifting of many voices. “ I'll be off certainly ! ” exclaimed one terrified gentleman. “ Every man for himself, God for us all, and the *devil take the hindmost* ! ” shouted another. “ Do you mean to affront me, sir ? ” demanded the worthy self-devoted consul, starting from his seat. A regular uproar now ensued ; but the thing was soon explained and tranquillity restored.

Two ships were now forthwith hired, at an enormous price, to carry the English out of the reach of Bonaparte. The wind blew a gale, but no hurricane could be so terrific as Napoleon. Their property was a serious consideration to my fellow-countrymen ; however, there was no choice. They, therefore, packed up all their small valuables, and relinquished the residue to the protection of *Providence* and the *consul*.

In a short time all was ready, and as Mr. Stuart had advised, men, women, children, and lap-dogs all rushed to the quay, whilst, in emulation of the orator at the consul's, “ the devil take the hindmost,” if not universally expressed, was universally the principle of action. Two children, in this most undignified sort of confusion, fell into the sea, but were picked up. The struggling, screeching, scrambling, etc., were at length completed, and in a shorter time than might be supposed the English population were duly shipped, and away they went under a hard gale. Dr. Johnson calls a ship a prison, with the chance of being

drowned in it ; and as if to prove the correctness of the doctor's definition, before night was over one vessel was ashore, and the whole of its company just on the point of increasing the *population* of the British Channel.

Havre de Grace being thus emptied of the king of England's subjects, who were " saving their bacon " at sea in a violent hurricane, the consul began to take care of their property ; but there being a thing called *loyer*, or *rent*, in France as well as in England, the *huissiers* (bailiffs) of the town saved the consul a great deal of trouble respecting his guardianship in divers instances. Nevertheless, so far as he could, he most faithfully performed his promise to the fugitives, for the reception of whose effects he rented a large storehouse, and so far all was wisely, courteously, and carefully managed ; but not exactly recollecting that the parties did not possess the property as *tenants in common*, the worthy consul omitted to have *distinct inventories* taken of each person's respective chattels, though, to avoid any risk of favouritism, he had all jumbled together, and such an heterogeneous medley was perhaps never seen elsewhere. Clothes, household furniture, kitchen utensils, books, linen, empty bottles, musical instruments, etc., strewed the floor of the storehouse in " most admired disorder." All being safely stowed, locks, bolts, and bars were elaborately constructed to exclude such as might feel a disposition to picking and stealing ; but, alas ! the best intentions and the most cautious provisions are sometimes frustrated by accident or oversight. In the present instance, in his extraordinary anxiety to secure the door, Mr. Stuart was perfectly heedless of the *roof*, and, in consequence, the intrusion of the rain, which often descended in torrents, effectually saved most of the proprietors the trouble of identifying their goods after the result of the glorious battle of Waterloo. Disputes also were endless as to the right and title of various claimants to various articles, and in the

result the *huissiers* and the landlord of the storehouse were once more intruders upon the protected property.

To return, Havre being completely evacuated by my countrymen, it now became necessary to strike out some line of proceeding for myself and family. Sir William Johnson, who was in the town, had participated in the general alarm, and had set off with his household for the Netherlands, advising me to do the same. I was afterwards informed that they all foundered in a dyke near Antwerp. I am ignorant whether or not there is any foundation for this story—I sincerely hope there is not. In the meantime, the transformation of things at Havre became complete, and perfect order quickly succeeded the temporary agitation. The tricoloured flag was again hoisted at the port, and all the painters of the town were busily employed in changing the royal signs into imperial ones. One auberge, *Louis le Désiré*, was changed into a *blue boar* ; the *Duchesse d'Angoulême* became *the Virgin Mary* ; *royal* was new-guilt into *imperial* once more at the lottery offices ; *fleurs-de-lis* were metamorphosed in a single day into beautiful *spread-eagles* ; and the *Duc de Berry*, who had hung creaking so peaceably on his post before the door of a hotel, became in a few hours *St. Peter* himself, with the keys of Heaven dangling from his little finger !

CHAPTER XLIV.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

To see Napoleon, or not to see Napoleon, that was the question ! and well weighed it was in my domestic republic. After a day's reasoning *pro* and *con*, curiosity being pitted against fear, and women in the question, the matter was still undecided, when our friends the colonel and the dirty doctor came to visit us, and set the point at rest by stating that the regiments at Havre had declared unanimously for the emperor, and that the colonel had determined to march next day direct upon Paris ; that, therefore, if we were disposed to go thither, and would set off at the same time, the doctor should take care of our safety, and see that we had good cheer on our journey to the metropolis.

This proposal was unanimously adopted ; we were at peace with France, and might possibly remain so ; and the curiosity of three ladies, with my own to back it, proved to be totally irresistible. A new sub-prefect also having arrived in the town came to see us, expressed his regret that the English should have deemed it necessary to quit the place, and gave us a letter of introduction to his wife, who lived in the Rue St. Honoré, at Paris.

We immediately packed up. I procured three stout horses to my carriage, and away we went after the advanced guard of the (as well as I recollect) 41st regiment. The soldiers seemed to me as if they thought they never could get to Napoleon soon enough ; they marched with surprising rapidity ; and after a most agreeable journey, we arrived at the good city of Paris without any let or hindrance, having experienced from the dirty doctor every possible attention. We were sure of the best cheer at any place we halted at,

and the more so as the advanced guard only preceded us one stage, and the main body of the troops was a stage behind us. We were immediately escorted by four mounted soldiers, who were in attendance upon our medical friend. I have learned since that this kind and firm-hearted man escaped the campaign and returned to Italy ; the colonel was shot dangerously at Quatre Bras, but I understand his wounds did not prove mortal.

Our route from Havre to Paris exhibited one general scene of peace and tranquillity, not dashed by the slightest symptom of revolution. The National Guards everywhere appeared to have got new clothing, and were most assiduously learning in the villages to hold up their heads, and take long strides and lock steps, but (for anything that appeared to the contrary) solely for their own amusement. The same evidences of undisturbed serenity and good humour were displayed in all directions, and the practice of military exercises by the National Guards was the only warlike indication of any kind throughout the whole extent of country we traversed.

On our arrival at the capital we found no exception therein to the tranquillity of the provinces. People at a distance are apt to conceive that a revolution must necessarily be a most terrific affair—a period of anarchy and confusion, when everything is in a state of animosity, bustle, and insecurity. This is in some instances a great mistake, although, generally speaking, true enough ; for, on the other hand, many modern revolutions have been effected, governments upset, dynasties annihilated, and kings trucked, with as little confusion as the exchanging a gig-horse. I have indeed seen more work made about the change of a hat than of a diadem, more anxiety expressed touching a cane than a sceptre ; and never did any revolution more completely prove the truth of these remarks than that in France during March, 1815, when Napoleon quietly drove up post, in a chaise and four, to the

palace of the Bourbons, and Louis XVIII. as quietly drove off post, in a chaise and four, to avoid his visitor. Both parties, too, were driven back again, within three months, pretty nearly in the same kind of vehicle ! Let my reader compare, for his edification, this bloodless revolution with the *attempt* at revolution in the obscure corner of the globe from whence I sprang, *Anno Domini* 1798—during the brief summer of which year there was, in secluded Ireland (the *kingdom* of Ireland, as it was then called), more robbery, shooting, hanging, burning, piking, flogging, and picketing than takes place in half a dozen of the best got-up Continental revolutions, always excepting that great convulsion which agitated our neighbours towards the close of the eighteenth century.

During the interval of the Hundred Days, and some time subsequently, I kept a regular diary, wherein I accurately took down every important circumstance, except some few which I then considered much safer in my mind than under my hand, and these are now, for the most part and for the first time, submitted to the public. After a few days' stay in Paris, I began to feel rather awkward. I found very few of my fellow-countrymen had remained there, and that there seemed to exist but little partiality towards the English. But the police was perfect, and no outrage, robbery, or breach of the peace was heard of, nor could I find that there were any political prisoners in the gaols, or in fact many prisoners of any kind. No dissolutes were suffered to parade the streets or contaminate the theatres, and all appeared polite, tranquil, and *correct*. I kept totally clear meanwhile, both in word and deed, of political subjects.

I hired as footman a person then very well known in Paris, Henry Thevenot. I have since heard, but cannot vouch for the fact, that he is the Thevenot who attended Mr. Wakefield and Miss Turner. I have likewise recently been apprised that at the time I engaged him he was

actually on the *espionage* establishment. Be that as it may, I certainly always considered Thevenot to be a mysterious kind of person, and on one particular occasion, which will be hereafter mentioned, discharged him suddenly without enlarging on my reasons—he was, however, an excellent servant. I had brought a passport from the new Sous-Préfet at Havre, which having lodged at the police-office, I felt quite at my ease ; but reflecting afterwards upon the probable consequence in case of war or change of circumstances, I determined at once to take a bold step and go to the Palais de Bourbon Elysée, where Napoleon resided, to see Count Bertrand, whom I proposed to inform truly of my situation, and ask for a *sauf conduit* or passport to return.

On the second day whereon I made an attempt to see him, with difficulty I succeeded in obtaining an audience. I told the count who I was, and all the facts, together with my doubts as to the propriety of remaining. He very politely said I should have what I required, but that a gentleman in my station was perfectly safe, and there could be no difficulty as to my remaining as long as I chose, and concluded by bowing me out, after a short interview. As I was going down the steps an officer recalled me, and asked if I had any family in Paris. I replied in the affirmative—three ladies. Mutual bows ensued, and I returned very well satisfied with the result of my visit to the Palais de Bourbon Elysée. At that time the emperor was employed day and night on business in the palace ; at daybreak he occasionally rode out with some of his staff to inspect the works at Montmartre ; and on hearing this my ancient curiosity to see so distinguished a person came afresh upon me.

The ensuing day a man with a large letter-box buckled before him entered our apartment without the least ceremony, and delivered a letter with “ Bertrand ” signed at the corner. I was rather startled at the moment, as the occurrence certainly looked singular ; nevertheless, the

man's appearance and manner were not such as to confirm unpleasant surprises, and I proceeded to unseal the envelope, which enclosed a billet to the Commissaire de Police, desiring him to grant me a *sauf conduit* through any part of France, if I chose to travel in that country, and an especial passport to Calais, should I choose to return to England (the signature was not that of Bertrand) ; the packet also contained a polite note from an aid-de-camp of the count, mentioning that he was directed to enclose me an admission to the emperor's chapel, etc., and to say that, on production of my *sauf conduit*, our party would find a free admission to the theatres and other spectacles of Paris. So much politeness (so *very* different from what would have been the case in England) both gratified and surprised me. I wrote a letter of thanks ; but at our privy council we agreed that, under existing circumstances, it would be better to say nothing of the latter favour. I afterwards discovered the friendly quarter through which it originated.

We hired a *calèche* by the month, and set out with a determination to lose no time in seeing whatever was interesting, and, in fact, everything was at that moment interesting to strangers. We spoke French sufficiently well for ordinary purposes, and determined, in short, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

I have already observed that I kept a diary during the Hundred Days, but afterwards thought it most prudent not to commit anything very important to writing. From that diary, so far as I pursued it, and from scraps which nobody could understand but myself, I have since selected such details and observations as have not hitherto been published or made, and for the collection of which my peculiar situation at Paris and consequent opportunities abundantly qualified me. Consistently with the foregoing part of these fragments I shall not even attempt anything like strict order or chronological arrangement, but leave, generally speaking,

the various subjects brought before the reader's attention to illustrate and explain each other. On this principle I shall now, without further prelude, describe the first scene which impressed itself on my imagination.

The first Sunday after the receipt of our permission we repaired to the emperor's chapel, to see that wonderful man and to hear Mass chanted in the first style of church music. Napoleon had already entered ; the chapel was full, but we got seats very low down, near the gallery in which the emperor sat ; and as he frequently leaned over the front, I had opportunities of partially seeing him. In the presence of so celebrated a man as Bonaparte all other things sank into comparative insignificance, and the attention of the spectator was wholly absorbed by the one great object. Thus, in the present case, there was nothing either in the chapel or congregation that had power to divide my regards with the great Napoleon. As I have said, he often leaned over the front of the gallery wherein he sat, and I had thence an opportunity of observing that he seemed quite restless, took snuff repeatedly, stroked down his head with an abstracted air, and, in fact, was obviously possessed by feelings of deep anxiety. I should not suppose he had at the moment the least consciousness as to where he was, and that of all things the priests and the Mass were the last likely to occupy his thoughts.

Whilst thus employed in reconnoitring the emperor as intensely as stolen glances afforded me means of doing, a buzz in the chapel caused me to turn round to ascertain its cause. Though low, it increased every moment, and was palpably directed towards us—so much so, that no doubt remained of our being somehow or other the sole objects of it. I then whispered my companions that our presence was evidently offensive in that place, and that we had better retire, when a Frenchwoman who sat near Lady Barrington said, “ Madame, you perceive that you are the object of this

uncourteous notice." "Yes," replied Lady Barrington, "it is become quite obvious." The French lady smiled, and continued, "You had better lay *aside your shawls!*" Lady Barrington and my daughter accordingly, taking the hint, threw off their shawls, which they suffered to drop at their feet, and at once the buzzing subsided, and no further explanation took place until the conclusion of the service.

At that moment several French ladies came up with great courtesy to apologise for the apparent rudeness of the congregation, which they begged Lady Barrington to excuse on account of its cause, and to examine her shawl, on doing which she would perceive that it was very unlucky (*bien mal à propos*) to wear such a one in the presence of the emperor. She did so, and found that both hers and my daughter's, though very fine ones, were unfortunately speckled all over with *fleur-de-lis!* They had been sold her the preceding day by a knavish shopkeeper at the Passage Feydeau, who, seeing she was a foreigner, had put off these articles, thinking it a good opportunity to decrease his stock in that kind of gear, the sale whereof would probably be pronounced high treason before the month was over.

The confusion of the ladies at this *eclaircissement* may be well conceived, but it was speedily alleviated by the elegant consolations and extreme politeness of the Frenchwomen. Amongst those who addressed us was a gentleman in the uniform of a colonel of the National Guards; he spoke to me in perfect English, and begged to introduce his family to mine. I told him who I was, and he asked us to a dinner and ball next day at his house in the Rue de Clichy. We accepted his invitation, and were magnificently entertained. This was Colonel Gowen, the proprietor of the first stamp-paper manufactory in France, a most excellent, hospitable, and friendly person, but ill-requited, I fear, afterwards by some of our countrymen. I subsequently experienced many proofs of his hospitality and attention.

An English lady was also remarkably attentive and polite on this occasion, and gave her card to Lady Barrington, No. 10, Rue Pigale. She was the lady of Dr. Marshall, an English physician ; so that the affair of the shawl, so far from being *mal à propos*, turned out quite a lucky adventure.

In viewing Napoleon that day it was not the splendid superiority of his rank, it was neither his diadem, sceptre, nor power which communicated that involuntary sensation of awe it was impossible not to feel—it was the gigantic degree of talent whereby a man of obscure origin had been raised so far above his fellows. The spectator could not but deeply reflect on the mystic nature of those decrees of Providence which had placed Napoleon Bonaparte on one of the highest of earthly thrones, and at the very pinnacle of glory ; had hurled him from that eminence and driven him into exile ; and now seemed again to have warranted his second elevation, replacing him upon that throne even more wondrously than when he first ascended it.

Such were my impressions on my first sight of the Emperor Napoleon. So much has he been seen and scrutinised throughout the world, so familiar must his countenance have been to millions—so many descriptions have been given of his person and of his features by those who knew him well, that any portrait by me must appear to be at least superfluous. Every person, however, has a right to form his own independent judgment on subjects of physiognomy ; and it is singular enough that I have never yet met anyone with whom I entirely coincided as to the peculiar expression of Napoleon's features, and I have some right to speak, for I saw him at periods and under circumstances that wrought on and agitated every muscle of his fine countenance, and have fancied, perhaps ridiculously, that I could trace indications of character therein unnoticed by his biographers.

On this day my observations must necessarily have been very superficial ; yet I thought I could perceive in the move-

ment of a single feature some strong-excited feeling, some sensation detached and wandering away from the ordinary modes of thinking, though I could not even guess from what passion or through what impulse that sensation originated. After I had seen him often I collated the emotions palpable in his countenance with the vicissitudes of his past life, fancying that I might thence acquire some data to go upon in estimating the tone of his thoughts ; but at this first sight, so diversified were the appearances as he leaned over the gallery, that even Lavater could not have deciphered his sensations. He was uneasy, making almost convulsive motions, and I perceived occasionally a quiver on his lip. On the whole, my anxiety was raised a hundredfold to be placed in some situation where I might translate at leisure the workings of his expressive countenance. That opportunity was after a short interval fully given me.

On the same day I had, indeed, a second occasion of observing the emperor, and in a much more interesting occupation—more to his taste, and which obviously changed the entire cast of his looks, quite divesting them of that deep, penetrating, gloomy character which had saddened his countenance during the time he was at chapel. After Mass he first came out upon the balcony in front of the Tuilleries ; his personal staff, marshals, generals, and a few ladies surrounded him ; whilst the civil officers of the court stood in small groups aside, as if wishing to have nothing to do with the military spectacle. Napoleon was now about to inspect eight or ten thousand of the army in the Place Carousel. The transition from an array of priests to a parade of warriors—from the hymns of the saints to the shouting of the soldiery—from the heavy, although solemn, music of the organ to the inspiriting notes of the drum—added greatly to the effect of the scene, which strongly impressed my mind, alive and open to all these novel incidents. Age had not then, nor has it yet, effaced the susceptibility of my nature.

I own the latter scene was on that day to my mind vastly preferable to the first. The countenance of Napoleon was metamorphosed—it became illuminated. He descended from the balcony and mounted a gray barb. He was now obviously in his element. The troops, as I have said, amounted to about ten thousand; I did not conceive the court of the Tuilleries could hold so many.

Napoleon was now fully exposed to our view. His face acknowledged the effect of climate; his forehead, though high and thinly strewn with hair, did not convey to me any particular trait; his eyebrows, when at rest, were not expressive, neither did his eyes on that occasion speak much; but the lower part of his face fixed my attention at once. It was about his mouth and chin that his character seemed to be concentrated. I thought, on the whole, that I could perceive a mixture of steadiness and caprice, of passion and generosity, of control and impetuosity.

But my attention was soon turned aside to the inspection itself. There was not a soldier who did not appear nearly frantic with exultation, and whose very heart, I believe, did not beat in unison with the hurrahs wherewith they received their favourite leader.

It was the first time I had ever heard a crowd express its boisterous pleasure in a tone of sensibility unknown in our country. The troops were in earnest, and so was the general. The Old Guard (including such as had returned from Elba and such as had rejoined their colours) formed a body of men superior to any I had ever before witnessed. Descriptions of Napoleon amidst his soldiers are, however, so common that I will not occupy either the reader's time or my own by enlarging further on the subject.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

SHORTLY after this period I became particularly intimate with Dr. Marshall, a circumstance which, in the paucity of English who had remained in Paris, was productive to me of great satisfaction. He was a man of prepossessing appearance and address ; had travelled much ; had acted, he informed me, as physician to the army in Egypt, etc. ; and had gone on some confidential mission to Murat whilst King of Naples. His wife was a pretty woman, rather *embonpoint*, about thirty, and with the complete appearance and address of a gentlewoman. The doctor kept a very handsome establishment, and entertained small companies splendidly.

The society I generally met there consisted, in the first place, of Colonel Macirone, who passed for an Italian, and had been aid-de-camp to Murat, but was, I believe, in fact the son of a respectable manufacturer in London, or on Blackheath. He has published an account of the romantic circumstances attendant on the death of the ill-fated Murat. Another member of the society was Count Julien, formerly, I believe, some secretary or civil officer of Murat, a huge, boisterous, overbearing, fat man, consequential without being dignified, dressy without being neat, and with a showy politeness that wanted even the elements of civility. Count Julien was the only person I met at Dr. Marshall's whose character or occupation I had any suspicions about.

Fouché was then the emperor's minister of police, and they all appeared to be more or less acquainted with him ; but I had not at first the slightest idea that they were everyone of them either spies or *employés* of the police minister, and but hollow friends, if not absolute traitors, to Napoleon.

I met several other gentlemen less remarkable at Dr. Marshall's, but only one lady appeared besides the mistress of the house. This was a plain, rational, sedate woman under forty. She was introduced to us by Mrs. Marshall as the wife of a relative of Fouché, and at that time (with her husband) on a visit to his excellency at his hotel, Rue Cerutti.

One day before dinner at Dr. Marshall's house I observed this lady, on our arrival, hurrying into Mrs. Marshall's boudoir, and when dinner was announced she re-entered decked out with a set of remarkable coral ornaments which I had seen Mrs. Marshall wear several times. This circumstance struck me at the moment, but was neither recollected nor accounted for till we paid an unlucky visit to that "relative of Fouché," when the whole enigma became developed, and my suspicions fairly aroused.

Dr. Marshall meanwhile continued to gain much on my esteem. He saw that I was greedy of information as to the affairs of Italy, and he, as well as Colonel Macirone, saturated me in consequence with anecdotes of the court of Naples, and of Murat himself, highly entertaining, and, I believe, *tolerably* true; for I do really think that Macirone was sincerely attached to that king, and attended his person with friendship and sincerity. On the contrary, Count Julien seemed incapable of possessing much feeling, and perfectly indifferent as to anybody's fate but his own. This, however, I only give as my individual opinion. I soon lost sight of the man altogether.

In the midst of this agreeable and *respectable* society I passed my time during the greater part of the Hundred Days; and Doctor Marshall informing me, I believe truly, that he was on terms of confidence, though not immediately, with Fouché, and well knowing that he might with perfect security communicate anything to me, seeing that I should be silent for my own sake, scarcely a day passed but we had

much conversation in his garden, and he certainly did give me very correct information as to the state of affairs and the condition of the emperor, together with much that was not equally correct regarding himself. This I occasionally and partially perceived, but his address was imposing and particularly agreeable.

We had also cultivated our acquaintance (originated through the adventure of the shawls) with Colonel Gowen, of the National Guards, whose hotel in Rue Clichy bore a most extraordinary castellated appearance, and was surrounded by very large gardens, where we were nobly entertained ; the leads of the hotel overlooked Tivoli, and indeed every place about Paris. The colonel lived extremely well, spoke English perfectly, and might, in fact, be mistaken for an hospitable officer of a British yeomanry corps.

Another gentleman I also happened accidentally to meet, who was an English subject, and whom I had known many years previously. We became intimate, and I derived both utility and information from that intimacy. This gentleman knew, and had long known, much more of French affairs and individuals than any of my other acquaintances, and being at the same time replete with good nature and good sense (with his politics I had nothing to do), I could not fail to be a gainer by our intercourse, which has continued undiminished to this day.

Another and more remarkable personage, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, was then a French general unemployed. I had known him thirty years before. He had married the daughter and sole heiress of the unfortunate and learned Marquess de Condorcet ; had been plundered of his Irish property by his brother Roger, and was prohibited from returning to his native country by Act of Parliament. General Arthur O'Connor was a remarkably strong-minded, clever man, with a fine face and a manly air ; he had besides a great deal of Irish national character, to some of the failings

whereof he united several of its best qualities. I met him frequently, and relished his company highly. For old acquaintance sake I professed and felt a friendship for the man ; and differing as we did wholly upon public subjects, we talked over all without arguing upon any, which is the only agreeable method of conversation amongst persons whose opinions do not coincide.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird were also in Paris at that period. I did not pay my respects to them for a very singular, though at such a time a very sufficient reason. Her ladyship was the daughter of one of my most respected friends, the late Duke of Leinster, to every member of whose family I owe all possible attention ; but Lord Kinnaird, by over-acting his part, had drawn on himself an absurd degree of suspicion ; and I had been informed by a friend in confidence that every person who was seen visiting him was immediately suspected likewise, and put secretly under *surveillance*, which would not have been particularly agreeable to me. In a little time this information was curiously illustrated. I was informed that Lord Kinnaird had been arrested by order of Fouché ; but Fouché soon found he had fallen into a very ridiculous error ; and I believe his lordship was immediately liberated with an ample apology. I heard also incidentally amongst the *employés* (for I took care at all times to display no inordinate curiosity, even though I might be literally bursting with that feeling) that his lordship was accustomed to express himself so hyperbolically in favour of Napoleon, that the police, to whom everything was made known by unsuspected domestics, could not give his lordship credit for sincerity, and, therefore, took for granted that he was playing some game or other ; in fact, they fancied he was a spy !—using ultra eulogiums on the emperor to cloak a secret design.

Messrs. Hobhouse and Bruce were both in Paris at the same period, and I have often regretted that I did not know

them. I afterwards knew the latter well, when in La Force with Sir R. Wilson and my friend Mr. J. Hutchinson, for assisting the escape of Lavalette. I found in Mr. Bruce some excellent qualities, and a thirst after information, which I admire in anybody.

These, together with the family of Mr. Talbot, were the only English persons whom I met in Paris immediately after my arrival, and during the most momentous crisis Europe ever witnessed. That point of time formed the pivot whereon the future destiny of every nation in the fairest quarter of the globe was vibrating ; but I am here trenching on a subject in which the nature of this work does not permit me to indulge.

The successive occurrences at Paris after Napoleon's return were daily published, and are known to everybody. The press was free from restraint, and every public act recorded. It was, therefore, to the *private* acts and characters of men I applied my observation, as forming the best ground for speculative opinions (which that portentous interval necessarily tended to stimulate), and likewise as calculated to yield the best materials for future entertainment.

Dr. Marshall was, as I have already stated, on some occasions confidentially employed by Fouché ; and placing confidence in me, perhaps not duly estimating the extent of my curiosity, he was very communicative. In fact, not a day passed, particularly after Napoleon's return from Waterloo, that I did not make some discovery through the doctor (as much from his air of mystery as from his direct admissions) of Fouché's flagitious character, and of the ductility and total absence of principle exhibited by several of his *employés*.

The intelligence I daily acquired did not surprise but greatly disgusted me. I hate treachery in all its ramifications ; it is not, generally speaking, a French characteristic, but Fouché certainly displayed a complete personifi-

cation of that vice. Spies and traitors generally do each other *strict justice* by the operation and exercise of mutual hatred, contempt, and invective. I never heard one such person say a kind word of another *behind his back*; and when a man is necessitated by policy to puff a brother villain, it is not difficult for a stander-by to decipher the sneer of jealousy and mental reservation distorting the muscles of the speaker's countenance, and involuntarily disclosing the very feeling which he was perhaps desirous to conceal.

Thus was it with the various tools of the treacherous minister; and in his own countenance were engraven distinctly the characteristics of cunning and insincerity. From the first moment I saw Fouché, and more particularly when I heard him falsely swear fidelity to his imperial master, I involuntarily imbibed a strong sensation of dislike. His features held out no inducement to you to place confidence in their owner; on the contrary, they could not but tend to beget distrust and disesteem. The suspicions which they generated in me I never could overcome, and the sequel proved how just they were.

After a while I began slightly to suspect the species of society I was associating with, and it occurred to me to request that Lady Barrington would pay a visit to the lady we had met at Doctor Marshall's, and whom we had understood from Mrs. Marshall to be on a visit to Fouché, her relative. I proposed to go also, and leave my card for her husband, whom we had not yet seen. We accordingly waited on them at Fouché's hotel, and asked the Swiss if *Madame* was at home.

"*Madame!*" said the porter; "*Madame! quelle Madame?*" as if he had heard us imperfectly. We had forgotten her name, and could, therefore, only reply, "*Madame la parente de Monsieur le Ministre.*"

"There is no such person here, Monsieur," replied the Swiss with a half-saucy shrug.

"Oh, yes, exclaimed I, "she is on a visit to the Duc D'Otrante."

"*Non, non, Monsieur et Madame,*" repeated the pertinaacious Swiss ; "*point de tout !*" and he seemed impatient to send us away ; but after a moment's pause the fellow burst out into a violent fit of laughter. "I beg your pardon, Monsieur et Madame," said he, "I begin to understand whom you mean. Your friend undoubtedly resides in the hotel, but she is just now from home.

I handed him our cards for her and her husband. On reading "*Le Chevalier et Milady,*" the man looked more respectful, but apparently could not control his laughter. When, however, he at length recovered himself, he bowed very low, begged pardon again, and said he thought we had been inquiring for some *vraie* madame. The word stimulated my curiosity, and I hastily demanded its meaning ; when it turned out that *monsieur* was the maitre d'hotel, and *madame*, his wife, looked to the linen, china, etc., in quality of confidential housekeeper !

We waited to hear no more. I took up our cards and away we went, and my suspicions as to that lady's rank were thus set at rest. I did not say one word of the matter at Dr. Marshall's, but I suppose the porter told the *lady*, as we never saw her afterward, nor her husband at all.

I now began to perceive my way more clearly, and redoubled my assiduity to decipher the events which passed around me. In this I was aided by an increased intimacy with Colonel Macirone, whom closer acquaintance confirmed as an agreeable and gentlemanly man, and who, in my opinion, was very badly selected as an *espion* ; I believe his heart was above his degrading occupation.

I perceived that there was some plot going forward, the circumstances of which it was beyond my power to develop. The manner of the persons I lived amongst was perpetually

undergoing some shade of variation ; the mystery thickened, and my curiosity increased with it.

In the end this curiosity was most completely gratified ; but all I could determine on at the moment was that there existed an extensive organised system of deception and treachery, at the bottom of which was undoubtedly Fouché himself ; whether, however, my *employé* acquaintances would ultimately betray the emperor or his minister seemed, from their evidently loose political principles, quite problematical. I meanwhile dreaded everybody, yet affected to fear none, and listened with an air of unconcern to the stories of my valet, Henry Thevenot, though at that time I gave them no credit. Subsequent occurrences, however, rendered it manifest that this man procured, somehow or other, sure information.

Amongst other matters, Thevenot said he knew well that there was an intention, if opportunity occurred, of assassinating Napoleon on his road to join the army in Belgium.* I did not much relish being made the depository of such dangerous secrets, and ordered my servant never to mention before me again " any such ridiculous stories," otherwise I should discharge him as an unsafe person. Yet I could not keep his tongue from wagging, and I really dreaded dismissing him. He said " that Fouché was a traitor to his master, that several of the cannon at Montmartre were rendered unserviceable, and that mines had been charged with gunpowder under various parts of the city preparatory to some attempt at counter-revolution."

* I have often thought that the ultimate desertion of the Mameluke who had always been retained by Napoleon about his person had some very deep reason for it, and to this moment that circumstance appears to require clearing up.

CHAPTER XLVI.

INAUGURATION OF THE EMPEROR.

THE days rolled on, and in their train brought summer and the month of June—on the 8th day of which the peers and deputies of the legislative body were summoned to attend collectively at two o'clock in the Chamber of Deputies, to receive the emperor and take the oath of fidelity to him and to the Constitution, in the midst of all the splendour which the brilliant metropolis of France could supply. The abduction of the regalia by some friends of King Louis, when they ran away to Ghent, had left Napoleon without any crown wherewith to gratify the vanity of a people at all times devoted to every species of spectacle ; he had only a button and loop of brilliants which fastened up his Spanish hat, over the sides whereof an immense plumage hung nodding. But this was such a scene and such an occasion that a wreath of laurel would have become the brow of Napoleon far better than all the diamonds in the universe ! The whole of the imperial family were to be present.

The number of persons who could be admitted as spectators into the gallery was necessarily very limited ; and in a great metropolis, where everybody is devoted to show, the difficulty of procuring admission would, I conceived, be of course proportionably great. It may be well imagined that I was indefatigable in seeking to obtain tickets, as this spectacle was calculated to throw everything besides that I had witnessed in Paris completely into the background ; and what tended still more to whet the edge of my curiosity was the reflection that it would in all probability be the last opportunity I should have of deliberately viewing the

emperor, whose departure from Paris to join the army was immediately contemplated.

I, therefore, made interest with everybody I knew ; I even wrote to the authorities, and, in short, left no means whatever untried which suggested themselves to me. At length, when I began to think my chance but a very poor one, on the day actually preceding the ceremony, to my unspeakable gratification, I received a note from the chamberlain, enclosing an admission for *one*, which the difficulty I had everywhere encountered led me to esteem a great favour. I did not think that at my age I could possibly be so anxious about anything ; but I believe there are few persons who will not admit that the excitement was great, occasioned by the prospect of contemplating, for a length of time and in a convenient situation, the bodily presence of a man to whom posterity is likely to award greater honours than can be conceded to him by the prejudices of the present race.

The programme announced that all Napoleon's marshals and generals, together with the veterans of his staff and the male branches of his family, were to be grouped around him, as were likewise several of those statesmen whose talents had helped originally to raise him to the throne, and whose treachery afterwards succeeded in hurling him a second time from it. The peers and deputies, in their several ranks and costumes, were each, individually and distinctly, on that day to swear new allegiance to their emperor, and a lasting obedience to the constitution.

The solemnity of Napoleon's inauguration, and that of his promulgating the new constitution at the Champ de Mars, made by far the greatest impression on my mind of all the remarkable public or private occurrences I had ever witnessed. The intense interest, the incalculable importance not only to France, but to the world, of those two great events, generated reflections within me more weighty and

profound than any I had hitherto entertained ; whilst the variety of glittering dresses, the novelty and the ever-changing nature of the objects around me, combined to cheat me almost into a belief that I had migrated to fairyland, and in fact to prevent me from *fixing* my regards on anything.

The first of those days was the more interesting to France, the second to Europe at large. Though totally unparalleled in all their bearings, and dissimilar from every other historical incident, ancient or modern, yet these solemnities seem to have been considered by most who have written upon the subject as little more than ordinary transactions. Were I to give my feelings full play in reciting their effect on myself, I should at this calmer moment be perhaps set down as a visionary or enthusiast. I shall, therefore, confine myself to simple narrative.

The procession of the emperor from the Tuilleries to the Chambers, though short, was to have been of the most imposing character. But, much as I wished to see it, I found that by such an attempt I might lose my place in the gallery of the Chamber and consequently the view of the inauguration scene. At eleven o'clock, therefore, I brought my family to a house on the quay, for which I had previously paid dearly, and where, having placed them at a window, I repaired myself to the Chamber of Deputies, in company of a French colonel, who had been introduced to us by Colonel Gowen, and who kindly undertook to be my usher, and to point out to me the most celebrated warriors and generals of the guard and army, who in groups promenaded the courts and gardens of the Senate House, awaiting the appointed hour for parading to receive the emperor. This gentleman, in fact, introduced me to several officers and persons of rank, and though at that moment war, attended by all its horrors, was deemed inevitable, I was addressed with a courtesy and gentlemanly frankness which, under similar circumstances, would in any other country, I fear, have been wanting. They spoke without

reserve of the tremendous struggle about to be commenced, but not a man of them appeared to me to have a single doubt of triumphing ; and had my own country been neutral or uninterested, I certainly should have preferred the brilliance of Napoleon's despotism to the contracted, glimmering tyranny of his Continental enemies. But I knew that Great Britain *was* implicated. Napoleon and England might coalesce for a moment, but I felt that the ascendancy of the former was incompatible with the power of the latter, and I was chilled by the reflection which, in some degree, abated my relish for the striking scene before me.

Amongst other individuals of note presented to me by the colonel was Labedoyere, who was destined so soon to atone with the forfeiture of his life for his fidelity to his first patron. I had heard then nothing particular of this man, and consequently took but little notice of him. There was not one whom I remarked more than Ney, then Prince of Moskwa. "That," said the colonel, as he pointed him out to me, "is the greatest *sabreur* in Europe" ; and Ney's rough, manly, sunburnt countenance, well set off by his muscular, warlike figure, confirmed the character. "There," continued my informant, pointing to a civilian in full dress, "is one of the truest partisans the emperor has in France, Count Thibaudau." I had previously remarked the person to whom my attention was thus directed as one not formed of common materials, and had occasion soon after to observe him still more particularly.

So many of the objects of that day have been sketched in various publications, that I shall not endeavour to give anything in the shape of a list of them, but content myself with the mention of those which struck me most forcibly at the moment.

Whoever was in Paris during the Hundred Days must have seen the Old Guard of Napoleon. Such a body of soldiers, all appearing of the self-same character, I believe

never was collected ! Their Herculean vigour, more than the height of their persons, was remarkable, and their dark, deep-furrowed visages (enveloped in moustaches and surmounted by the bear's-skin of their lofty caps glittering with ornaments) combined, together with their arms, their clothes, and more particularly their steadiness, to exhibit to me the most complete model of genuine soldiers. Their looks, though the very emblem of gravity and determination, were totally devoid of ferocity ; and I could fancy the grenadiers of the Old Guard to be heroes uniting the qualities of fidelity, of valour, and of generosity. Their whole appearance, indeed, was most attractive.

The cavalry had dismounted, and were sitting around on the steps and parapets of the edifice, mostly employed in sharpening their sabres with small hones, and the whole seemed to me as if actuated only by an ardent wish to proceed to action. One officer asked me in English, rather more freely than the rest, if I knew the British commander, Lord Wellington ? I said I did. " Well," replied he, " we shall have a brush with him before the week is over ! " and turned away with an expression strongly indicative of contempt. I believe Lord Wellington did not quite anticipate the short time that would be given him by his opponents. My observations and introductions were, however, at length interrupted by the first cannon, which announced that the emperor had commenced his passage for the Tuilleries. All was in immediate bustle ; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the deputies and officials flocked into their halls, the cuirassiers were mounted, the grenadiers in line, the officers at their stations, and in five minutes the mingled and motley crowd was arranged in order so regular and so silently assumed that it was almost impossible to suppose they had ever been in confusion. The different bands struck up ; they had received orders respecting the airs that should be played as the emperor approached, which they

began to practise, and the whole scene, almost in a moment, wore an aspect entirely new.

The firing of cannon continued ; the emperor had advanced along the quays, and passed over that very spot where the last French monarch had, twenty years before, been immolated by his subjects. The word enthusiasm, strong as its meaning is generally held to be, really failed on this occasion to express *as much* as the military seemed to feel. The citizens who thronged around did not, however, it is true, appear to partake in this sentiment to anything like a corresponding extent. Whether it was that they felt it not, or that they were conscious of acting a surbodinate part in the pageant, which unquestionably bore too much of a military character, I do not know.

I proceeded without delay to the stairs which led to my *loge*, as noted on my admission ticket. This *loge*, however, it turned out to be no easy matter to find. My heart began to sink ; I inquired of everybody ; some did not understand, others looked contemptuously ; nobody would pay the least attention to my solicitations. Thus I seemed likely after all to lose the benefit of my exertions. Meanwhile, every new discharge of cannon seemed as if announcing, not only the emperor's approach, but my seclusion from the Chamber, and I was fast getting into a state of angry hopelessness, when an officer of the guard, who saw that I was a foreigner, addressed me in English. I explained to him my embarrassments and fears, and shewed him my ticket. He told me I was on the **wrong** side, and was so good as to send a soldier with me to the door of the box. I rapped and was instantly admitted. There were two rows of chairs, and accommodation for three persons to stand behind. I was one of the latter, and it was impossible to be better situated for hearing and seeing everything. My *loge* exactly faced the throne, and in the next sat the emperor's mother and all the females, with their attendants. I knew nobody ; I saw

no English there. There was one person in full dress who was said to be *un Chevalier Ecosse*, and who having distinguished himself and announced his nation by making an abominable disturbance about something or other, was very properly turned out. We sat in silent expectation of the emperor's arrival, which was to be announced by the cessation of the repeated salutes of artillery. The moments were counted ; the peers and deputies were seated in their places, all in full dress—the former occupying the front benches, and the deputies ranged behind them. Servants of the Chamber, in the most splendid liveries that can be conceived, were seen busy at all the side doors. The front door was underneath our *loge* ; it was, therefore, impossible for me to see the effect of the first appearance of the emperor, who at length, followed by a numerous retinue, crossed the Chamber—not majestically, but with rather hurried steps. Having slightly raised his hat, he seated himself abruptly on the throne, and wrapping himself in his purple cloak, sat silent.

The scene was altogether most interesting, but there was no time for contemplation. The whole assembly immediately rose ; and if a judgment might be formed from the outward expression of their feelings, it would be inferred that Napoleon was enthroned in the heart of almost every peer and deputy who that day received him. A loud, continued, and unanimous burst of enthusiastic congratulation proceeded from every quarter. It echoed throughout the whole chamber, and had all the attributes of sincerity. One circumstance I particularly remarked, the old cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*" was discontinued, and, as if the spectators' hearts were too full to utter more, they limited themselves to a single word—" *l'Empereur ! l'Empereur !* " alone bursting from the whole assembly. I found afterwards that there was a meaning in this—inasmuch as the ceremony was not a mere greeting, it was an *inauguration* of the emperor. It

was this solemnity which, in fact, *re-created* his title after his formal abdication, and the assembly thus noted the distinction.

Meanwhile, Napoleon sat apparently unmoved ; he occasionally touched his hat, but spoke not. I stood immediately in front of and looking down on the throne, and being in the back row, could use my opera-glass without observation. Napoleon was at that moment, all circumstances considered, the most interesting personage in existence. His dress, although rich, was scarcely royal. He was not, as a king should be by prescription, covered with jewels ; he had no crown, and wore the same dress exactly as he afterwards did on his visit to the Champ de Mars—namely, a black Spanish hat, fastened up in front with a diamond loop and button ; heavy plumes of ostrich feathers, which hung nodding over his forehead, and rather a short cloak of purple velvet, embroidered with golden bees. The dimensions of his person were thus concealed ; but his stature, which scarcely attained the middle height, seemed still lower on account of his square-built form and his high and ungraceful shoulders ; he was, in fact, by no means a majestic figure. I watched his eye—it was that of a hawk, and struck me as being peculiarly brilliant. Without moving his head or a single muscle of his countenance, his eye was everywhere, and really seemed omniscient ; an almost imperceptible transition moved it from place to place, as if by magic, and it was fixed steadily upon one object before a spectator could observe its withdrawal from another.

Yet even at this moment, powerful as was the spell in which Napoleon's presence bound the spectator, my attention was drawn aside by another object which seemed to me to afford much scope for contemplation ; this was the emperor's mother. I stood, as I have already said, in the next *loge* of the gallery to that occupied by the imperial family. The dutiful and affectionate regard of Napoleon to

his mother is universally authenticated ; and as his nature was not framed either to form or perpetuate mere attachments, of course it was natural to conclude that this lady's character had something above it worthy of rank. I was, therefore, curious to trace, as far as possible, the impressions made upon her by the passing scene.

Madame Mère, as she was then called, was a very fine old lady, apparently about sixty, but looking strong and in good health. She was not, and I believe never had been, a beauty, but was, nevertheless, well-looking, and possessed a cheerful, *comfortable* countenance. In short, I liked her appearance ; it was plain and unassuming, and I set my mind to the task of scrutinising her probable sensations on that important day.

Let us for a moment consider the situation of that mother who, whilst in a humble sphere of life, and struggling with many difficulties, had borne, nursed, and reared a son, who at an early age, and solely by his own superior talents, became ruler of one of the fairest portions of the civilised creation, to whom kings and princes crouched and submitted, and transferred their territories and their subjects at his will and pleasure ; to whom the whole world, except England, had cringed ; whom one great emperor had flattered and fawned on, handing over to him a favourite daughter even whilst the conqueror's true wife was still living ; and whom the same bewildered emperor had afterwards assisted in rousing all Europe to overthrow—thus dethroning his daughter, disinheriting his grandson, and exposing himself to the contempt and derision of the universe, only that he might have the gratification of enslaving six millions of the Italian people ! The mother of Napoleon had seen all this, and had no doubt felt bitterly that reverse of fortune whereby her son had been expelled and driven into exile, after his long dream of grandeur and almost resistless influence. What then must be the sensations of that mother at the scene

we are describing ! when she beheld the same son again hailed Emperor of the French, restored to power and to his friends by the universal assent of a great nation and the firm attachment of victorious armies ! He remounted his throne before her eyes once more, and without the shedding of one drop of blood was again called to exercise those functions of royalty from which he had been a few months before excluded.

It was under these impressions that I eagerly watched the countenance of that delighted lady ; but her features did not appear to me sufficiently marked to give full scope to the indication of her feeling. I could judge, in fact, nothing from any other feature except her eye, to which, when I could catch it, I looked for information. At first I could see only her profile ; but as she frequently turned round, her emotions were from time to time obvious ; a tear occasionally moistened her cheek, but it evidently proceeded from a happy rather than a painful feeling—it was the tear of parental ecstasy. I could perceive no lofty sensations of gratified ambition—no towering pride—no vain and empty arrogance—as she viewed underneath her the peers and representatives of her son's dominions. In fact, I could perceive nothing in the deportment of Madame Mère that was not calculated to excite respect for her as a woman, and admiration of her as the person who had brought into the world a man for many years the most successful of his species.

From observation of this interesting lady I was called off by the scene which followed. After the emperor had been awhile seated (his brothers and the public functionaries around him, as expressed in a printed programme), the oath was administered to the peers and deputies individually, so that each was distinctly marked by name ; and what I considered most fortunate was that a French gentleman, who sat immediately before me (I believe some public officer),

was assiduous in giving the two ladies who accompanied him not only the name of each peer or deputy as he took the oath, but also some description of him. I took advantage of this incident, and in a little tablet copied down the names of such as I have heard spoken of as remarkable persons, and particularly the generals and marshals.

Their manner of administering and taking the oath was very different from ours.* The French had, from the period of the Revolution, very justly conceived that an oath of any description would not be one atom more binding on the party if taken upon a book than if trust were reposed in their mere word of honour. On the present occasion each person as his name was called over arose, and holding out his right arm to its extent (the palm of the hand uppermost), deliberately pronounced, "*Je jure fidélité à l'Empereur, et obéissance à la Constitution.*" The reader will easily believe that it was a source of the utmost interest to watch the countenances of these dignitaries of France whilst they were engaged in performing this important ceremonial. My physiognomical observation was kept fully on the stretch, and was never, before or since, so sated with materials to work upon. The emperor meanwhile, as I have already

* One of the devices to prevent the accumulation of petty larceny in the Court of Common Pleas of Ireland was very amusing. Lord Norbury's registrar, Mr. Peter Jackson, complained grievously to his lordship that he really could not afford to supply the court with gospels or prayer-books, as witnesses, after they had taken their oaths, were in the constant habit of stealing *the book*. "Peter," said Lord Norbury, "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief." "Read or not read," urged Peter, "they are rogues, that's plain. I have tied the book fast, but nevertheless they have contrived to loosen and abstract it." "Well, well," replied my lord, "if they are not afraid of the *cord*, hang your gospel *in chains*, and that perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." Peter Jackson took the hint; provided a good-looking, well-bound New Testament, which he secured with a strong jack-chain that had evidently done duty before the kitchen fire, and was made fast to the rail of the jury gallery. Thus the holy volume had free scope to swing about and clink as much as it chose, to the great terror of witnesses and good order of the jurors themselves.

mentioned, sat almost immovable. He did not appear exhilarated ; indeed, on the other hand, I think he was indisposed. His breast heaved at times very perceptibly ; an involuntary convulsed motion agitated his lip ; but never did I see an eye more indefatigable and penetrating ! As each man's name was called and the oath administered, its regard was fixed upon the individual ; and nothing could be more curious to the spectator than to transfer his gaze alternately from the party taking the oath to the emperor himself. Some of the peers and deputies Napoleon's eye passed over with scarcely a look, whilst others he regarded as though disposed to penetrate their very souls, and search there for proofs of a sincerity he considered doubtful. Some seemed to excite a pleasurable, others a painful sensation within him—though this was difficult to recognise, inasmuch as his features seldom, and never more than slightly, changed their entire expression. The countenances of the members themselves were more easily read, and afforded in many instances good clues, whereby if not the real feelings, at least the *tendency* of the parties might be deciphered. Some stood boldly up, and loudly and without hesitation took the oath ; whilst others, in slow, tremulous voices, pledged themselves to what they either never meant or were not quite certain of their ability to perform ; and a few displayed manifest symptoms of repugnance in their manner. But the scene was of that nature—so splendid, so generally interesting—that few persons, except those whose habits had long led them to the study of mankind, or such as might have some especial interest in the result, would have attended to these indications, which were, of course, not suffered in any instance to become prominent.

One of the first persons who took the oath was Fouché, Duke of Otranto. I had been in this nobleman's office on my first arrival in Paris, and had marked his countenance. He had originally been a monk (I believe a Jesuit), and was

on all hands admitted to be a man of the utmost talent, but at the same time wholly destitute of moral principle—a man who, in order to attain his ends, would disregard justice, and set opinion at insolent defiance. But above all, Fouché's reigning character was *duplicity*; in that qualification of a statesman he had no rival. Napoleon knew him thoroughly, but, circumstanced as he was, he had occasion for such men.

Yet even Fouché, I really think, was on this day off his guard. He was at the time, there can be little doubt, in actual communication with some of Napoleon's enemies; and he certainly appeared, whether or no from "compunctious visitings of conscience," to be ill at his ease. I kept my eye much on him, and it was quite obvious to me that some powerful train of feeling was working within his breast. On his name being called, there was nothing either bold, frank, or steady in his appearance or demeanour. He held out his hand not much higher than his hip, and in a tone of voice languid, if not faltering, swore to a fidelity which he was determined, should he find it convenient, to renounce. I really think (and my eye and glass were full upon him) that Fouché at the moment *felt* his own treachery; a slight hectic flush passed over his temples, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth. I cannot account for my impression further than this, but from that instant I set down the man as a traitor! Napoleon for the first time turned his head as Fouché tendered his allegiance. I could perceive no marked expression in the emperor's countenance, which remained placid and steady; but I could not help thinking that even that complacent regard (which certainly indicated no confidence, if it was free from agitation) seemed to say, "I know you!" The ceremony proceeded, and after a while the name was called of a person whom I had before seen—Count Thibaudeau. The contrast between this gentleman and Fouché was very remarkable. He stood up quickly, and with great firmness stepped a little forward, and held his

arm *higher* than his shoulder. “*Je jure*,” exclaimed Count Thibaudeau, “*je jure*,” repeating the words with emphasis, “*fidélité à MON Empereur et obédience à la Constitution !*” I watched Napoleon’s look ; it was still serene, but a ray of gratification was not absent, and shot rapidly across his features. The business at length terminated. I treasured up in my mind the impressions made upon it that day, and in very few of my forebodings was I eventually mistaken.

The inauguration of the emperor was now complete, and the reflection was extremely solemn—that all the powers of Europe were armed to overthrow the business of that morning. Neither peace nor truce was to be made with Napoleon, who was, on his part, about to try the strength of France alone against a union of inveterate and inexorable foes. He was now about to inform his assembled legislators of this decision, and to make a declaration that should at once rouse the French people generally, and instil into the legislature a portion of his own energy.

I was all expectation ; the critical moment arrived ; the occasion, the place, the subject, and more especially the effect expected to be produced, all combined in leading me to anticipate some speech more impressive than any I had ever heard.

The emperor rose from his throne rather quickly, raised his hat for a moment, and looked round him with a glance which, though probably meant to imply confidence, had to me the expression of *scrutiny*. Having done this, he re-seated himself, and commenced his speech. In language it was well adapted to the French soldiery ; as a proclamation it might be considered admirable ; but to a *legislative* assembly, it seemed to me, perhaps erroneously, ill adapted. I did expect, at all events, that it would be pronounced with that energy which was indicative of the speaker’s character, but miserably was I disappointed ! Napoleon read it distinctly, but, to my mind, utterly without effect ; there was

no ardour, no emphasis, no modulation of voice, no action to enforce the sentiment. The delivery was monotonous and unimpressive; nor can I yet conceive how it was possible such a man could pronounce such a speech without evincing that warmth of feeling which the words, as well as the great subject itself, to say nothing of his own situation, were calculated to inspire. The French in general read extremely ill, and Napoleon's style of elocution was a very humble specimen even of theirs. He ran the sentences into each other; in short, seemed to view the whole thing as a mere matter of course, and to be anxious to *get* through it. It put me more in mind of a solicitor reading a marriage-settlement than anything else. Here and there, indeed, he appeared somewhat touched by the text, and most probably *he himself* felt it all, but he certainly expressed nothing in a manner that could make *others* feel it. The concluding words of the speech, "This is the moment to conquer or to perish," though pronounced by Napoleon with little more energy than the preceding parts (much as if he had been saying, "And your petitioner will ever pray"), made a strong and visible impression upon the entire auditory. Two or three of the deputies I observed, by (to all appearance) an involuntary movement, put their hands on their sword-hilts, and whispered to those who sat next them, and amongst the military officers who were in the assembly there was evidently a very gallant feeling. I cast my eye at this moment on Fouché; he was looking upon the ground seemingly in contemplation, and moved not a muscle.

At the conclusion of his speech, Napoleon, whose vapid manner had considerably damped my previous excitement, immediately descended from the throne, and in the same state and amidst redoubled applauses returned to the palace to make his last preparations to put into execution what I have since heard denominated by English generals the finest military manœuvre of his whole life. Two things seem to

be universally admitted : that the first object of that train of movements, namely, the surprise and division of the allied troops, was completely successful, and that its second object, the defeat of those troops in a general engagement, was so near its accomplishment that its failure may almost be regarded as miraculous.

I returned home full of reflection. I soon recounted all my impressions (particularly with respect to Fouché and Napoleon) to my family and two or three friends who dined with us. I did not hesitate to speak frankly my opinion of the game playing by the Duke of Otranto, nor did any long period elapse before my predictions were verified.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PROMULGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE promulgation of the new Articles of the Constitution by Napoleon, at the Champ de Mars, promised to elicit much of the public sentiment. For my own part, I conceived that it would be the true touchstone of Parisian political feeling, but in that idea I was greatly disappointed.

It was natural to suppose that the modification of a constitution by a nearly despotic monarch, whereby his own power would be greatly contracted, would, even under Napoleon's circumstances, be considered one of the measures best calculated to propitiate a long-trammelled population. But, in fact, the thing assumed no such character; the *spectacle* seemed indeed of the utmost value to the Parisians, but the *constitution* of little, if any. They had never possessed any regular constitution, and I really think had no settled or digested ideas upon the subject.

The extraordinary splendour of the preparations for this ceremony, and the admixture of civil and military pomp, were to me very interesting. The temporary buildings thrown up for the occasion might, it is true, be denominated *tawdry*, yet, strangely enough, there is no other people except the French who can deck out such gewgaws with anything like corresponding taste and effect.

The scene was on an immense scale. In an inconceivably short time, and almost as if by the effect of magic, a sort of amphitheatre was constructed in front of the Hôtel des Invalides, and which was of magnitude sufficient to contain about 15,000 persons. In the centre arose an altar similar to those provided in ancient sacrifices for the *sacred fire* to descend upon; and at this altar Cardinal Cambaceres pre-

sided. A great proportion of the front of the hospital was covered with crimson velvet, and the imperial throne was placed on the platform of the first storey, facing the altar ; around it were seats for the princes. I was not present at the actual ceremony within the great temporary edifice.

I had on the occasion of the inauguration, as already stated, fully satisfied myself as to the demeanour both of the emperor and the senators ; but I had not seen the grand *cortège* which had preceded, and on this occasion, as it was to be much more of a military procession, and the emperor's last public appearance before he joined the army to decide the fate of Europe, I was desirous of witnessing the spectacle, and accordingly engaged a window on the quay for my family, in a house close to the Pont de Jena, over which the whole must pass on its way to the Hôtel des Invalides. We had thence a close and full view of the Champ de Mars, of the Amphitheatre, and of the artificial mount whence the Constitution was to be proclaimed by the emperor in person to the people.

Napoleon well knew the great importance of leaving a strong impression on the public feeling. His posting from the coast to the Tuilleries without interruption was the most extraordinary event in history, ancient or modern ; but it was not *immediately* followed up by any unusual circumstance, or any very splendid spectacle, to rouse or gratify Parisian volatility. The retired official life of the emperor, after his return, necessarily absorbed in business night and day, had altogether excited little or no stir, and still less expression of public feeling in the metropolis. In fact, the Parisians did not seem to feel so much interest about the state of affairs as they would have done upon the most unimportant occurrences ; they made light of everything except their *pleasure*, which always was and always will be the god of Paris ; and never was any deity more universally and devoutly worshipped ! The king's flight to Ghent was

then as little thought of or regarded as if he had gone to St. Cloud, and Napoleon's arrival made as little stir as Louis's departure. But the emperor was now about to go to battle, was well aware of the treachery which surrounded him, and that on his success or discomfiture depended its explosion. He determined, therefore, as he had not time to counteract, to dissemble, and I have no doubt that to this circumstance alone Fouché knew he owed his existence. The month preceding Napoleon's departure from Paris he became thoroughly acquainted with the intrigues of his minister, and I firmly believe that each was determined on the destruction of the other upon the first feasible opportunity, as the only means of securing himself. I do believe that Fouché would not have survived Bonaparte's successful return more than four-and-twenty hours, and I equally believe that Fouché had actually meditated and made some progress in providing for Napoleon's assassination. I made up my mind on these points, not from any *direct* information, but from a process yclept by our great grandmothers *spelling and putting together* ; and if the reader will be good enough to bear in mind what I told him respecting the society at Dr. Marshall's, as well as the intelligence acquired by my servant Thevenot, he will not be at a loss to understand *how* I got at my materials.

In truth, the army alone, I suspect, was sincerely attached to the reinstated monarch. By his soldiers Bonaparte was in every part of his career almost worshipped. They seemed to regard him rather as a demigod, and nobody could be deceived as to their *entire* devotion to the divinity which they had set up. But it was not so with the civil ranks of Paris.

I should tire myself and my readers were I to describe the almost boyish anxiety which I felt when the firing of the ordnance announced the first movement of the emperor from the Tuilleries to the Champ de Mars. I shall leave

to the supposition of the reader the impression I received from the passing of the *cortége*. Let him picture to himself an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris, in battalions and squadrons—the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the bright cuirasses, the multitude of waving plumes, the magnificence of the marshals and their staff—these, set off by the glowing sun, combined to implant in the mind of a person unaccustomed to such a sight the idea of almost certain victory.

What struck me most was the appearance of a splendid but not numerous regiment in the costume of Turkish cavalry, mounted upon small barbs and dashinglly accoutred. Their officers rode for the most part piebald horses, many of which were caparisoned with breast armour and decked with gaudy trappings. The uniform of the men was scarlet, with green Cossack trousers, immense turbans, and high plumes of feathers ; the whole ornamented and laced in as splendid and glittering a style as ingenuity could dictate ; their stirrups were foot-boards, and they had very crooked sabres and long lances. I believe these men were accoutred *en Mameluck* ; and I mention them the more particularly because I believe they did not go to Waterloo—at least not in that uniform. In calling to my recollection this superb scene, the hundred bands of martial music seem even at this moment to strike my ear. It seemed as if every instrument in Paris was in requisition ! The trumpets and kettle-drums of the gaudy heralds, the deep sackbuts, the crashing cymbals, and the loud gongs of the splendid Mamelukes, bewildered both the ear and the imagination. At first they astonished, then gratified, and at length fatigued me. About the centre of this procession appeared its principal object, who, had he lived in times of less fermentation, would, in my opinion, have been a still greater statesman than he was a warrior. It is indisputable that it was Bonaparte who definitely freed the *entire* continent of Europe from that

democratic mania, of all other tyrannies the most cruel, savage, and unrelenting, and which was still in full though less rapid progress when he, by placing the diadem of France on his own brow, restored the *principle* of monarchy to its vigour, and at one blow overwhelmed the many-headed monster of revolution.

It has been the fashion in England to term Napoleon a "Corsican usurper." We should have recollected Paoli before we *reproached* him for being a Corsican, and we should have recurred to *our own* annals before we called him a usurper. He mounted a throne which had long been vacant; the decapitation of Louis, in which he *could* have had no concern, had completely overwhelmed the dynasty of Bourbon, and Napoleon in a day re-established that monarchical form of government which *we* had with so much expense of blood and treasure been for many years unsuccessfully attempting to restore. I cannot avoid repeating this pointed example of *our own inconsistency*. We actually made peace and concluded treaties with Napoleon Bonaparte when he was acting as a republican, the very species of government against which we had so long combated, and we refused to listen to his most pacific demonstrations when he became a monarch.*

This has, I confess, been a sad digression; but when I call to mind that last scene of Bonaparte's splendour, I cannot altogether separate from it the prior portion of his history and that of Europe. I have mentioned that about the centre of the *cortége* the emperor and his court appeared. It was the custom in France for every person of a certain rank to keep a sort of state-coach gaudily gilded

* Another observation I cannot but make on this subject. As events have turned out, Napoleon only sat down on the throne of France to keep it for the Bourbons. Had he remained a republican, as when he acknowledged and made peace with him, the names of the whole family of Louis Capet would still have appeared on the pension list of England.

and painted, and, in addition to the footman, a *chasseur* to mount behind, dressed *en grande toilette*, with huge moustaches, immense feathers in his hat, and a large sabre depending from a broad-laced belt, which crossed his shoulder—he was generally a muscular, fine-looking man, and always indicated rank and affluence in his master. Napoleon liked this state to be preserved by all his ministers, etc. He obliged every man in office to appear at court and in public according to the station he held ; and instances were not wanting where the emperor, having discovered that an officer of rank had not pecuniary means to purchase a coach of ceremony, had made him a present of a very fine one. He repeatedly paid the debts of several of his marshals and generals, when he thought their incomes somewhat inadequate ; and a case has been mentioned where a high officer of his household had not money to purchase jewels for his wife, of Napoleon ordering a set to be presented to her, with an injunction to wear them at court.

On this day he commanded the twelve mayors of Paris to appear in their carriages of ceremony ; and, to do them justice, they were gilt and caparisoned as finely as time and circumstances could admit. Bonaparte himself sat alone in a state coach with glass all round it, his feathers bowed deeply over his face, and consequently little more than the lower parts of it were quite uncovered. Whoever has marked the countenance of Napoleon must admit it to have been one of the most expressive ever created. When I say this, I beg to be understood as distinguishing it entirely from what is *generally* called an expressive countenance—namely, one involuntarily and candidly proclaiming the feelings whereby its proprietor is actuated ; the smile or the look of scorn, the blush or the tear, serving not unfrequently to communicate matters which the lips would have kept secret. Though that species of expressive countenance may be commonly admired, it is often *inconvenient*, and would be

perfectly unbefitting a king, a courtier, a gambler, an ambassador, or, in short, a man in any station of life which renders it incumbent on him to *keep his countenance*. The lower portion of Bonaparte's face (as I have mentioned in speaking of my first glance at it) was the finest I think I ever saw, and peculiarly calculated to set the feelings of others on speculation without giving any decided intimation of his own. On the day of the promulgation it occurred to me, and to my family likewise, as we saw him pass slowly under our window, that the unparalleled splendour of the scene failed in arousing him from that deep dejection which had apparently seized him ever since his return to Paris, and which doubtless arose from a consciousness of his critical situation and the hollow ground whereon he trod. There was ill-timed languor in his general look ; he smiled not, and took but little notice of any surrounding object. He appeared, in fact, *loaded* with some presentiment, confined, however, to himself ; for of all possible events his approaching and sudden fate was last, I believe, in the contemplation of any person amongst that prodigious assembly. I apprehend the intelligence of Murat's defeat in Italy had reached him about that time.

Two marshals rode on each side of Napoleon's coach, and his three brothers occupied the next. I thought these men all appeared cheerful—at any rate, no evil presentiments were visible in their countenances. After the emperor had passed my interest diminished. I was absorbed by reflection, and my mind was painfully diverted to the probable result of the impending contest, which would most likely plunge into a gory and crowded grave thousands of the gay and sparkling warriors who, full of the principle of life and activity, had that moment passed before me.

The crowds in the Champ de Mars, the firing of the artillery, the spirited bustle of the entire scene, and the return of the same *cortége* after the Constitution had been pro-

claimed, left me in a state of absolute languor, every fresh idea supplanting its predecessor in my mind ; and when I returned to my hotel it required more than a single bottle of *Château Margot* to restore the serenity of my over-excited nerves.

The rejoicings which followed the promulgation of the Constitution were in a style of which I had no previous conception. I have already observed, and every person who has been much on the Continent will bear me out in the remark, that no people are so very adroit at embellishment as the French. Our carpenters, paper-hangers, etc., know no more about Parisian embellishments than our plain cooks do of the hundred and twenty-six modes of dressing a fresh egg, whereof every French *cuisinier* is perfectly master.

Many temporary stands had been erected in the Champs d'Elysée, whence to toss out all species of provisions to the populace. Hams, turkeys, sausages, etc., were to be had in abundance by scrambling for them. Twenty fountains of wine were set playing into the jars, cups, and pails of all who chose to adventure getting near them. A number of temporary theatres were constructed, and games started throughout the green. Quadrilles and waltzes were practised everywhere around ; all species of music, singing, juggling—in fine, everything that could stamp the period of the emperor's departure on the minds of the people were ordered to be put in requisition ; and a scene of enjoyment ensued which, notwithstanding the bustle necessarily attendant, was conducted with the politeness and decorum of a drawing-room—with much more, indeed, than prevails at most of our public assemblies. No pickpockets were heard of ; no disputes of any description arose ; the very lowest orders of the French *canaille* appear on such occasions cleanly dressed, and their very nature renders them polite and courteous to each other. They make way with respect for *any* woman, even from a duchess to a beggar-woman.

Stretching across the whole of the Place Louis Quinze was a transparent painting of Napoleon's return from Elba, the mimic ship being of equal dimensions with the real one. Napoleon appeared on the deck, and the entire effect was most impressive.

The rejoicings concluded with a display of fireworks—a species of entertainment, by-the-bye, wherein I never delighted. It commenced with a flight of five thousand rockets of various colours, and was terminated by the ascent of a balloon loaded with every species of firework, which bursting high in the air, illuminated with overpowering blaze the whole atmosphere. By midnight all, like an “unsubstantial pageant,” had faded, leaving the ill-starred emperor to pursue his route to partial victory, final defeat, and ruin.*

One remark in conclusion. It was really extraordinary to witness the political apathy wherein the entire population, save the military, was bound. Scarce a single expression or indication of party feeling escaped in any direction. All seemed bent on pleasure, and on pleasure alone, careless

* I have read with pleasure many parts of *Napoleon's Second Reign*, by Mr. Hobhouse. Though I do not coincide with that gentleman in all his views of the subject (differing from him in *toto* as to some), I admit the justice of a great portion of his observations, and consider the work, on the whole, as a very clever performance. In several matters of description and anecdote he has anticipated me, and I really think has treated them with as much accuracy and in a much more comprehensive manner than I should or perhaps *could* have done. Mine, in fact, is but a sketch; his, a history. In some matters of fact he appears to have been imperfectly informed; but they are not errors of a sufficiently important nature to involve any charge of general inaccuracy. I myself kept an ample diary of the events of the Hundred Days (of so much of them at least as I spent in Paris), and until the re-entry of Louis, and in fact, subsequently, though less regularly. From these documents I have extracted what I now publish, but the whole may perhaps hereafter appear in its original shape.

I cannot but express my regret that Mr. Hobhouse did not remain in Paris until *after* Napoleon's return from Belgium, when there was a far wider and fairer field presented for the exercise of his pen. I really conceive it will be a loss to literature if he does not recur to that period (materials cannot be wanting), take up his own work where he finished, and continue it until the evacuation of Paris by the allied forces. The events of that interval are richly worth recording, and it would fill up what is as yet nearly a blank in the history of Europe.

whether the opportunity for its indulgence were afforded them by Napoleon or Louis—by preparations for peace or war—by the establishment of despotism or liberty. They were, I sincerely believe, absolutely weary of politics, and inclined to view any suggestion of that nature with emotions of bitterness. At all times, indeed, the Parisians prefer pleasure to serious speculation ; and the *wisest* king of France will ever be that one who contrives to keep his good citizens “ constantly *amused*.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LAST DAYS OF THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE emperor having left Paris to take command of the army in Belgium, the garrison left in that city was necessarily very inconsiderable. It was the universal belief that the allies would be surprised by a simultaneous attack, and the event warranted this supposition. The result was a double defeat of Blucher, the separation of the Prussian and British armies, the retreat of Lord Wellington upon Brussels, the march of Grouchy upon that city, and the advance of Napoleon. The impatience of the Parisians for news may be easily conceived, nor were they kept long in suspense. Meanwhile there ran through the whole mass of society a suspicion that treachery was on foot, but nobody could guess in what shape it would explode. The assassination of Napoleon was certainly regarded as a thing in contemplation, and the disaffection of sundry general officers publicly discussed at the Palais Royal, but no names were mentioned except Fouché's.

On Sunday, the 18th of June, at daybreak, I was roused by the noise of artillery. I arose and instantly sallied out to inquire the cause ; nobody could at the moment inform me ; but it was soon announced that it was public rejoicing on account of a great victory gained by Napoleon over the Prussians, commanded by Blucher, and the English by the Duke of Wellington. That the allies had been partly surprised, and were in rapid retreat, followed by the emperor and flanked by Grouchy ; that a lancer had arrived as courier and given many details, one of which was that our Light Dragoons, under Lord Anglesea, had been completely destroyed.

I immediately determined to quit Paris for the day. It

was Sunday ; everybody was a-foot, the drums were beating in all directions, and it was impossible to say how the *canaille* might, in exultation at the victory, be disposed to act by the English in Paris. We, therefore, set out early and breakfasted at St. Cloud. The report of the victory had reached that village, but I perceived no indication of any great feeling on the subject. We adjourned to Bagatelle, in the very pretty gardens of which we sauntered about till dinner time.

This victory did not surprise me ; for when I saw the magnificent array of troops on the occasion of the Promulgation, I had adopted the unmilitary idea that they *must be* invincible. As yet we had heard no certain particulars. About eleven o'clock, however, printed bulletins were liberally distributed, announcing an unexpected attack on the Prussian and English armies with the purpose of dividing them, which purpose was stated to be fully accomplished, the Duke of Brunswick killed, the Prince of Orange wounded, two Scotch regiments broken and sabred, Lord Wellington in full retreat, Blucher's army absolutely ruined, and the emperor in full march for Brussels, where the Belgian army would join the French, and march unitedly for Berlin. The day was rather drizzling ; we took shelter in the grotto, and were there joined by some Parisian shopkeeper and his family, who had come out from the capital for their recreation. This man told us a hundred incidents which were circulated in Paris with relation to the battle. Among other things, it was said, that if the emperor's generals did their duty, the campaign might be already considered over, since every man in France and Belgium would rise in favour of the emperor. He told us news had arrived that the Austrians were to be neutral, and that the Russians durst advance no farther, that the King of Prussia would be dethroned, and that it was generally believed Lord Wellington would either be dead or in the Castle of Vincennes by Wednesday morning ! This budget of intelligence our

informant communicated himself in a very *neutral* way, and without betraying the slightest symptom either of gratification or the reverse; and as it was impossible to doubt the main point, the defeat, I really began to think all was lost, and that it was high time to consider how we should get out of France forthwith, more particularly as the emperor's absence from Paris would, by leaving it at the mercy of the populace, render that city no longer a secure residence for the subjects of a hostile kingdom. How singular was the fact that, at the very moment I was receiving this news, at the very instant when I conceived Napoleon again the conqueror of the world, and the rapidity of his success as only supplementary to the rapidity of his previous return and a prelude to fresh achievements, that bloody and decisive conflict was actually at its height, which had been decreed by Providence to terminate Napoleon's political existence! What an embarrassing problem to the mind of a casuist must a speculation be as to the probable results at this day of a different dispensation!

Our minds were now made up to quit Paris on the following Thursday; and as the securest course to get down to St. Maloes, and thence to Jersey, or some of the adjacent islands; and without mentioning our intention, I determined to make every preparation connected with the use of the *sauf conduit* which I had procured on my first arrival in Paris. But fate decreed otherwise. Napoleon's destiny had been meantime decided, and my flight became unnecessary.

On returning to Paris we found everything quiet. On that very Sunday night my servant, *the* Henry Thevenot, told me that he had heard the French had got entangled in a forest and met a repulse. He said he had been told this at a public house in Rue Mont Blanc.

I feared the man. I suspected him to be on the *espionage* establishment, and, therefore, told him to say no more to

me about the war, and that I wished much to be in England.

About nine on Thursday morning, as soon as I rose, Thevenot again informed me, with a countenance which gave no indication of his own sentiments, that the French were *totally defeated*, that the emperor had returned to Paris, and that the English were in full march to the capital.

I almost dreaded lest the language of my servant might in some way implicate me, and I now chid him for telling me so great a falsehood.

"It is true," returned he.

Still I could not believe it ; and I gave him notice, on the spot, to quit my service. He received this intimation with much seeming indifference, and his whole deportment impressed me with suspicion. I went immediately, therefore, to Messrs. Lafitte, my bankers, and the first person I saw was my friend Mr. Phillips, very busily employed at his desk in the outside room.

"Do you know, Phillips," said I, "that I have been obliged to turn off my servant for spreading a report that the French are beaten and the emperor returned?"

Phillips, without withdrawing his eyes from what he was engaged on, calmly and concisely replied, "It is true enough."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I.

"Quite possible," returned this man of few words.

"Where is Napoleon?" said I.

"In the Palais de Bourbon Elysée," said he.

I saw it was vain to expect further communication from Mr. Phillips, and I went into an inner chamber to Mr. Clement, who seemed, however, more taciturn than the other.

Being most anxious to learn all the facts, I proceeded to the Palais d'Elysée, my scepticism having meanwhile undergone great diminution from seeing an immense number of splendid equipages darting through the streets, filled with

full-dressed men, plentifully adorned with stars and orders. When I got to the palace I found the court full of carriages and a large body of the National Guard under arms, yet I could scarcely believe my eyes, but I soon learned the principal fact from a hundred mouths and with a thousand different details ; my informants agreeing only on one point, namely, that the army was defeated *by treachery*, and that the emperor had returned to Paris in quest of new *matériel*. Groups and crowds were collecting everywhere, and confusion reigned triumphant.

Being somewhat rudely driven out of the courtyard, I now went round to the Champs d'Elysée, at the rear of the palace. Sentinels, belonging to Napoleon's guard, were by this time posted outside the long terrace that skirts the garden. They would permit no person to approach close, but I was near enough to discern Napoleon walking deliberately backwards and forwards on that terrace, in easy conversation with two persons, whom I conceived to be his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, and Count Bertrand, and I afterwards heard that I was right. The emperor wore a short blue coat and a small three-cocked hat, and held his hands behind his back seemingly in a most tranquil mood. Nobody could in fact suppose he was in any agitation whatever, and the cardinal appeared much more earnest in the conversation than himself. I stood there about fifteen minutes, when the sentries ordered us off ; and as I obeyed, I saw Napoleon walk up towards the palace.

I never saw the Emperor of the French after that day, which was, in fact, the last of his reign. It ought to have been the last day of his existence, or the first of some new series of achievements ; but fate had crushed the man, and he could rouse himself no more. Though, I think, he could count but scantily on the fidelity of the National Guards, yet he was in possession of Montmartre, and, as the event proved, another and a very powerful army might soon have

been gathered about him. Perhaps, too, had Bonaparte rallied *in good earnest*, he might have succeeded in working even on the very pride of his former subjects to free the soil of the *grande nation* from foreign invasion.

Madame Le Jeune, the mistress of the hotel wherein we resided, was sister to General Le Jeune, the admirable painter who executed those noble pieces of the battles of Jena and Austerlitz, which had been in the outside room at the gallery of the Tuilleries. I am no judge of painting, but I think everything he did, and his pieces were numerous, possessed great effect. Through him, until the siege terminated by the surrender of Paris, we learned all that was going on amongst the French, and through Dr. Marshall and Colonel Macirone I daily became acquainted with the objects of the English, as I verily believe those two gentlemen were at the same time in correspondence with both the British and French authorities.

After Napoleon had been a few days making faint and fruitless endeavours to induce the deputies to grant him the *matériel* and aid him in a new armament, their coldness to himself individually became too obvious to be misconstrued ; fortune had, in fact, forsaken Napoleon, and friends too often follow fortune ; and it soon became notorious that Fouché had every disposition to seal his master's destruction. The emperor had, however, still many true and faithful friends, many ardent partisans on whose fidelity he might rely. He had an army which *could* not be estranged, which no misfortune could divert from him. But his enemies, including the timid and the neutral among the deputies, appeared to me decidedly to outnumber those who would have gone *far* in ensuring his reinstatement. Tranquillity seemed to be the general wish, and the re-equipment of Napoleon would have rendered it unattainable.

Nevertheless, the deputies proceeded calmly on their business, and events every day assumed a more extraordinary

appearance. The interval between the emperor's return from Waterloo and his final abdication, between his departure for Malmaison and the siege of Paris, was of the most interesting and important nature ; and so great was my curiosity to be aware of passing events, that I am conscious I went much farther lengths than prudence would have warranted.

During the debates in the deputies after Napoleon's return I was almost daily present. I met a gentleman who procured me a free admission, and through whom I became acquainted by name with most and personally with many of the most celebrated characters, not only of the current time, but also who had flourished during the different stages of the revolution. I was particularly made known to Garat, who had been minister of justice at the time Louis XVI. was beheaded, and had read to him his sentence and conducted him to the scaffold. Although he had not voted for the king's death, he durst not refuse to execute his official functions ; his attendance, therefore, could not be considered as voluntary. He was at this time a member of the deputies. His person would well answer the idea of a small, slight, sharp-looking, lame *tailor* ; but his conversation was acute, rational, and temperate. He regarded Napoleon as lost beyond all redemption ; nor did he express any great regret hereat, seeming to me a man of much mental reservation. I suspect he had been too much of a genuine republican, and of too democratic and *liberal* a policy, ever to have been any great admirer even of the most splendid of imperators. I think he was sent out of Paris on the king's restoration.

My friend having introduced me to the librarian of the Chamber of Deputies, I was suffered to sit in the ante-room, or library, whenever I chose, and had consequently a full opportunity of seeing the ingress and egress of the deputies, who frequently formed small groups in the ante-room, and entered into earnest although brief conferences. My ready

access to the gallery of the House itself enabled me likewise to know the successive *objects* of their anxious solicitude.

The librarian was particularly obliging, and suffered me to see and examine many of the most curious old documents. But the original manuscript of Rousseau's *Confessions*, and of his *Eloisa*, produced me a real treat. His writing is as legible as print ; the *Eloisa*, a work of mere fancy, without one obliteration ; whilst the *Confessions*, which the author put forth as matter of fact, are, oddly enough, full of alterations in every page.

When I wished for an hour of close observation, I used to draw my chair to a window, get Rousseau into my hand, and whilst apparently riveted on his *Confessions*, watch from the corner of my eye the earnest gesticulation and ever-varying countenances of some agitated group of deputies ; many of them, as they passed by, cast a glance on the object of my attention, of which I took care that they should always have a complete view.

Observing one day a very unusual degree of excitement amongst the members in the Chamber, and perceiving the sally of the groups into the library to be more frequent and earnest than ordinary, I conceived that something very mysterious was in agitation. I mentioned my suspicions to a well-informed friend ; he nodded assent, but was too wise or too timorous to give any opinion on so ticklish a subject. I well knew that Napoleon had been betrayed, because I had learned from an authentic source that secret despatches had been actually sent by Fouché to the allies, and that the embassy to the Emperor of Russia, from M. Lafitte, etc., had been some hours anticipated and counteracted by the chief commissioner of government.

It was clear to everybody that Napoleon had lost his fortitude ; in fact, to judge by his conduct, he seemed so feeble and irresolute that he had ceased to be formidable ; and it occurred to me that some sudden and strong step was

in the contemplation of his true friends to raise his energies once more, and stimulate him to resistance. I was led to think so particularly by hearing some of his warmest partisans publicly declare that, if he had not lost all feeling both for himself and France, he should take the alternative of either reigning again or dying in the centre of his still devoted army.

The next day confirmed my surmises. I discovered that a letter had been written without signature, addressed to Count Thibaudeau, but not yet sent, disclosing to him, in detail and with proofs, the treachery of Fouché, etc., and advising the emperor *instantly* to arrest the traitors, unfold the treason to the Chambers, then put himself at the head of his Guards, re-assemble the army at Villette, and before the allies could unite make one effort more to save France from subjugation. This was, I heard, the purport of the letter ; and I also learned the mode and hour determined on to carry it to Count Thibaudeau. It was to be slipped into the letter-box in the ante-room of the Chamber, which was used, as I have already mentioned, as a library. I was determined to ascertain the fact ; and seated in one of the windows, turning over the leaves and copying passages out of my favourite manuscripts, I could see plainly where the letter-box was placed, and kept it constantly in my eye. The crowd was always considerable ; groups were conversing ; notes and letters were every moment put into the box for delivery ; but I did not see the person who had been described to me as about to give Count Thibaudeau the information. At length, however, I saw him warily approach the box ; he was obviously agitated—so much so, indeed, that far from *avoiding*, his palpable timidity would have *excited* observation. He had the note in his hand ; he looked around him, put his hand toward the box, withdrew it, changed colour, made a second effort, and his resolution again faltering, walked away without effecting his purpose.

I afterwards learned that the letter had been destroyed, and that Count Thibaudeau received no intimation till too late.

This was an incident fraught with portentous results ; had that note been dropped as intended into the box, the fate of Europe might have remained long undecided ; Fouché, the most eminent of traitors, would *surely* have met his due reward ; Bonaparte would have put himself at the head of the army assembling at Villette—numerous, enthusiastic, and desperate. Neither the Austrian nor Russian armies were within reach of Paris, whilst that of the French would, I believe, in point of numbers, have exceeded the English and Prussian united force ; and it is more than probable that the most exterminating battle which ever took place between two great armies would have been fought next day in the suburbs, or perhaps *in the Boulevards* of Paris.

Very different, indeed, were the consequences of that suppression. The evil genius of Napoleon pressed down the balance, and instead of any chance of remounting his throne, he forfeited both his lofty *character* and his life ; and Fouché, dreading the risk of detection, devised a plan to get the emperor clear out of France, and put him at least into the power of the British Government.

This last occurrence marked finally the destiny of Napoleon. Fortune had not only *forsaken*, but she *mocked* him ! She tossed about and played with before she destroyed her victim—one moment giving him hopes which only rendered despair more terrible the next. After what I saw of his downfall, no public event, no revolution, can ever excite in my mind one moment of surprise. I have seen, and deeply feel, that we are daily deceived in our views of everything and everybody.

Bonaparte's last days of power were certainly full of tremendous vicissitudes—on one elated by a great victory, on the next overwhelmed by a fatal overthrow. Hurlled from a

lofty throne into the deepest profundity of misfortune ; bereft of his wife and only child ; persecuted by his enemies ; abandoned by his friends ; betrayed by his ministers ; humbled, depressed, paralysed ; his proud heart died within him ; his great spirit was quenched ; and after a grievous struggle, despair became his conqueror, and Napoleon Bonaparte degenerated into an ordinary mortal.

CHAPTER XLIX.

DETENTION AT VILLETTE.

IN the month of July, 1815, there was a frequent intercourse or *parlementaires* between the commissioners of the French Government and the Allies. Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, commanded the French army assembled at Villette and about the Canal d'Ourk, a neighbourhood where many thousand Russians had fallen in the battle of the preceding summer. I had the greatest anxiety to see the French army; and Colonel Macirone being sent out with one of Fouché's despatches to the Duke of Wellington, I felt no apprehension, being duly armed with my *sauf conduit*, and thought I would take that opportunity of passing the Barrier de Roule, and strolling about until Macirone's carriage should come up. It, however, by some mischance, drove rapidly by me, and I was consequently left in rather an awkward situation.

I did not remain long in suspense, being stopped by two officers, who questioned me somewhat tartly as to my presumption in passing the sentries, "who," said they, "must have mistaken you for one of the Commissaries' attendants." I produced my passport, which stood me in no further advantage than to ensure a very *civil* arrest. I was directly taken to the quarters of Marshal Davoust, who was at the time breakfasting on grapes and bread in a very good hotel by the side of the canal. He shewed at first a sort of austere indifference that was extremely disagreeable to me; but on my telling him who I was, and everything relating to the transaction, the manifestation of my candour struck him so forcibly, that he said I was at liberty to walk about, but not to repass the lines till the return of the *parlementaires*, and further inquiry made about me. I was not altogether at my

ease. The prince was now very polite, but I knew nobody, and was undoubtedly a suspicious person. However, I was civilly treated by the officers who met me, and, on the contrary, received many half-English curses from several soldiers who, I suppose, had been prisoners in England. I was extremely hungry and much fatigued, and kept on the bank of the canal, as completely out of the way of the military as I could.

I was at length thus accosted in my own language by an elderly officer :—

“ Sir,” said he, “ I think I have seen you in England ? ”

“ I have not the honour to recollect having met you, sir,” replied I.

“ I shall not readily forget it,” rejoined the French officer. “ Do you remember being, about two years since, in the town of Odiham ? ”

“ Very well,” said I.

“ You recollect some French officers who were prisoners there ? ”

These words at once brought the circumstance to my mind, and I answered, “ I do now recollect seeing you perfectly.”

“ Yes,” said my interlocutor, “ I was one of the three foreigners who were pelted with mud by the *garçons* in the streets of Odiham ; and do you remember striking one of the *garçons* who followed us for their conduct ? ”

“ I do not forget it.”

“ Come with me, sir,” pursued he, “ and we’ll talk it over in another place.”

The fact had been as he represented. A few French officers, prisoners at Odiham, were sometimes roughly treated by the mob. Passing by chance one day with Lady Barrington through the streets of that town, I saw a great number of boys following, hooting, and hissing the French officers. I struck two or three of these idle dogs with my

cane, and rapped at the constable's door, who immediately came out and put them to flight, interfering, however, rather reluctantly on the part of what he called the "d—d *French foreigners*." I expressed and felt great indignation; the officers thanked me warmly, and I believe were shortly after removed to Oswestry.

My friend told me that his two comrades at Odiham were killed—the one at Waterloo, and the other by a waggon passing over him at Charleroi on the 16th of June, and that scarcely an officer who had been prisoner at his first *depot* at Oswestry had survived the last engagements. He gave me in his room at Villette wine, bread, and grapes, with dried sausages well seasoned with garlic, and a glass of eau-de-vie. I was highly pleased at this *rencontre*. My companion was a most intelligent person, and communicative to the utmost extent of my curiosity. His narrative of many of the events of the battles of the 16th and 18th ult. was most interesting, and carried with it every mark of candour. The minutes rolled away speedily in his company, and seemed to me indeed far too fleeting.

He had not been wounded, though in the heat of both engagements. He attributed the loss of the battle to three causes:—the wanton expenditure of the cavalry, the negligent uncovering of the right wing by Grouchy, and the impetuosity of Napoleon in ordering the last attack by the Old Guard, which he should have postponed till next day. He said he had no doubt that the Belgian troops would all have left the field before morning. He had been engaged on the left, and did not see the Prussian attack, but said that it had the effect of consolidating all the different corps of the French army.

He told me that Napoleon was forced off the field by the irresistible crowds which the advance of the English cavalry had driven into disorder, whilst there was not a possibility of rallying a single squadron of their own. His episodes

respecting the occurrences of that day were most affecting, and I believe true.

In this agreeable society my spirits mounted again, and I soon acquired courage sufficient to express my great anxiety to see the army, adding that I durst not go alone. My friend immediately took me under his arm, and walked with me through the whole lines, introducing me to several of his comrades, and acting throughout in the kindest and most gentlemanly manner. This was precisely the opportunity I had so long wished for of viewing the French troops, which were then full of impetuosity and confidence, and eager for battle. Neither the Russians nor Austrians had reached Paris, and it was supposed Davoust would anticipate the attack of the other allies, who only waited for the junction of these powers and their heavy artillery to recommence operations. The scene was so new to me, so impressive, and so important, that it was only on my return home my mind got steady enough to organise its ideas, and permit me to take coherent notes of what I had witnessed.

The battle of Waterloo was understood to have dispersed so entirely the French army—that powerful and glorious display of heroes and of arms which a very few days previously had passed before my eyes—that scarcely ten men, except Grouchy's division, returned in one body to Paris ; and those who did return were in such a state of wretchedness and depression, that I took for granted the spirit of the French army had been *extinguished*, their battalions never to be rallied, their courage thoroughly cooled. I considered that the assembly at Villette could not be numerous, and was more calculated to make a show for better terms than to resist the conquerors. How great then must have been my astonishment when the evening parade turned out, as the officers informed me, *above sixty-five thousand infantry*, which, with artillery and cavalry, reached together near 80,000 men. I thought several of the privates had drunk

rather too much ; but whether sober or not, they seemed to be all in a state of wild, enthusiastic excitement, little removed from insubordination, but directly tending to hostility and battle. Whole companies cried aloud, as the superior officers passed by them, “ *Mon Général, à l’attaque ! l’ennemi ! l’ennemi ! allons ! allons !* ” Others shouted “ *Nous sommes trahis ! trahison ! trahison ! à la bataille ! à la bataille !* ” Crowds of them, as if by instinct, or for pastime, would rush voluntarily together, and in a moment form a long column, then disperse and execute some other manœuvre ; whilst others dispersed in groups, sang in loud chorus sundry war songs, wherein *les Prusses* and *les Anglais* were the general theme.

I had no conception how it was possible that in a few days after such a total dispersion of the French army another could be so rapidly collected, and which, though somewhat less numerous, the officer told me evinced double the enthusiasm of those who had formed the defeated corps. They had now it is true the stimulus of that defeat to urge them desperately on to retrieve that military glory which had been so awfully obscured. Their artillery was most abundant, and we must never forget that the French soldier is always better informed and possessed of more *morale* than our own. In truth, I really do believe there was scarcely a man in that army at Villette who would willingly have quitted the field of battle alive unless victorious.

Though their tumultuous excitement certainly at this time bore the appearance of insubordination, my conductor assured me I was mistaken in forming such a judgment ; he admitted that they durst not check that exuberant zeal on the instant, but added that when the period arrived to form them for battle, not a voice would be heard, not a limb move till the attack commenced, except by order of their leaders, and that if the *traitors in Paris* suffered them once more to try their fortune, he did not think there was an

individual in that army who entertained a doubt of the result.

In the production of this confidence party spirit doubtless was mixed up ; but no impartial observer could deny that, if the troops at Villette had been heartily joined by forty thousand of the National Guards and country volunteers then within the walls of Paris, the consequence would have been at least extremely problematical.

The day passed on, and I still strolled about with my polite conductor, whom I begged to remain with me. He was not an officer of high rank—I believe a captain of the 81st Infantry, tall, very thin, gentlemanly, and had seen long service.

From this crowd of infuriated soldiers he led me farther to the left, whither a part of the Old Guard, who had been, I believe, quartered at Montmartre, had for some cause or other been that evening removed. I had, as the reader will perhaps recollect, a previous opportunity of admiring that unrivalled body of veteran warriors, and their appearance this evening interested me beyond measure. Every man looked like an Ajax, exhibiting a firmness of step and of gesture at once formidable and even graceful. At the same time I fancied that there was a cast of melancholy over their bronzed countenances. When I compare what I that day witnessed to the boyish, ordinary-looking corps now generally composing the guardians of that once military nation, I can scarcely avoid sighing whilst I exclaim *tempora mutantur !*

I grew, however, at length impatient ; evening was closing, and if detained, I must, I suppose, have bivouacked. To be sure, the weather was so fine that it would have been of no great consequence, still my situation was disagreeable, and the more so, as my family being quite ignorant of it, must necessarily feel uneasy. I was, therefore, becoming silent and abstracted, and my friend had no kind of interest to get

me released, when two carriages appeared driving towards the barrier where we stood. A shot was fired by the advanced sentry at one of them, which immediately stopped. A party was sent out, and the carriage entered. There were two gentlemen in it, one of whom had received the ball, I believe, in his shoulder. A surgeon instantly attended, and they proceeded within the lines. They proved to be two of the *parlementaires* who had gone out with despatches. The wound was not mortal, and its infliction arose from a mistaken construction on the part of the sentinel of his orders.

The other carriage (in which was Colonel Macirone) drove on without stopping at the headquarters of Davoust. My kind companion said he would now go and try to get me dismissed. He did so, and procured an order for my departure, on signing my name, address, and occupation, and the name of some person who knew me in Paris. I mentioned Mr. Phillips, of Lafitte's, and was then suffered to depart. It will be imagined that I was not dilatory in walking home, where, of course, I was received as a *lost sheep*, no member of my family having the slightest idea whither I had gone.

The officer, as he accompanied me to the barrier, described to me the interview between the *parlementaires* and Davoust. They had, it seems, made progress in the negotiation very much against the marshal's inclinations. He was confident of victory, and expressed himself with great warmth, in the following emphatic words :—" Begone ! and tell your employer, Fouché, that the Prince of Eckmuhl will defend Paris till its flames set this handkerchief on fire ! " waving one as he spoke.

CHAPTER L.

PROJECTED ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON.

It was the received opinion that the allies would form a blockade rather than venture an assault on Paris. The numerical strength and *morale* of the French army at Villette the reader has already seen. The English army was within view of, and occupied St. Denis ; the Prussians were on the side of Sèvres ; and the Russians were expected in the direction of Charenton, along the Marne. That Paris might have been taken by storm is possible ; but if the French army had been augmented by one-half of the National Guard, the effort would surely have been most sanguinary, and the result most doubtful. Had the streets been intersected, mines sunk, the bridges broken down, and the populace armed as well as circumstances would permit, the heights being at the same time duly defended, though I am not a military man, and, therefore, very liable to error on such a subject, I have little doubt, instead of mere negotiation, it would have cost the allies more than one-half of their forces before they had arrived in the centre of the French metropolis. The defence of Saragossa by Palafox (though but a chieftain of Guerilla) proved the possibility of defending an open town against a valorous enemy.

I was breakfasting in Dr. Marshall's garden when we heard a heavy firing commence. It proceeded from Charenton, about three miles from Paris, where the Russian advanced guard had attacked the bridge, which had not been broken up, although it was one of the leading avenues to the Castle of Vincennes. Fouché indeed had contrived to weaken this post effectually, so that the defence there could not be long protracted, and he had also ordered ten thousand

stand of arms to be taken secretly out of Paris and lodged in the Castle of Vincennes to prevent the Parisians from arming.

The discharges continuing in occasional volleys, like a sort of running fire, I was most anxious to go to some spot which would command that part of the country ; but the doctor dissuaded me, saying it *could* not be a severe or lengthened struggle, as Fouché had taken care of *that* matter. I led him gradually into conversation on the business, and he made known to me, though *equivocally*, much more than I had ever suspected. Every despatch, every negotiation, every step which it was supposed by such among the French as had their country's honour and character at heart might operate to prevent the Allies from approaching Paris after the second abdication, had been either accompanied by counter applications, or defeated by secret instructions from Fouché.

While mock negotiations were thus carrying on at a distance, and before the English army had reached St. Denis, Bonaparte was already at Malmaison. It had become quite clear that he was a lost man ; and this most celebrated of all soldiers on record proved by his conduct at that crisis the distinction between animal and mental courage : the first is an instinctive quality, enjoyed by us in common with many of the brute creation ; the latter is the attribute of man alone. The first Napoleon eminently possessed ; in the latter he was certainly defective. Frederick the Great, in mental courage, was altogether superior to Napoleon. He could fight and fly, and rally and fight again. His spirit never gave in ; his perseverance never flagged. He seemed, in fact, insusceptible of despondency, and was even greater in defeat than in victory. He never quitted his army whilst a troop could be rallied ; and the seven years' war proved that the King of Prussia was equally illustrious, whether fugitive or conqueror.

Napoleon reversed those qualities. No warrior that history records ever was so great *whilst successful* : his victories were followed up with the rapidity of lightning. In overwhelming an army he, in fact, often subdued a kingdom, and profited more by each triumph than any general that had preceded him. But he could not stand up under defeat !

The several plans for Napoleon's escape I heard as they were successively formed ; such of them as had an appearance of plausibility Fouché found means to counteract. It would not be amusing to relate the various devices which were suggested for this purpose. Napoleon was meanwhile almost passive and wrapped in apathy. He clung to existence with even a mean tenacity ; and it is difficult to imagine but that his intellect must have suffered before he was led to endure a life of ignominious exile.

At Dr. Marshall's hotel one morning I remarked his travelling carriage as if put in preparation for a journey, having candles in the lamps, etc. A smith had been examining it, and the servants were all in motion. I suspected some movement of consequence, but could not surmise what. The doctor did not appear to think that I had observed these preparations.

On a sudden, whilst walking in the garden, I turned short on him.

" Doctor," said I at a venture, " you are going on an important journey to-night."

" How do you know ? " said he, thrown off his guard by the abruptness of my remark.

" Well !" continued I, smiling, " I wish you well *out of it* ! "

" Out of *what* ? " exclaimed he, recovering his self-possession and sounding me in his turn.

" Oh, no matter, no matter," said I with a significant nod, as if I was already acquainted with his proceedings.

This bait took in some degree ; and after a good deal of fencing (knowing that he could fully depend on my secrecy),

the doctor led me into his study, where he said he would communicate to me a very interesting and important matter. He then unlocked his desk and produced an especial passport for himself and his *secretary* to Havre de Grace, thence to embark to England ; and he shewed me a *very* large and also a smaller bag of gold, which he was about to take with him.

He proceeded to inform me that it was determined Napoleon should go to England ; that he had himself agreed to it, and that he was to travel in Dr. Marshall's carriage as his secretary, under the above-mentioned passport. It was arranged that at twelve o'clock that night the emperor with the Queen of Holland were to be at Marshall's house, and to set off thence immediately ; that on arriving in England he was forthwith to repair to London, preceded by a letter to the Prince Regent, stating that he threw himself on the protection and generosity of the British nation, and required permission to reside therein as a private individual.

The thing seemed to me too romantic to be serious ; and the doctor could not avoid perceiving my incredulity. He, however, enjoined me to secrecy, which, by-the-bye, was unnecessary : I mentioned the circumstance, and should have mentioned it only to one member of my family, whom I knew to be as cautious as myself. But I determined to ascertain the fact ; and before twelve o'clock at night repaired to the Rue Pigale, and stood up underneath a door somewhat farther on the opposite side of the street to Dr. Marshall's house.

A strong light shone through the curtains of the first floor windows, and lights were also moving about in the upper storey. The court meantime was quite dark, and the indications altogether bespoke that something extraordinary was going forward in the house. Every moment I expected to see Napoleon come to the gate. He came not ; but about

half after twelve an elderly officer, buttoned up in a blue surtout, rode up to the *porte-cochère*, which, on his ringing, was instantly opened. He went in, and after remaining about twenty minutes, came out on horseback as before, and went down the street. I thought he might have been a precursor, and still kept my ground until, some time after, the light in the first floor was extinguished ; and thence inferring what subsequently proved to be the real state of the case, I returned homewards disappointed.

Next day Dr. Marshall told me that Napoleon had been dissuaded from venturing to Havre de Grace—he believed by the Queen of Holland ; some idea had occurred either to him or her that he might not be *fairly dealt with* on the road. I own the same suspicion had struck me when I first heard of the plot, though I was far from implicating the doctor in any proceeding of a decidedly treacherous nature. The incident was, however, in all its bearings an extraordinary one.

My intimacy with Dr. Marshall at length ceased, and in a manner very disagreeable. I liked the man, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings ; but certain mysterious imputations thrown out by his lady terminated our connexion.

A person with whom I was extremely intimate happened to be in my drawing-room one day when Mrs. Marshall called. I observed nothing of a particular character except that Mrs. Marshall went suddenly away ; and as I handed her into her carriage she said, “ You promised to dine with us to-morrow, and I requested you to bring any friend you liked ; but do not let it be *that fellow* I have just seen ; I have taken a great dislike to his countenance ! ” No further observation was made, and the lady departed.

On the next morning I received a note from Mrs. Marshall, stating that she had reason to *know* some malicious person had represented me as being acquainted with certain affairs very material for the Government to understand, and

as having papers in my possession which might be required from me by the minister Fouché ; advising me, therefore, to leave town for a while sooner than be troubled respecting business so disagreeable, and adding that, in the meantime, Colonel Macirone would endeavour to find out the facts and apprise me of them.

I never was more surprised in my life than at the receipt of this letter. I had never meddled at all in French politics save to hear and see all I could and say nothing. I neither held nor had held any political paper whatever, and I, therefore, immediately went to Sir Charles Stuart, our ambassador, made my complaints, and requested his Excellency's personal interference. To my surprise, Sir Charles in reply asked me how I could chance to know such a person as Macirone ? I did not feel pleased at this, and answered somewhat tartly, " Because both the English and French Governments, and his Excellency to boot, had not only intercourse with, but had employed Macirone both in Italy and Paris, and that I knew him to be at that moment in communication with persons of the highest respectability in both countries."

Sir Charles then wrote a note to Fouché, informing him who I was, etc., and I finally discovered it was all a scheme of Mrs. Marshall for a purpose of her own. This led me to other investigations, and the result was that further communication with Dr. Marshall on my part became impossible. I certainly regretted the circumstance, for he was a gentlemanly and intelligent man.

Colonel Macirone himself was soon taught by Fouché what it is to be the tool of a traitor. Although the colonel might have owed no allegiance to Napoleon, he owed *respect to himself*, and having forfeited this to a certain degree, he had the mortification to find that the only remuneration which the arch-apostate was disposed to concede him was public disgrace and a dungeon.

CHAPTER LI.

BATTLE OF SEVRES AND ISSY.

My anxiety to witness a battle, without being necessarily a party in it, did not long remain ungratified. Whilst walking one afternoon on the Boulevard Italien, a very heavy firing of musketry and cannon burst upon my ear. It proceeded from up the course of the Seine, in the direction of Sèvres. I knew at once that a military engagement was going forward, and my heart bounded at the thought—the sounds appeared to me of all others the most sublime and tremendous. One moment there was a rattling of musketry, which appeared nearer or more distant according to the strength of the gale which wafted its volleys ; another, the heavy echo of ordnance rolled through the groves and valley of Sèvres and the village of Issy ; again, these seemed superseded by a separate firing, as of small bodies of skirmishers ; and the whole was mingled with the shouts and hurrahs of the assailants and assailed. Altogether, my nerves experienced a sensation different from any that had preceded it, and alike distinguished both from bravery and fear.

As yet the battle had only reached me by one sense, although imagination, it is true, supplied the place of all. Though my eyes viewed not the field of action, yet the sanguinary conflict moved before my fancy in most vivid colouring.

I was in company with Mr. Lewines when the first firing roused our attention. “ A treble line ” of ladies was seated in front of Tortoni's, under the lofty arbours of the Boulevard Italien, enjoying their ices and an early *soirée*, and attended by a host of unmilitary *chers-amis*, who, together with mendicant songsters and musicians, were dispersed

along that line of female attraction which "occupied" one side of the entire boulevard, and with scarcely any interruption "stretched away" to the Porte St. Martin. Strange to say, scarcely a movement was excited amongst the fair part of the society by the report of the ordnance and musketry; not one beauty rose from her chair, or checked the passage of the refreshing ice to her pouting lips. I could not choose but be astonished at this apathy, which was only disturbed by the thunder of a tremendous salvo of artillery, announcing that the affair was becoming more general.

"*Ah ! sacre Dieu ! ma chère !*" said one lovely creature to another, as they sat at the entrance of Tortoni's. "*Sacre Dieu ! qu'est-ce que ce superbe coup-là ?*" "*C'est le canon, ma chère !*" replied her friend. "*La bataille est à la pointe de commencer.*" "*Ah ! oui, oui ! c'est bien magnifique ! écoutez ! écoutez !*" "*Ah !*" returned the other, tasting with curious deliberation her lemon-ice, "*cette glace est très excellente !*"

Meanwhile the roar continued. I could stand it no longer. I was stung with curiosity, and determined to see the battle. Being at a very little distance from our hotel, I recommended Lady Barrington and my family to retire thither, which advice they did not take, and I immediately set off to seek a good position in the neighbourhood of the fight, which I imagined could not be far distant, as the sounds seemed every moment to increase in strength. I now perceived a great many gendarmes singly, and in profound silence, strolling about the boulevard, and remarking, though without seeming to notice, everything and everybody.

I had no mode of accounting for the fortitude and indifference of so many females, but by supposing that a great proportion of them might have been themselves campaigning with their husbands or their *chers-amis*, a circumstance that, I was told, had been by no means uncommon during the wars of the revolution and of Napoleon.

One lady told me herself she did not dress for ten years in

the attire of a female—her husband had acted, I believe, as commissary-general. They are both living and well, to the best of my knowledge, at this moment, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the lady is particularly clever and intelligent. “Nothing,” said she to me one day, “nothing, sir, can longer appear strange to me. I really think I have witnessed an example of everything in human nature, good or evil!” and from the various character of the scenes through which she had passed, I believe her.

A Jew physician, living in Rue Richelieu, a friend of Baron Rothschild, who had a tolerable telescope, had lent it to me. I first endeavoured to gain admission into the pillar in the Place Vendome, but was refused. I saw that the roof of Notre Dame was already crowded, and knew not where to go. I durst not pass a barrier, and I never felt the tortures of curiosity so strongly upon me! At length I got a cabriolet, and desired the man to drive me to any point from whence I might see the conflict. He accordingly took me to the farther end of Rue de Bataille, at Chailloit, in the vicinity whereof was the site marked out for the palace of the King of Rome. Here was a green plat, with a few trees, and under one of these I sat down upon the grass, and overlooked distinctly the entire left of the engagement and the sanguinary combat which was fought on the slopes, lawn, and about the house and courts of Bellevue.

Whoever has seen the site of that intended palace must recollect that the view it commands is one of the finest imaginable. It had been the hanging gardens of a monastery. The Seine flows at the foot of the slope, and thence the eye wanders to the hill of Bellevue and onwards to St. Cloud. The village of Issy, which commences at the foot of Bellevue, stretches itself thinly up the banks of the Seine toward Paris, nearly to one of the suburbs, leaving just a verdant border of meadow and garden ground to edge the waters. Extensive, undulating hills rise up behind the

Hôtel de Bellevue, and from them the first attack had been made upon the Prussians. In front the Pont de Jena opens the entrance to the Champ de Mars, terminated by the magnificent gilt dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, with the city of Paris stretching to the left.

It was a tranquil evening ; the sun in all his glory piercing through the smoke which mounted from the field of battle, and illuminating its sombre flakes, likened it to a rich gilded canopy moving over the combatants.

The natural ardour of my mind was peculiarly stimulated on this occasion. Never having witnessed before any scene of a corresponding nature, I could not, and indeed sought not, to repress a sensation of awe. I felt my breathing short or protracted as the character of the scene varied. An old soldier would no doubt have laughed at the excess of my emotion, particularly as the affair, although sharp, was not of a very extensive nature. One observation was forcibly impressed on me—namely, that both the firing and manœuvring of the French were a great deal more rapid than those of the Prussians. When a change of position was made, the Prussians *marched*, the French *ran* ; their advance was quicker, their retreat less regular, but their rallying seemed to me most extraordinary ; dispersed detachments of the French reassociated with the rapidity of lightning, and advanced again as if they had never separated.

The combats within the palace of Bellevue and the courts were, of course, concealed ; but if I might judge from the constant firing within, the sudden rushes from the house, the storming at the entrance, and the battles on the lawn, there must have been great carnage. In my simplicity, in fact, I only wondered how anybody could escape.

The battle now extended to the village of Issy, which was taken and retaken many times. Neither party could keep possession of it—scouting in and out as fortune wavered. At length, probably from the actual exhaustion of the men,

the fire of musketry slackened, but the cannon still rolled at intervals around Sèvres, and a Prussian shell fell into the celebrated manufactory of that place, whilst several cannon shot penetrated the handsome hotel which stands on an eminence above Sèvres, and killed fourteen or fifteen Prussian officers, who were in a group taking refreshment.*

I now began to feel weary of gazing on the boisterous monotony of the fight, which, so far as any advantage appeared to be gained on either side, might be interminable. A man actually engaged in battle can see but little and think less ; but a secure and contemplative spectator has opened to him a field of inexhaustible reflection ; and my faculties were fast becoming abstracted from the scene of strife when a loud and uncommon noise announced some singular event, and once more excited me. We could not perceive whence it came, but guessed, and truly, that it proceeded from the demolition of the bridge of St. Cloud, which the French had blown up. A considerable number of French troops now appeared withdrawing from the battle, and passing to our side of the river on rafts, just under our feet. We could not tell the cause of this movement, but it was reported by a man who came into the field that the English army at St. Denis was seen in motion, and that some attack on our side of the city itself might be expected. I scarcely believed this, yet the retreat of a part of the French troops tended not to discourage the idea ; and as the National Guards were heard beating to arms in all directions of the city, I thought it most advisable to return, which I immediately did before the firing had ceased, and in the same cabriolet.

On my return, judge of my astonishment at finding *the very same assemblage in the very same place* on the boulevard as when I left it ; nor did a single being except my own

* I visited the spot a few days subsequently, and found that noble hall, which had been totally lined by the finest mirrors, without one remaining. I never saw such useless and wanton devastation as had been committed by the Prussians.

family express the slightest curiosity upon hearing whence I had come.

The English army, as it turned out, did not move. The firing after a while totally ceased, and the French cavalry, which I did not see engaged, with some infantry marched into the Champ de Mars, to take up their night's position.

Having thus been gratified by the view of what to my unaccustomed eyes seemed a great battle, and would, I suppose, by military men be termed nothing more than a long skirmish, I met Sir Francis Gold, who proposed that we should walk to the Champ de Mars, "just," said he, "to see what the fellows are doing after the battle."

To this I peremptorily objected, for reasons which must be obvious, and which seemed to prohibit any Englishman in his sober senses from going into such company at such a moment.

"Never mind," continued Sir Francis, "I love my skin every bit as well as you do yours, and, depend upon it, we shall not meet the slightest molestation. If we go with a lady in our company, be assured we may walk about and remain in the place as long as we please. I can speak from experience."

"Ah, true, true! But where is the lady?" said I.

"I will introduce you to a very charming one of my acquaintance," answered Sir Francis, "and I'll request her to do us the favour of accompanying us." I now half-reluctantly agreed. Curiosity prevailed as usual, and away we went to the lodgings of Sir Francis's fair friend.

The lady certainly did not dishonour the epithet Sir Francis had bestowed on her. She was a young, animated French girl, rather pretty, and well dressed—one of those lively creatures who, you would say, always have their "wits about them." My friend explained the request he had come to prefer, and begged her to make her toilet with all convenient expedition. The lady certainly did not dissent, but

her acquiescence was followed by a hearty and seemingly uncontrollable burst of laughter. "Excuse me, gentlemen," exclaimed she, "but really I cannot help laughing. I will with pleasure walk with you ; but the idea of my *playing the escort* to two gallant English chevaliers, both *d'âge mur*, is too ridiculous. However, *n'importe !* I will endeavour to defend you, though against a whole army !"

The thing unquestionably did look absurd, and I could not restrain myself from joining in the laugh. Sir Francis, too, became infected, and we made a regular chorus of it, after which the gay Frenchwoman resumed :

"But surely, Sir Francis, you pay the French a great compliment ; for you have often told me how you alone used to put to flight whole troops of rebels in your own country, and take entire companies with your single hand !"

Champagne was now introduced, and Sir Francis and I having each taken a glass or two, at the lady's suggestion, to keep up our courage, we sallied out in search of adventures to the Champ de Mars. The sentinel at the entrance demurred a little on our presenting ourselves ; but our fair companion, with admirable presence of mind, put it to his gallantry not to refuse admittance to a lady, and the polite soldier, with very good grace, permitted us to pass. Once fairly inside, we strolled about for above two hours, not only unmolested, but absolutely unnoticed, although I cannot say I felt perfectly at ease. It is certain that the presence of the female protected us. The respect paid to women by the French soldiery is apparent at all their meetings, whether for conviviality or service ; and I have seen as much decorum preserved in an alehouse festivity at Paris as at the far-famed Almack's in London.

The scene within the barrier must have appeared curious to any Englishman. The troops had been about an hour on the ground after fighting all the evening in the village of Issy ; the cavalry had not engaged, and their horses were

picketed. The soldiers had got in all directions tubs of water, and were washing their hands and faces, which had been covered with dirt, their mouths being quite blackened by the cartridges. In a little time everything was arranged for a merrymaking : some took off their coats, to dance the lighter ; the bands played ; an immense number of women of all descriptions had come to welcome them back ; and in half an hour after we arrived there some hundred couples were at the quadrilles and waltzes, as if nothing had occurred to disturb their tranquillity. It appeared, in fact, as if they had not only totally forgotten what had passed that day, but cared not a sou as to what might happen the next.

Old women, with frying-pans strapped before them, were incessantly frying sliced potatoes, livers, and bacon. We tasted some of these dainties, and found them really quite savoury. Some soldiers, who were tired or perhaps slightly hurt, were sitting in the fosses cooking soup, and together with the vendors of bottled beer, etc., stationed on the elevated banks, gave the whole a picturesque appearance. I saw a very few men who had rags tied round their heads ; some who limped a little, and others who had their hands in slings ; but nobody seemed to regard these, or indeed anything except their own pleasure. The wounded had been carried to hospitals, and I suppose the dead were left on the ground for the night. The guards mounted at the Champ de Mars were all fresh troops.

There were few circumstances attending that memorable era which struck me more forcibly than the miserable condition of those groups of fugitives who continued every hour arriving in Paris during the few days immediately succeeding their signal discomfiture at Waterloo. These unfortunate stragglers arrived in parties of two, three, or four, and in a state of utter destitution—most of them without arms, many without shoes, and some almost naked. A great proportion

of them were wounded and bandaged ; they had scarcely rested at all on their return ; in short, I never beheld such pitiable figures.

One of these unfortunate men struck me forcibly one evening as an object of interest and compassion. He was limping along the Boulevard Italien ; his destination I knew not. He looked elderly, but had evidently been one of the finest men I ever saw, and attached, I rather think, to the Imperial Guard. His shoes were worn out ; his clothes in rags ; scanty hairs were the only covering of his head ; one arm was bandaged up with a bloody rag, and slung from his neck by a string ; his right thigh and leg were also bandaged, and he seemed to move with pain and difficulty.

Such figures were, it is true, so common during that period that nobody paid them much attention ; this man, however, somehow or other, interested me peculiarly. It was said that he was going to the Hôtel Dieu, where he would be taken good care of ; but I felt greatly for the old warrior, and crossing the street, put, without saying a word, a dollar into his yellow and trembling hand.

He stopped, looked at me attentively, then at the dollar ; and appearing doubtful whether or no he ought to receive it, said with an emphatic tone, " Not for *charity* ! "

I saw his pride was kindled, and replied, " No, my friend, in respect to your bravery ! " and I was walking away when I heard his voice exclaiming, " Monsieur, Monsieur ! " I turned, and as he hobbled up to me he surveyed me in silence from head to foot ; then, looking earnestly in my face, he held out his hand with the dollar : " Excuse me, Monsieur," said he in a firm and rather proud tone, " you are an Englishman, and I cannot receive bounty from the enemy of my emperor."

Good God ! thought I, what a man must Napoleon have been ! This incident alone affords a key to all his victories.

CHAPTER LII.

CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

THE rapid succession of these extraordinary events bore to me the character of some optical delusion, and my mind was settling into a train of reflections on the past and conjectures as to the future, when Fouché capitulated for Paris and gave up France to the discretion of its enemies. In a few hours after I saw that enthusiastic, nay, that half-frantic, army of Villette (in the midst of which I had an opportunity of witnessing a devotion to its chief which no defeat could diminish) on the point of total annihilation. I saw the troops, sad and crestfallen, marching out of Paris to consummate behind the Loire the fall of France as a warlike kingdom. With arms still in their hands, with a great park of artillery, and commanded by able generals, yet were they constrained to turn their backs on their metropolis, abandoning it to the "tender mercies" of the Russian Cossacks, whom they had so often conquered.

I saw likewise that most accomplished of traitors, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, who had with impunity betrayed his patron and his master, betraying, in their turn, his own tools and instruments, signing lists of proscription for the death or exile of those whose ill fortune or worse principle had rendered them his dupes, and thus confirming, in my mind, the scepticism as to men and measures which had long been growing on me.

The only political point I fancy at present that I can see

any certainty in is, that the French nation is not *mad* enough to hazard lightly a fresh war with England. The highest flown ultras, even the Jesuits themselves, cannot forget that to the inexhaustible perseverance of the United Kingdom is mainly attributable the present political condition of Europe. The *people* of France may not, it is true, owe us much gratitude, but considering that we transmitted both his present and his late Majesty safely from exile here to their exalted station amongst the potentates of Europe, I do hope, for the honour of our common nature, that the *Government* of that country would not willingly turn the weapons which *we* put into their hands against ourselves. If they should, however, it is not too much to add, bearing in mind what we have successfully coped with, that their hostility would be as ineffectual as ungrateful. And here I cannot abstain from briefly congratulating my fellow-countrymen on the manly and encouraging exposition of our national power recently put forth by Mr. Canning in the House of Commons. Let them rest assured that it has been felt by every cabinet in Europe, even to its core. The Holy Alliance has dwindled into comparative insignificance, and Great Britain, under an energetic and liberal-minded administration, re-assumes that influence to which she is justly entitled, as one in the first order of European empires.

To return. The conduct of the allies after their occupation of Paris was undoubtedly strange, to say the least of it, and nothing could be more inconsistent than that of the populace on the return of King Louis. That Paris was betrayed is certain, and that the article of capitulation which provided that "wherever doubts existed, the construction should be in *favour* of the Parisians," was not adhered to, is equally so. It was never in contemplation, for instance, that the capital was to be rifled of all the monuments of art and antiquity whereof she had become possessed by right of conquest. A reclamation of the great mortar in St. James's

Park, or of the throne of the King of Ceylon, would have just as much appearance of fairness as that of *Apollo* by the Pope, and *Venus* by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. What preposterous affectation of justice was there in employing British engineers to take down the brazen horses of Alexander the Great in order that they may be re-erected in St. Mark's Place at Venice, a city to which the Austrian Emperor had no more equitable a claim than we have to Vienna! I always was, and still remain to be, decidedly of opinion that by giving our aid in emptying the Louvre, we authorised not only an act of unfairness to the French, but of impolicy as concerned ourselves, since by so doing, we have removed beyond the reach of the great majority of British artists and students the finest models of sculpture and of painting this world has produced.

When this step was first determined on, the Prussians began with moderation—they rather smuggled away than openly stole fourteen paintings; but no sooner was this rifling purpose generally made known, than his *Holiness* the Pope was all anxiety to have his *gods* again locked up in the dusty store-rooms of the Vatican! The Parisians now took fire. They remonstrated and protested against this infringement of the treaty, and a portion of the National Guards stoutly declared that they would *defend the gallery*! But the king loved the Pope's toe better than all the works of art ever achieved; and the German autocrat being also a devoted friend of St. Peter's (whilst at the same time he lusted after the "brazen images"), the assenting fiat was given. Wishing, however, to throw the stigma from the shoulders of Catholic monarchs upon those of Protestant soldiers, these wily allies determined that, although England was not to share the spoil, she should bear the trouble, and, therefore, threatened the National Guards with a regiment of Scotchmen, which threat produced the desired effect.

Now it may be said that the "right of conquest" is as

strong on one side as on the other, and justifies the reclamation as fully as it did the original capture of these *chef-d'œuvres*, to which plausible argument I oppose two words, *the treaty! the treaty!* Besides, if the right of conquest is to decide, then I fearlessly advance the claim of Great Britain, who was the principal agent in winning the prize at Waterloo, and had, therefore, surely a right to wear at least some portion of it, but who, nevertheless, stood by and *sanctioned* the injustice, although she had too high a *moral sense* to participate in it. What will my fellow-countrymen say when they hear that the *liberal* motive which served to counterbalance in the minds of the British ministry of that day the solid advantages resulting from the retention of the works of art at Paris was a jealousy of suffering the French capital to remain "the Athens of Europe!"

The farce played off between the French king and the allies was supremely ridiculous. The Cossacks bivouacked in the square of the Carousel before his majesty's windows, and soldiers dried their shirts and trousers on the iron railings of the palace. This was a nuisance; and for the purpose of abating it three pieces of ordnance, duly loaded, with a gunner and ready-lighted match, were stationed day and night upon the quay, and pointed directly at *his majesty's drawing-room*, so that one salvo would have despatched the most Christian king and all his august family to the *genuine* Champs Elysées. This was carrying the jest rather too far, and every rational man in Paris was shaking his sides at so shallow a manœuvre, when a new object of derision appeared in shape of a letter purporting to be written by King Louis, expressing his wish that he were young and active enough (who would doubt his wish to grow young again?) to put himself at the head of his own army, attack his puissant allies, and cut them all to pieces for their duplicity to his loving and beloved subjects.

A copy of this letter was given me by a colonel of the

National Guards, who said that it was circulated by the *highest* authority.

“ *Lettre du Roi au Prince Talleyrand.*

“ Du 22 Juillet, 1815.

“ La conduite des armées alliées réduira bientôt mon peuple à s’armer contre elles, comme on a fait en Espagne :

“ Plus jeune, je me mettrais à sa tête ; mais, si l’âge et mes infirmités m’en empêchent, je ne veux pas, au moins, paroître conniver à des mesures dont je gémis ! je suis résolu, si je ne puis les adoucir, à demander asile au roi d’Espagne.

“ Que ceux qui, même après la capture de l’homme à qui ils ont déclaré la guerre, continuent à traiter mon peuple en ennemi, et doivent par conséquent me regarder comme tel, attendent s’ils le veulent à ma liberté ! ils en sont les maîtres ! j’aime mieux vivre dans ma prison que de rester ici, témoin passif des pleurs de mes enfans.”

But to close the scene of his majesty’s gallantry, and anxiety to preserve the capitulation entire. After he had permitted the plunder of the Louvre a report was circulated that Blucher had determined to send all considerations of the treaty to the d—, and with his soldiers to blow up the *Pont de Jena*, as the existence of a bridge so named was an *insult* to the victorious Prussians ! This was, it must be admitted, sufficiently in character with Blucher ; but some people were so fastidious as to assert that it was in fact only a clap-trap on behalf of his most Christian Majesty ; and true it was, the next day copies of a very dignified and gallant letter from Louis XVIII. were circulated extensively throughout Paris. The purport of this royal epistle was not *remonstrance*, that would have been merely considered as matter of course. It demanded that Marshal Blucher should inform his majesty of the precise moment the bridge was to be so blown up, as his majesty, having no power of resistance, was determined to go in person, stand upon the bridge at the time of the explosion, and mount into the air

amidst the stones and mortar of his beautiful piece of architecture ! No doubt it would have been a sublime termination of so *sine cura* a reign, and would have done more to immortalise the Bourbon dynasty than anything they seem at present likely to accomplish !

However, Blucher frustrated that gallant achievement, as he did many others, and declared, in reply, that he would not singe a hair of his majesty's head for the pleasure of blowing up a hundred bridges !

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CATACOMBS AND PERE LA CHAISE.

THE stupendous catacombs of Paris form perhaps the greatest curiosity of that capital. I have seen many well-written descriptions of this magazine of human fragments, yet on actually visiting it my sensations of awe, and, I may add, of disgust, exceeded my anticipation.

I found myself, after descending to a considerable depth from the light of day, among winding vaults, where ranged on either side are the trophies of Death's universal conquest. Myriads of grim, fleshless, grinning visages seem, even through their eyeless sockets, to stare at the passing mortals who have succeeded them, and ready with long knotted fingers to grasp the living into their own society. On turning away from these hideous objects my sight was arrested by innumerable white scalptless skulls and mouldering limbs of disjointed skeletons, mingled and misplaced in terrific pyramids ; or, as if in mockery of nature, framed into mosaics and piled into walls and barriers !

There are men of nerve strong enough to endure the contemplation of such things without shrinking. I participate not in this apathetic mood. Almost at the first step which I took between these ghastly ranks in the deep catacomb d'Enfer, whereinto I had plunged by a descent of ninety steps, my spirit no longer remained buoyant ; it felt subdued and cowed ; my feet reluctantly advanced through the gloomy mazes, and at length a universal thrill of horror crawled along the surface of my flesh. It would have been to little purpose to protract this struggle and *force* my will to obedience ; I, therefore, instinctively as it were, made a retrograde movement ; I ascended into the world again, and

left my less sensitive and wiser friends to explore at leisure those dreary regions. And never did the sun appear to me more bright ; never did I feel his rays more cheering and genial, than as I emerged from the melancholy catacombs into the open air.

The visitor of Paris will find it both curious and interesting to contrast with these another receptacle for the dead, the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is strange that there should exist amongst the same people, in the same city, and almost in the same vicinity, two *Golgothas* in their nature so utterly dissimilar and repugnant from each other.

The soft and beautiful features of landscape which characterise Père la Chaise are scarcely describable. So harmoniously are they blended together, so sacred does the spot appear to quiet contemplation and hopeful repose, that it seems almost profanation to attempt to submit its charms in detail before the reader's eye. All, in fact, that I had ever read about it fell, as in the case of the catacombs—"alike, but ah, how different!"—far short of the reality.

I have wandered whole mornings together over its winding paths and venerable avenues. Here are no "ninety steps" of descent to gloom and horror ; on the contrary, a gradual *ascent* leads to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and to its enchanting summit, on every side shaded by brilliant evergreens. The straight lofty cypress and spreading cedar uplift themselves around, and the arbutus exposing all its treasure of deceptive berries. In lieu of the damp mouldering scent exhaled by three millions of human skeletons we are presented with the fragrant perfume of jessamines and of myrtles, of violet-beds or variegated flower-plats decked out by the ministering hand of love or duty—as if benignant nature had spread her most splendid carpet to cover, conceal, and render alluring even the abode of death.

Whichever way we turn the labours of art combine with

the luxuriance of vegetation to raise in the mind new reflections. Marble in all its varieties of shade and grain is wrought by the hand of man into numerous bewitching shapes ; whilst one of the most brilliant and cheerful cities in the universe seems to lie, with its wooded boulevards, gilded domes, palaces, gardens, and glittering waters just beneath our feet. One sepulchre alone, of a decidedly mournful character, attracted my notice—a large and solid mausoleum, buried amidst gloomy yews and low drooping willows, and this looked only like a patch on the face of loveliness. Père la Chaise presents a solitary instance of the abode of the dead ever interesting me in an *agreeable* way.

I will not remark on the well-known tomb of Abelard and Eloisa ; a hundred pens have anticipated me in most of the observations I should be inclined to make respecting that celebrated couple. The most obvious circumstance in their “ sad story ” always struck me as being—that he turned priest when he was good for nothing else, and she became “ quite correct ” when opportunities for the reverse began to slacken. They no doubt were properly qualified to make very respectable *saints* ; but since they took care previously to have their fling, I cannot say much for their *morality*.

I am not sure that a burial place similar to Père la Chaise would be admired in England. It is almost of too picturesque and sentimental a character. The humbler orders of the English people are too coarse to appreciate the peculiar feeling such a cemetery is calculated to excite, the higher orders too licentious, the trading classes too avaricious. The plum-holder of the city would very honestly and frankly “ d—n all your nonsensical sentiment ! ” I heard one of these gentlemen last year declare that what poets and *such like* called *sentiment* was neither more nor less than deadly poison to the *Protestant religion* !

CHAPTER LIV.

PEDIGREE HUNTING.

My visit to France enabled me, besides gratifying myself by the sight and observation of the distinguished characters of whom I have in the sketches immediately foregoing made mention, to pursue an inquiry that I had set on foot some time previously in my own country.

As I have already informed the reader in the commencement of this work, I was brought up among a sort of democratic aristocracy which, like the race of wolf-dogs, seems to be extinct in Ireland. The gentry of those days took the greatest care to trace and to preserve by tradition the pedigree of their families and the exploits of their ancestors.

It is said that "he must be a wise man who knows *his own father* "; but if there are thirty or forty of one's forefathers to make out, it must necessarily be a research rather difficult for ordinary capacities. Such are, therefore, in the habit of resorting to a person who obtains his livelihood by begetting grandfathers and great-grandfathers *ad infinitum*—namely, the herald, who, without much tedious research, can in these commercial days furnish any private gentleman, dealer, or chapman with as beautifully transcribed, painted, and gilt a pedigree as he chooses to be at the expense of purchasing, with arms, crests, and mottoes to match; nor are there among the nobility themselves emblazonments more gaudy than may occasionally be seen upon the tilbury of some retired tailor, whose name was probably selected at random by the nurse of a foundling hospital.

But as there is, I believe, no great mob of persons bearing my name in existence, and as it is pretty well known to be rather old, I fancied I would pay a visit to our Irish herald-

at-arms, to find out, if possible, from what country I originally sprang. After having consulted everything he had to consult, this worthy functionary only brought me back to Queen Elizabeth, which was doing nothing, as it was that virgin monarch who had made the first territorial grant to my family in Ireland, with liberty to return two members to every future Parliament, which they actually did down to my father's time.

The Irish herald most honourably assured me that he could not carry me one inch farther, and so (having painted a most beautiful pedigree) he recommended me to the English herald-at-arms, who, he had no doubt, could take up the thread and unravel it to my satisfaction.

I accordingly took the first opportunity of consulting this fresh oracle, whose minister having politely heard my case, transferred it to writing, screwed up his lips, and looked steadfastly at the ceiling for some five minutes. He then began to reckon centuries on his fingers, took down several large books full of emblazonments, nodded his head, and at last, cleverly and scientifically taking me up from the times of Queen Elizabeth, where I had been abruptly dropped by my fellow-countryman, delivered me in less than a fortnight as handsome a genealogical tree as could be reasonably desired. On this I triumphantly ascended to the reign of William the Conqueror and the battle of Hastings, at which some of my ancestors were, it appears, fairly sped, and provided with neat lodgings in Battle Abbey, where, for aught I know to the contrary, they still remain.

The English herald-at-arms also informed me (but rather mysteriously) that it was *probable* I had a right to put a French *De* at the beginning of my name, as there was a Norman *ton* at the end of it ; but that, as he did not profess French heraldry, I had better inquire further from some of the craft in Normandy, where that science had at the period of the crusades greatly flourished—William the Conqueror,

at the time he was denominated *the Bastard*, having by all accounts established a very celebrated heraldic college at Rouen.

I was much pleased with his candour ; and thus the matter rested until Louis XVIII. returned home with his family, when, as the reader is aware, I likewise passed over to France with mine.

I did not forget the hint given me by my armorial friend in London ; and, in order to benefit by it, repaired, as soon as circumstances permitted, to Rouen, in which town we had been advised to place our two youngest daughters, for purposes of education, at a celebrated Ursuline convent, the abbess whereof was considered a more tolerating *religieuse* than any of her contemporaries. Before I proceed to detail the sequel of my heraldic investigations, I will lay before the reader one or two anecdotes connected with French nunneries.

The abbess of the convent in question, Madame Cousin, was a fine, handsome old nun, as affable and insinuating as possible, and gained on us at first sight. She enlarged on the great advantages of her system, and shewed us long galleries of beautiful little bed-chambers, together with gardens overlooking the boulevards, and adorned by that interesting tower wherein Jeanne d'Arc was so long confined previously to her martyrdom. Her table, Madame Cousin assured us, was excellent and abundant.

I was naturally impressed with an idea that a *nun* feared God at any rate too much to tell twenty direct falsehoods and practise twenty deceptions in the course of half an hour for the lucre of fifty Napoleons, which she required in advance, without the least intention of giving the value of five for them ; and under this impression I paid down the sum demanded, gave up our two children to Madame Cousin's *motherly* tutelage, and returned to the Hôtel de France almost in love with the old abbess.

On our return to Paris we received letters from my daughters, giving a most flattering account of the convent generally, of the excellence of Madame l'Abbesse, the plenty of good food, the comfort of the bed-rooms, and the extraordinary progress they were making in their several acquirements. I was hence induced to commence the second half-year, also in advance, when a son-in-law of mine, calling to see my daughters, requested the eldest to dine with him at his hotel, which request was long resisted by the abbess, and only granted at length with manifest reluctance. When arrived at the hotel the poor girl related a tale of a very different description from the foregoing, and as piteous as unexpected. Her letters had been dictated to her by a priest. I had scarcely arrived at Paris when my children were separated, turned away from the *show* bed-rooms, and allowed to speak *any* language to each other only *one hour* a day, and *not a word* on Sundays. The eldest was urged to turn Catholic ; and, above all, they were fed in a manner at once so scanty and so bad that my daughter begged hard not to be taken back, but to accompany her brother-in-law to Paris. This was conceded, and when the poor child arrived I saw the necessity of immediately recalling her sister. I was indeed shocked at seeing her—so wan, and thin, and *greedy* did she appear.

On our first inquiry for the convent above alluded to, we were directed by mistake to another establishment belonging to the saint of the same name, but bearing a very inferior appearance, and superintended by an abbess whose *toleration* certainly erred not on the side of laxity. We saw the old lady within her grated lattice. She would not come out to us ; but on being told our business, smiled as cheerfully as fanaticism would let her. (I daresay the expected *pension* already jingled in her glowing fancy.) Our terms were soon concluded, and everything was arranged, when Lady Barrington, as a final direction, requested that the children

should not be called *too early* in the morning, as they were unused to it. The old abbess started ; a gloomy doubt seemed to gather on her furrowed temples, her nostrils distended, and she abruptly asked, "*Nêtes-vous pas Catholiques ?*"

"*Non,*" replied Lady Barrington, "*nous sommes Protestâns.*"

The countenance of the abbess now utterly fell, and she shrieked out, "*Mon Dieu ! alors vous êtes hérétiques ! Je ne permets jamais d'hérétique dans ce convent !—allez !—allez !—vos enfans n'entrreont jamais dans le convent des Ursulines !—allez !—allez !*" and instantly crossing herself, and muttering, she withdrew from the grate.

Just as we were *turned out* we encountered near the gate a very odd though respectable-looking figure. It was that of a man whose stature must originally have exceeded six feet, and who was yet erect, and but for the natural shrinking of age retained his full height and manly presence. His limbs still bore him gallantly, and the frosts of eighty winters had not yet chilled his warmth of manner. His dress was neither neat nor shabby ; it was of silk—of the old costume ; his thin hair was loosely tied behind ; and on the whole he appeared to be what we call *above the world*.

This gentleman saw that we were at a loss about something or other ; and with the constitutional politeness of a Frenchman of the old school, at once begged us to mention our embarrassment and command his services. Everybody, he told us, knew him, and he knew everybody at Rouen. We accepted his offer, and he immediately constituted himself *cicisbeo* to the ladies, and mentor to me. After having led us to the other *Convent des Ursulines*, of which I have spoken, he dined with us, and I conceived a great respect for the old gentleman. It was Monsieur Helliot, once a celebrated *avocat* of the Parliament at Rouen ; his good manners and good nature rendered his society a real treat to

us ; whilst his memory, information, and activity were almost wonderful. He was an *improvisatore* poet, and could converse in rhyme and sing a hundred songs of his own composing.

On my informing M. Helliot that one of my principal objects at Rouen was a research in heraldry, he said he would next day introduce me to the person of all others most likely to satisfy me on that point. His friend was, he told me, of a noble family, and had originally studied heraldry for his amusement ; but was subsequently necessitated to practise it for pocket-money, since his regular income was barely sufficient (as was then the average with the old nobility of Normandy) to provide him soup in plenty, a room and a bed-recess, a weekly laundress, and a repairing tailor. " Rouen," continued the old advocate, " requires no heralds now ! The nobles are not even able to emblazon their pedigrees, and the manufacturers purchase arms and crests from the Paris heralds, who have always a variety of magnificent ones to *dispose of* suitable to their new customers."

M. Helliot had a country house about four miles from Rouen, near the Commandery, which is on the Seine—a beautiful wild spot, formerly the property of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Helliot's house had a large garden, ornamented by his own hands. He one day came to us to beg we would fix a morning for taking a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at his cottage, and brought with him a long bill of fare (containing nearly everything in the eating and drinking way that could be procured at Rouen), whereon he requested we would mark with a pencil our favourite dishes ! He said this was always their ancient mode when they had the honour of a *société distingué*, and we were obliged to humour him. He was delighted ; and then assuming a more serious air—" But," said he, " I have a very particular reason for inviting you to my cottage ; it is to have the honour of introducing

you to a lady who, old as I am, has consented to marry me the ensuing spring. I know," added he, "that I shall be happier in her society than in that of any other person, and at my time of life we want somebody interested in rendering our limited existence as comfortable as possible."

This seemed ludicrous enough, and the ladies' curiosity was excited to see old Helliot's sweetheart. We were accordingly punctual to our hour. He had a boat ready to take us across the Seine near the Commandery, and we soon entered a beautiful garden in a high state of order. In the house (a small and very old one) we found a most excellent repast. The only company besides ourselves was the old herald to whom M. Helliot had introduced me, and after a few minutes he led from an inner chamber his intended bride. She appeared, in point of years, at least as venerable as the bridegroom, but a droop in the person and a waddle in the gait bespoke a constitution much more enfeebled than that of the gallant who was to lead her to the altar. "This," said the advocate, as he presented her to the company, "is Madame, but *n'importe!* after our repast you shall learn her *name* and history. Pray, madame," pursued he with an air of infinite politeness, "have the goodness to do the honours of the table"; and his request was complied with as nimbly as his inamorata's quivering hands would permit.

The wine went round merrily; the old lady declined not her glass; the herald took enough to serve him for the two or three following days; old Helliot hobnobbed *à la mode Anglaise*, and in half-an-hour we were as cheerful, and, I should think, as curious a breakfast party as Upper Normandy had ever produced.

When the repast was ended, "Now," said our host, "you shall learn the history of this venerable bride that is to be on or about the 15th of April next. You know," continued he, "that between the age of seventy and death the distance is

seldom *very* great, and that a person of your nation who arrives at the one is generally fool enough to be always gazing at the other. Now, we Frenchmen like, if possible, to evade the prospect, and with that object we contrive some new event, which if it cannot conceal, may at least take off our attention from it ; and of all things in the world, I believe *matrimony* will be admitted to be most effectual either in fixing an epoch or directing a current of thought. We antiquated gentry here, therefore, have a little law, or rather custom, of our own, namely, that after a man has been in a state of matrimony for fifty years, if his charmer survives, they undergo the ceremony of a second marriage, and so begin a new contract for another half-century, if their joint lives so long continue ! and inasmuch as *Madame Helliot* (introducing the old lady anew, kissing her cheek, and chucking her under the chin) has been now forty-nine years and four months on her road to a second husband, the day that fifty years are completed we shall re-commence our honeymoon, and every friend we have will, I hope, come and see the happy reunion." " Ah ! " said madame, " I fear my bridesmaid, *Madame Veuve Gerard*, can't hold out so long ! *Mais, Dieu merci !* " cried she, " I think I shall myself, Monsieur (addressing me), be well enough to get through the ceremony."

I wish I could end this little episode as my heart would dictate. But, alas ! a cold caught by my friend the advocate boating on the Seine before the happy month arrived prevented a ceremony which I would have gone almost any distance to witness. *Sic transit gloria mundi !*

But to my heraldic investigation. The old professor with whom M. Helliot had made me acquainted had been one of the *ancienne noblesse*, and carried in his look and deportment evident marks of the rank from which he had been compelled to descend. Although younger than the advocate, he was still somewhat stricken in years. His hair, thin and

highly powdered, afforded a queue longer than a quill, and nearly as bulky. A tight plaited stock and *solitaire*, a tucker and ruffles, and a cross with the order of St. Louis, a well-cleaned black suit, which had survived many a cuff and cape, and seen many a year of full-dress service, silk stockings, *paste* knee, and large *silver* shoe-buckles completed his toilet.

He said, on my first visit, in a desponding voice, that he deeply regretted the republicans had burned most of his books and records during the Revolution ; and having consequently little or nothing left of remote times to refer to, he really could not recollect my ancestors, though they might perhaps have been a very *superbe famille*. On exhibiting, however, my English and Irish pedigrees (drawn out on vellum, beautifully ornamented, painted and gilt, with the chevalier's casquet, three scarlet chevanels and a Saracen's head, and touching his withered hand with the *metallic tractors*, the old herald's eyes assumed almost a youthful fire ; even his voice seemed to change ; and having put the four dollars into his breeches-pocket, buttoned the flap, and then felt at the outside to make sure of their safety, he drew himself up with pride—

“ Between this city and Havre de Grace,” said he, after a pause, and having traced with his bony fingers the best gilded of the pedigrees, “ lies a town called Barentin, and there once stood the superb château of an old warrior, Drogo de Barentin. At this town, Monsieur, you will assuredly obtain some account of your noble family.” After some conversation about William the Conqueror, Duke Rollo, Richard Cœur de Lion, etc., I took my leave, determining to start with all convenient speed towards Havre de Grace.

On the road to that place I found the town designated by the herald, and having refreshed myself at an auberge, set out to discover the ruins of the castle, which lie not very far distant. Of these, however, I could make nothing ; and on

returning to the auberge, I found mine host decked out in his best jacket and a huge opera-hat. Having made this worthy acquainted with the object of my researches, he told me, with a smiling countenance, that there was a *very old* beggar-man extant in the place who was the depositary of all the circumstances of its ancient history, including that of the former lords of the castle. Seeing I had no chance of better information, I ordered my dinner to be prepared in the first instance, and the mendicant to be served up with the dessert.

The figure which presented itself really struck me. His age was said to exceed a hundred years ; his beard and hair were white, whilst the ruddiness of youth still mantled in his cheeks. I don't know how it was, but my heart and purse opened in unison, and I gratified the old beggar-man with a sum which I believe he had not often seen before at one time. I then directed a glass of eau-de-vie to be given him, and this he relished even more than the money. He then launched into such an eulogium on the noble race of Drogo of the Château that I thought he never would come to the point, and when he did, I received but little satisfaction from his communications, which he concluded by advising me to make a voyage to the Island of Jersey. "I knew," said he, "in my youth, a man much older than I am now, and who, like me, lived upon alms. This man was the final descendant of the Barentin family, being an illegitimate son of the last lord, and he has often told me that on that island his father had been murdered, who having made no will, his son was left to beg, while the king got all, and bestowed it on some young lady."

This whetted my appetite for further intelligence, and I resolved, having fairly engaged in it, to follow up the inquiry. Accordingly, in the spring of 1816, leaving my family in Paris, I set out for St. Maloes, thence to Granville, and after a most interesting journey through Brittany, crossed over in

a fishing-boat, and soon found myself in the square of St. Helier's, at Jersey. I had been there before on a visit to General Don, with General Moore and Colonel le Blanc, and knew the place, but this time I went *incog*.

On my first visit to Jersey I had been much struck with the fine situation and commanding aspect of the magnificent castle of Mont Orgueil, and had much pleasure in anticipating a fresh survey of it. But guess the gratified nature of my emotions when I learnt from an old warder of the castle that Drogo de Barentin, a Norman chieftain, had been in fact its last governor ! that his name was on its records, and that he had lost his life in its defence on the outer ramparts. He left no lawful male offspring, and thus the Norman branch of the family had become extinct.

This I considered as making good progress, and I returned cheerfully to Barentin to thank my mendicant and his patron, the *aubergiste*, intending to prosecute the inquiry further at Rouen. I will not hazard fatiguing the reader by detailing the result of any more of my investigations, but it is curious enough that at Ivetot, about four leagues from Barentin (to an ancient château near which place I had been directed by mine host), I met with, amongst a parcel of scattered furniture collected for public sale, the portrait of an old Norman warrior, which *exactly* resembled those of my great grandfather, Colonel Barrington, of Cullenaghmore ; but for the difference of scanty black hair in one case, and a wig in the other, the heads and countenances would have been quite undistinguishable ! I marked this picture with my initials, and left a request with the innkeeper at Ivetot to purchase it for me at any price ; but having unluckily omitted to leave him money likewise to pay for it, the man, as it afterwards appeared, thought no more of the matter. So great was my disappointment that I advertised for this portrait, but in vain.

I will now bid the reader farewell, at least for the present. This last sketch may by some, perhaps, be considered super-

fluous ; but as a pardonable vanity in those who write anything in the shape of autobiography, and a spirit of curiosity in those who peruse such works, generally dictate and require as much information respecting the author's genealogy as can be adduced with any show of plausibility, I hope I shall be held to have done my utmost in this particular, and I am satisfied.

THE END.







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